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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—IV





# THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY  
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES OF THE SEVERAL PLAYS BY  
EDWARD DOWDEN

AND A NOTE BY  
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

UPON THE SPECIAL TYPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THIS EDITION

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOL IV

KING JOHN, KING RICHARD THE SECOND  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PARTS I AND II

HUMPHREY MILFORD

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
KING JOHN



# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

## INTRODUCTION

THE editors of the first folio arranged the English historical plays of Shakespeare in the order of the successive reigns of kings, and therefore *King John* is placed first and *King Henry VIII* last. No quarto of *King John* had appeared, and it has the singularity among its author's undoubted plays then added of not having been entered in the register of the Stationers' Company.

*King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598. Neither external nor internal evidence sufficient to ascertain its precise date can be discovered. It contains much less rhymed verse than does *King Richard II*, it has, through the character of Faulconbridge, a larger element of humour, like *Richard II* it admits no prose. We may well believe that it immediately followed *Richard II*, and that the date 1595 is approximately correct.

For his material Shakespeare does not seem to have gone to the chroniclers. He based his *King John* upon an older dramatic treatment of the reign in two parts, which had been printed in 1591 under the title *The Troublesome Raigne of King John of England*. The authorship of these old plays is a matter of mere conjecture. In the main Shakespeare follows the course of *The Troublesome Raigne*, yet scarcely a line of *King John* agrees with a line of his predecessor. His work consisted in free alteration, condensation, and, where he deemed fit, development. From the present play better than from any other we learn how the greatest of dramatic poets dealt with dramatic material which came to his hand, a comparison of the



older with the newer play exhibits Shakespear<sup>e</sup> at work in the processes of his art

We may at once set aside, as too profound or too shallow, those commentators who allege that Shakespear<sup>e</sup> designed here to present a philosophical view of history. He was quite content with the politics of the old play. He reproduced its historical errors and confusions, and even added something to them. King John was not regarded by his contemporaries as a usurper. Philip of France, when he claimed the overlordship of the continental possessions of the English king, did not aim at placing Arthur on the English throne. The Arthur of history had a good deal more in common with the aspiring prince of the old play than he had with Shakespear<sup>e</sup>'s pathetic child. The Austria of the drama is confounded by Shakespear<sup>e</sup>'s predecessor with the Lymoges before whose castle Richard Cœur-de-Lion was slain, and Shakespear<sup>e</sup> repeats the historical error. His sorrowful widow Constance in fact married a second and a third husband. The chronology of the reign is hopelessly confused. In the fourth Act of *King John* we pass from 1202 and 1203 to the arrival of Pandulph in England in 1213, we return to 1203, and find occurrences of that year and of 1216 represented as almost simultaneous. The most memorable event of the reign—the granting of the Great Charter—is never referred to in the old play and is never referred to by Shakespear<sup>e</sup>. Three great powers—the English Monarchy, the Barons, the Church—are exhibited in their mutual relations. It could hardly have been otherwise if the matter of history were handled at all. But Shakespear<sup>e</sup> presents these contending powers in no new light. It is a perversion of criticism to maintain that in this play he made any original contribution to the philosophy of English history. He was before all else a dramatic poet, caring in chief for the characters, the passions, and the actions of individual men and women. If these were connected with the life of a nation, they stood out from an impressive background. In writing *King*

*John Shakespeare* was animated by an ardent patriotic feeling, which finds its exponent in the bastard Faulconbridge, but Faulconbridge is no type or abstraction, he is first of all an individual, and his patriotic passion forms only one element of his character.

All the *dramatis personae*, with one exception, may be found in the old plays. That exception is James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge, who appears for a moment in the first Act, utters four words—'Good leave, good Philip'—and is withdrawn that certain disclosures may be made which cannot with propriety reach his ears. The king, who more than any other of Shakespeare's kings of England unites weakness with wickedness, Cardinal Pandulph, representative of the power and policy of Rome, Philip Faulconbridge, representative of English courage, manliness, tenderness and humour, Constance, the afflicted mother, and her gentle Arthur—these are eminently dramatic figures, and it is on these that Shakespeare expends the energy of his imagination. He at once decided that Faulconbridge must be the true hero of the piece, and several of the alterations which he effected are determined by this fact. He touches with darker shadow the figure of the king. He deepens the pathos of Arthur's little life by a violation of historical fact, which changes him from ambitious youth to innocent childhood. He presents the maternal passion, its hopes, griefs, despair, in the person of Constance.

Shakespeare's omissions from the old plays are noteworthy and are characteristic of his method or principles of work. In the struggle for power between Rome and England his sympathies are strongly with his own country, but he does not import into his patriotism the bitterness of theological strife. *The Troublesome Raigne* endeavours to cast contempt and odium upon the old faith, its temper is violently, bitterly Protestant. Almost every editor of Shakespeare has noticed his omission of a ribald scene in which Faulconbridge, commissioned by the king to make provision for the wars, ransacks a Franciscan monastery and

discovers the iniquity of its inmates. Again, at the close of the old play, when King John in his hour of decline and sickness seeks refuge, like a creature wounded to death, in the Abbey at Swinstead, he is received by the abbot with words of welcome and good wishes for his health and happiness, but presently the monk who is to prepare poison for the king, plans the murder with the approval of the abbot, and, before the crime, receives absolution at his hands. The king's dying words are a declaration that 'since he yielded to the priest of Rome neither he nor his has prospered, accompanied with words which prophesy the better days of Henry VIII, when the Babylonian harlot shall be cast down from her throne of exaltation. In Shakespeare the crime is referred to in one line as a possible explanation of the king's sudden malady—'The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk'—and John utters no ecclesiastical moral to account for his calamities. The old play represents Peter of Pomfret, prophet and hermit, as a somewhat vulgar impostor, for the common people he reads fortunes in the lines of the hand, and promises husbands to pining maidens, he receives a prophet's reward in the form of a cheese and ribs of bacon. With Shakespeare, while Peter is not deprived of his prophetic character, he becomes significant chiefly as an exponent of those popular rumours and forecasts which Bacon tells us in one of his Essays are often 'the preludes of sedition', and, as a substitute for the interpretation of the five moons that have appeared, we are given a highly dramatic description of the excitement of the populace. The scene in the old play in which Hubert's brandings are heated to destroy young Arthur's eyes is impressive, as is the corresponding scene in Shakespeare. But the Arthur of the elder dramatist pleads 'on grounds of religion for a reversal of the sentence. In Shakespeare the boy's appeal is not to his keeper's religious feeling but to his humanity, and Hubert relents because he is touched by human pity.

On various occasions Shakespeare enhances the part

of Faulconbridge In *The Troublesome Raigne* his half-brother Robert appears as appellant while Philip is the respondent, with Shakespeare Philip becomes the appellant, and as he is magnified Robert is diminished and lowered in contrast with one who has a trick of Cœur de-Lion's face, and token of his parentage in the 'large composition' of his manhood Philip, in the old play, is an aspirant for the hand of Blanch Shakespeare's Bastard is not a lover but a mocker at the amorous gallantry behind which lie self-interested motives His is a spurt made for action of a more strenuous kind than capering nimbly in a lady's chamber He is sufficiently happy in reducing the insolent pride of Austria and in taking vengeance for his father's death The lines in sonnet-form which mock the blandishments of the lovers—'Drawn in the flattering table of her eye' and what follows—are of Shakespeare's invention When the English queen-mother is captured by the French, it is King John who, in the old play, recaptures Elinor Shakespeare transfers the action from his ignoble king to the gallant Faulconbridge The soliloquy of the Bastard that closes Act II, a soliloquy which bravely rails against 'commodity', has nothing corresponding to it in the old play We feel that some honest voice is needed as a relief after all the Machiavellian statecraft, and if Philip professes in the end that he too must be governed by self-interest, we know how to interpret a turn given humorously to his indignation at the baseness of the men about him—'Why unpack my heart with words?' he would say 'Am I any better than my fellows?' In a society given over to evil must not I too accept my evil destiny?' And as a fact he never accepts it

With the third Act of *King John* the female characters disappear The stage in the fourth and fifth Acts is filled with armed warriors, amid whom moves the great figure of Cardinal Pandulph, dominating material power by spiritual authority, and for a short time we see the pathetic boy, Arthur, now a prisoner and with

no mother near to comfort him or to clamour to unheeding ears on his behalf. In his recreation of the characters of Constance and Arthur the genius of Shakespeare especially asserts itself. The Arthur of *The Troublesome Raigne* is hardly self-consistent, he is in early youth, yet he is not without a certain knowledge of the world, some craft, and not a little of political ambition. Shakespeare makes him a comparatively passive centre for the tug this way and that of rival political powers, and he thus deepens the pathos of the situation. All the eloquent grief of Constance in her interview with Salisbury, all her pomp of woe, and all her energy of despair when Arthur is separated from her may be said to be Shakespeare's creation. Nothing in the old play resembles her rhetoric of sorrow, nor is there anything really resembling those fluctuations of passion rising from a uniformity of woe, like waves that leap and are tossed back by the gale, while yet the whole tide sets towards an iron coast of death. That outcry of forlorn weakness, with its invocation of the strength of the universe which must refuse to support the fraud and cruelty of men—'A widow cries, be husband to me, heavens!'—is wholly the word of Shakespeare's genius. But the later scene, when Constance and the French king meet, after Arthur has been dispatched to England, has its germ in the old play. Each dramatist desires to suggest in words the aspect of the afflicted mother, as she is seen approaching. 'Your face,' exclaims King Philip in the words of Shakespeare's predecessor, 'imports a tragic tale that's yet untold.' These words are not without suggestive power, but compare them with Shakespeare's line—'Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul!'

There is another remarkable scene in *King John* which is derived from a mere hint found in *The Troublesome Raigne*—that in which King John first insinuates and then less obscurely suggests to Hubert the murder of Arthur. These are the lines of the old play which Shakespeare so strikingly developed —

## INTRODUCTION

9

Hubert de Burgh take Arthur here to thee,  
Be he thy prisoner Hubert keep him safe,  
For on his life doth hang thy sovereign's crown,  
But in his death consists thy sovereign's bliss,  
Then Hubert, as thou shortly hear'st from me  
So use the prisoner I have given in charge

Shakespeare's King John, amid flatteries and vague promises addressed to the boy's keeper, creates, as it were, an evil mist under cover of which Hubert may already in thought commit the crime—'I had a thing to say, but I will fit it with some better time'—'I had a thing to say, but let it go' And then creeping forward in the darkness of his suggestion, the king breathes the words—

Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy

At last the words form themselves on John's pale lips—  
'Death,' and 'A grave', and, in the relief from the  
tension of the moment, the king, who is no lover of  
that idiot, laughter', could even be merry

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN,

PRINCE HENRY, Son to the King

ARTHUR, Duke of Britaine, Nephew to the King

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

THE EARL OF ESSEX

THE EARL OF SALISBURY

THE LORD BIGOT

HUBERT DE BURGH

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge

PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half brother

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge

PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet

PHILIP, King of France

LEWIS, the Dauphin

LYMOGES, Duke of Austria

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate

MELUN, a French Lord

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France

QUEEN ELINOR, Mother to King John

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur

BLANCH OF SPAIN, Niece to King John

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers,  
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE — Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

## ACT I

SCENE I—A Room of State in the Palace

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON

KING JOHN Now, say, Chatillon, what would France  
with us ?

CHATILLON Thus, after greeting, speaks the King  
of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here 4

ELINOR A strange beginning, ' borrow'd majesty '

KING JOHN Silence, good mother, hear the embassy

CHATILLON Philip of France, in right and true  
behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, 8

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories,

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword 12

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign

KING JOHN What follows if we disallow of this ? 16

CHATILLON The proud control of fierce and bloody  
war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld

KING JOHN Here have we war for war, and blood  
for blood.

Controlment for controlment so answer France 20

CHATILLON Then take my king's defiance from  
my mouth,



The furthest limit of my embassy

KING JOHN Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France, 24

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard

So, hence. Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay 28

An honourable conduct let him have

Pembroke, look to't Farewell, Chatillon

[Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE]

ELINOR What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease 32

Till she had kindled France and all the world

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love, 36

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate

KING JOHN O! strong possession and our right for us

ELINOR Your strong possession much more than your right, 40

O! else it must go wrong with you and me

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear

Enter a Sheriff, who whispers ESSEX

ESSEX My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judg'd by you, 45

That e'er I heard shall I produce the men?

KING JOHN Let them approach [Exit Sheriff]

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay

This expedition's charge

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother

What men are you?

THE BASTARD Your faithful subject I, a gentleman

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, 52  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field

KING JOHN What art thou ?

ROBERT The son and heir to that same Faulcon-  
bridge 56

KING JOHN Is that the elder, and art thou the  
heir ?

You<sup>c</sup>ame not of one mother then, it seems

THE BASTARD Most certain of one mother, mighty  
king,

That is well known and, as I think, one father 60

But for the certain knowledge of that truth

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may

ELINOR Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame  
thy mother 64

And wound her honour with this diffidence

THE BASTARD I, madam ? no, I have no reason  
for it,

That is my brother's plea and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a' pops me out 68

At least from fair five hundred pound a year

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land !

KING JOHN A good blunt fellow Why, being  
younger born,

'Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ? 72

THE BASTARD I know not why, except to get the  
land

But once he slander'd me with bastardy

But whe'r I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head, 76

But that I am as well-begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself

If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80

And were our father, and this son like him,

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee !

KING JOHN Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent  
us here ! 84

ELINOR He hath a tick of Cœur de-Lion's face  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ? 88

KING JOHN Mine eye hath well examined his  
parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard Surah, speak  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

THE BASTARD Because he hath a half face, like my  
father 92  
With half that face would he have all my land ,  
A half-fac'd goat five hundred pound a year !

ROBERT My gracious liege, when that my father  
liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much,— 96  
THE BASTARD Well, sir, by this you cannot get my  
land

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother  
ROBERT And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there with the emperor 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ,  
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak, 104  
But truth is truth large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—

As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got 108  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me, and took it on his death  
That this my mother's son was none of his ,  
An if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will

KING JOHN Surah, your brother is legitimate , 116  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives Tell me, how if my brother, 120  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf bred from his cow from all the world, 124

In sooth he might then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him this concludes,

My mother's son did get your father's heiress, 128  
Your father's heiress must have your father's land

ROBERT Shall then my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

THE BASTARD Of no more force to dispossess me,  
Sir, 132

Than was his will to get me, as I think

ELINOR Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-  
bridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion, 136  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside ?

THE BASTARD Madam, an if my brother had my  
shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him,  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140  
My arms such eel skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three farthings  
goes !'

And, to this shape, were he to all this land, 144  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case

ELINOR I like thee well wilt thou forsake thy  
fortune, 148

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?

I am a soldier and now bound to France

THE BASTARD Brother, take you my land, I'll take  
my chance

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year, 152

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death

ELINOR Nay, I would have you go before me  
thither

THE BASTARD Our country manners give our  
betters way 156

KING JOHN What is thy name ?

THE BASTARD Philip, my liege, so is my name  
begun,

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son

KING JOHN From henceforth bear his name whose  
form thou bearest 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,

Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet

THE BASTARD Brother by the mother's side, give me  
your hand

My father gave me honour, yours gave land 164

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away !

ELINOR The very spirit of Plantagenet !

I am thy grandam, Richard call me so

THE BASTARD Madam, by chance but not by truth  
what though ?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night, 172

And have is have, however men do catch

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

And I am I, howe'er I was begot

KING JOHN Go, Faulconbridge now hast thou thy  
desire, 176

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire

Come, madam, and come, Richard we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need

THE BASTARD Brother, adieu good fortune come  
to thee ! 180

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty

[Exeunt all but the BASTARD

A foot of honour better than I was,

But many a many foot of land the worse

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady 184  
' Good den, Sir Richard ' ' God-a mercy, fellow ' '  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ,  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names  
'Tis too respective and too sociable 188  
For your conversion Now you traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize 192  
My pick'd man of countries ' My dear sir, —  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, —  
' I shall beseech you, '—that is question now ,  
And then comes answer like an absey book 196  
' O, sir, ' says answer, ' at your best command ,  
At your employment , at your service, sir ' '  
' No, sir, ' says question, ' I, sweet sir, at yours  
And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so 204  
But this is worshipful society  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself .  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation , 208  
And so am I, whether I smack or no ,  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver 212  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ,  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising 216  
But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs ?  
What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY

O me ! it is my mother How now, good lady ! 220  
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE Where is that slave, thy  
brother ? where is he,  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

THE BASTARD My brother Robert ? old Sir Robert's  
son ? 224

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ?  
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so ?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE Sir Robert's son ! Ay,  
thou uneverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?  
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou 229

THE BASTARD James Gurney, wilt thou give us  
leave awhile ?

GURNEY Good leave, good Philip

THE BASTARD Philip ! sparrow ! James,  
There's toys abroad anon I'll tell thee more

[Exit GURNEY

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son 233

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good Friday and ne'er broke his fast  
Sir Robert could do well marry, to confess, 236  
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it  
We know his handiwork therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholding for these limbs ?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg 240

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE Hast thou conspired with  
thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

THE BASTARD Knight, knight, good mother,  
Basilisco like 244

What ! I am dubb'd, I have it on my shoulder  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,  
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone 248

Then, good my mother, let me know my father,  
Some proper man, I hope, who was it, mother ?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE Hast thou denied thyself a  
Faulconbridge ?

THE BASTARD As faithfully as I deny the devil 252

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE King Richard Cœur-de Lion  
was thy father  
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge ' 256  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence  
THE BASTARD Now, by this light, were I to get  
again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father 260  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours, your fault was not your folly  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love, 264  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts 268  
May easily win a woman's Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father '  
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell 272  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,  
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin  
Who says it was, he lies I say, 'twas not 276  
[Exeunt

## ACT II

SCENE I —France Before the Walls of Angiers

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces, on the  
other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces, LEWIS, CON-  
STANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants

KING PHILIP Before Angiers well met, brave Austria  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave  
And, for amends to his posterity,



At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf, 8  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither  
 ARTHUR God shall forgive you Cœu-de-Lion's  
 death 12

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love 16  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke  
 PHILIP A noble boy! Who would not do thee  
 right?

AUSTRIA Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
 That to my home I will no more return  
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides 24  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes, 28  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king till then, fair boy  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms

CONSTANCE O! take his mother's thanks, a  
 widow's thanks, 32  
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 To make a more requital to your love

AUSTRIA The peace of heaven is theirs that lift  
 their swords

In such a just and charitable war 36  
 PHILIP Well then, to work our cannon shall be  
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town  
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
 To cull the plots of best advantages 40  
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy

CONSTANCE Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Best unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood 45  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood 48  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed

Enter CHATILLON

PHILIP A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord, 52  
We coldly pause for thee, Chatillon, speak

CHATILLON Then turn your forces from this paltry  
siege  
And stir them up against a mightier task  
England, impatient of your just demands, 56  
Hath put himself in arms the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I,  
His marches are expedient to this town, 60  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife,  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain, 64  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens, 68  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing then birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits 72  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom

[Drums heard within

The interruption of their churlish drums 76  
Cuts off more circumstance they are at hand,

THE BASTARD It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass 144

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack

AUSTRIA What cracker is this same that deafs our  
ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ? 148

King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do straight

PHILIP Women and fools, break off your conference  
King John, this is the very sum of all

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, 152

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

KING JOHN My life as soon I do defy thee,  
France

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand , 156

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win

Submit thee, boy

ELINOR Come to thy grandam, child

CONSTANCE, Do, child, go to it grandam, child , 160

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig

There's a good grandam

ARTHUR Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave 164

I am not worth this coil that's made for me

ELINOR His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weeps

CONSTANCE Now shame upon you, whe'r'she does  
or no ! 167

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ,

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you 172

ELINOR Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and  
earth !

CONSTANCE Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
earth !

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights 176  
Of this oppressed boy this is thy eld'st son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,  
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin conceiving womb

KING JOHN Bedlam, have done

CONSTANCE I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plagued for her sin, 184  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin, his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin, 188  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her A plague upon her!

ELINOR Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son 192  
CONSTANCE Ay, who doubts that? a will! a  
wicked will,

A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will  
PHILIP Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate  
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim 196  
To these ill-tuned repetitions  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers let us hear them speak  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's 200

Trumpet sounds Enter Citizens upon the Walls

FIRST CITIZEN Who is it that hath warn'd us to the  
walls?

PHILIP 'Tis France, for England

KING JOHN England for itself  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

PHILIP You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-  
jects, 204

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

KING JOHN For our advantage, therefore hear us  
first

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town, 208  
Have hither march'd to your endamagement  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls 212  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates,  
And but for our approach those sleeping stones, 216  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordinance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace  
But on the sight of us your lawful king,—  
Who painfully with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates, 224  
To save unscatch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks—  
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls, 228  
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits, 232  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls  
PHILIP When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo ' in this right hand, whose protection 236  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys  
For this down trodden equity, we tread  
In war-like march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 244  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes Be pleased then

To pay that duty which you truly owe  
 To him that owes it, namely, this young prince , 248  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ,  
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven , 252  
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruus'd,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again  
 Which here we came to spout against your town, 256  
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260  
 Though all these English and their discipline  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference  
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ? 264  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

FIRST CITIZEN In brief, we are the King of Eng-  
 land's subjects

For him, and in his right, we hold this town 268

KING JOHN Acknowledge then the king, and let me  
 in

FIRST CITIZEN That can we not, but he that  
 proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal till that time  
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world 272

KING JOHN Doth not the crown of England prove  
 the king ?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

THE BASTARD Bastards, and else 276

KING JOHN To verify our title with their lives

PHILIP As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

THE BASTARD Some bastards too

PHILIP Stand in his face to contradict his claim 280

FIRST CITIZEN Till thou compound whose right is  
 worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both

KING JOHN Then God forgive the sins, of all those  
souls

That to their everlasting residence 281

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king'

PHILIP Amen, Amen' Mount, chevaliers' to arms'

THE BASTARD Saint George, 'that swing'd the  
diagon, and e'er since 288

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence' [To AUSTRIA] Surrah, were I at  
home,

At your den, surrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox head to your lion's hide, 292

And make a monster of you

AUSTRIA Peace' no more

THE BASTARD O' tremble, for you hear the lion  
roar

KING JOHN Up higher to the plain, where we'll set  
forth

In best appointment all our regiments 296

THE BASTARD Speed then, to take advantage of the  
field

PHILIP It shall be so, [To LEWIS] and at the other  
hill

Command the rest to stand God, and our right

[Exeunt

Alarums and excursions, then a retreat Enter a French  
Herald, with trumpets, to the gates'

FRENCH HERALD You men of Angiers, open wide  
your gates 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,

Who, by the hand of France this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground, 304

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,

Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,

And victory, with little loss, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French, 308

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors and to proclaim  
Arthur of Britaine England's king and yours

Enter English Herald, with trumpets

ENGLISH HERALD Rejoice, you men of Angiers  
ring your bells , 312  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver bright  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood , 316  
There stuck no plume in any English crest  
That is removed by a staff of France ,  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth ,  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come 321  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes  
Open your gates and give the victors way 324  
FIRST CITIZEN Heralds, from off our towers we  
might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies , whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured 328  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
blows ,  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted  
power  
Both are alike , and both alike we like  
One must prove greatest while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither, yet for both 333

Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, severally

KING JOHN France, hast thou yet more blood to  
cast away ?  
Say, shall the current of our right run on ?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment, 336  
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
Unless thou let his silver water keep



A peaceful progress to the ocean 340  
PHILIP England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ,  
Rather, lost more and by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks, 344  
Before we will lay down our just borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss 348  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings

THE BASTARD Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory  
towers

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
O ! now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel , 352  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ,  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ? 356  
Cit 'havoc ' kings , back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits !  
Then let confusion of one part confirm,

The other's peace , till then, blows, blood, and death !

KING JOHN Whose party do the townsmen yet  
admit ? 361

PHILIP Speak, citizens, for England , who's your  
king ?

FIRST CITIZEN The King of England, when we  
know the king

PHILIP Know him in us, that here hold up his  
right 364

KING JOHN In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you

FIRST CITIZEN A greater power than we denies all  
this , 368

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates,  
Kings of ourselves , until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd 372

THE BASTARD By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers  
flout you, kings,  
And stand securely on their battlements  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death 376  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town 380  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city 384  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air  
That done, dissever your united strengths, 388  
And part your mingled colours once again,  
Turn face to face and bloody point to point,  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion, 392  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy? 396

KING JOHN Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
heads,  
I like it well France, shall we knit our powers  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,  
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

THE BASTARD An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls, 404  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why then defy each other, and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell

PHILIP Let it be so Say, where will you assault?

KING JOHN We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom

AUSTRIA I from the north

PHILIP Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town 412

THE BASTARD O, prudent discipline! From north  
to south

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth  
I'll stir them to it Come, away, away!

FIRST CITIZEN Hear us, great kings vouchsafe  
a while to stay, 416

And I shall show you peace and fair fac'd league,  
Win you this city without stroke or wound,  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field 420  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings

KING JOHN Speak on with favour we are bent  
to hear

FIRST CITIZEN That daughter there of Spain, the  
Lady Blanch,

Is near to England look upon the years 424  
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue, 428  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 432  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete

If not complete of, say he is not she,  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he 436  
He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she,  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him 440

O! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in,  
And two such shores to two such streams made  
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings, 444

To these two princes, if you marry them  
 This union shall do more than battery can  
 To our fast-closed gates, for at this match,  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce, 448  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance, but without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 452  
 More free from motion, no, not death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city

THE BASTARD Here 's a stay,  
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death 456  
 Out of his rags ' Here 's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs 460  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
 He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce,  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue,  
 Our ears are cudgell'd, not a word of his 464  
 But buffets better than a fist of France  
 'Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad

ELINOR [Aside to KING JOHN] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match, 468  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough,  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe 472  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France,  
 Mark how they whisper urge them while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition, 476  
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was

FIRST CITIZEN Why answer not the double majesties 480  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

PHILIP    Speak England first, that hath been forward  
first

To speak unto this city    what say you ?

KING JOHN    If that the Dauphin there, thy princely-  
son, 484

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love',  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,— 488  
Except this city now by us besieg'd,—  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions, 492  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world

PHILIP    What sayst thou, boy ? look in the lady's  
face

LEWIS    I do, my lord, and in her eye I find 496  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,  
Which, being but the shadow of your son  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow 500  
I do protest I never lov'd myself  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

[Whispers with BLANCH

THE BASTARD    Drawn in the flattering table of her  
eye ! 504

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !  
And quarter'd in her heart ! he doth espie  
Himself love's traitor    this is pity now,  
That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should  
be 508

In such a love so vile a lout as he

BLANCH    My uncle's will in this respect is mine  
If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking, 512  
I can with ease translate it to my will,  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
judge,

That I can find should merit any hate 520

KING JOHN What say these young ones? What  
say you, my niece?

BLANCH That she is bound in honour still to  
do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say

KING JOHN Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you  
love this lady? 524

LEWIS Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly

KING JOHN Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,  
Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, 528

With her to thee, and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands 532

PHILIP It likes us well Young princes, close your  
hands

AUSTRIA And your lips too, for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd

PHILIP Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, 536  
Let in that amity which you have made,

For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540

I know she is not, for this match made up

Her presence would have interrupted much

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows

LEWIS She is sad and passionate at your highness'  
tent 544

PHILIP And, by my faith, this league that we have  
made

Will give her sadness very little cure

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady ? In her right we came 548  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage

KING JOHN We will heal up all ,  
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine  
And Earl of Richmond , and this rich fair town 552  
We make him lord of Call the Lady Constance  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity I trust we shall  
If not fill up the measure of her will, 556  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp 560

[Exeunt all except the BASTARD The Citizens retire  
from the walls

THE BASTARD Mad world ! mad kings ! mad com-  
position !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part ,  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled or 54  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith, 568  
That daily break vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word 'maid', cheats the poor maid of that, 572  
That smooth fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,  
Commodity, the bias of the world ,  
The world, who of itself is peized well,  
Made to run even upon even ground, 576  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent 580  
And this same bias, this Commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile concluded peace  
 And why rail I on this Commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm,  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, saileth on the rich  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say there is no sin but to be rich,  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
 To say there is no vice but beggary  
 Since kings break faith upon Commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

[Exit

## ACT III

## SCENE I—France The French King's Tent

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY

CONSTANCE Gone to be married! gone to swear a  
 peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?  
 It is not so, thou hast misspoke, misheard,  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again *consequently*  
 It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so  
 I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word  
 Is but the vain breath of a common man  
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man,  
 I have a king's oath to the contrary  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick and capable of fears, *susceptible to*  
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,  
 A woman, naturally born to fears,



And though thou now confess thou didst but jest, 16  
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ? 20  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ' 24

Then speak again , not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true  
 SALISBURY As true as I believe, you think them  
 false

That give you cause to prove my saying true 28  
 CONSTANCE O ' if thou teach me to believe this  
 sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ,  
 And let belief and life encounter so  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men 32

Which in the very meeting fall and die  
 Lewis marry Blanch ' O boy ' then where art thou  
 France friend with England, what becomes of me ?  
 Fellow, be gone ' I cannot brook thy sight 36

This news hath made thee a most ugly man  
 SALISBURY What other harm have I, good lady,  
 done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done ?  
 CONSTANCE Which harm within itself so heinous is  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it 41

ARTHUR I do beseech you, madam, be content

CONSTANCE If thou, that bidd'st me be content,  
 wert grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, 44  
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles and eye offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content , 48

For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown  
 But thou art fair , and at thy birth, dear boy,

Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great . 52  
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
 And with the half-blown rose But Fortune, O  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John, 56  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs  
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60  
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
 And leave those woes alone which I alone 64  
 Am bound to underbear ~~underbear~~

SALISBURY Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings  
 CONSTANCE Thou mayst, thou shalt I will not go  
 with thee

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud , 68  
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop  
 To me and to the state of my greater grief  
 Let kings assemble , for my grief's so great  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth 72  
 Can hold it up here I and sorrows sit ,  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it

[Sits herself on the ground]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, the  
 BASTARD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Attendants

PHILIP 'Tis true, fair daughter , and this blessed day  
 Ever in France shall be kept festival 76  
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,  
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold 80  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holiday

CONSTANCE [Rising] A wicked day, and not a holy  
 day !  
 What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done 84

That it in golden letters should be set  
 Among the high tides in the calendar ?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury 88  
 O, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd  
 But on this day let seamen fear no wrack , 92  
 No bargains break that are not this day made ,  
 This day all things begun come to ill end ,  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

PHILIP By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day 97  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

CONSTANCE You have beguyl'd me with a counter-  
 feit  
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and  
 tried, 100

Proves valueless you are forsworn, forsworn ,  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war 104  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !  
 A widow cries , be husband to me, heavens ! 108  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace , but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
 Hear me ! O, hear me !

AUSTRIA Lady Constance, peace ! 112

CONSTANCE War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me  
 a war

O, Lymoges ! O, Austria ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
 coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villany ! 116  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too, 120  
And sooth'st up greatness What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear  
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ? 124  
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame, 128  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

AUSTRIA O ! that a man should speak those words  
To me

THE BASTARD And hang a calf's skin on those  
recreant limbs

AUSTRIA Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy  
life 132

THE BASTARD And hang a calf's skin on those  
recreant limbs

KING JOHN We like not this, thou dost forget  
thyself

Enter PANDULPH

PHILIP Here comes the holy legate of the pope

PANDULPH Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is 137

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do in his name religiously demand 140

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spin, and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ? 144

Thus, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee

KING JOHN What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ? 148

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope  
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England 152

Add thus much more that no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ,  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So under him that great supremacy, 156  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
 So tell the pope , all reverence set apart  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority 160

PHILIP Brother of England, you blaspheme in this  
 KING JOHN Though you and all the kings of  
 Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ; 164  
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself ,  
 Though you and all the rest so grossly led 168  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ,  
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes

PANDULPH Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate 173  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to a heretic ,  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, 176  
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life

CONSTANCE O ! lawful let it be  
 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile 180  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou amen  
 To my keen curses , for without my wrong  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right

PANDULPH There's law and warrant, lady, for  
 my curse 184

CONSTANCE And for mine too when law can do  
 no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law 188

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

PANDULPH Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic, 192  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome

ELINOR Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go  
thy hand

CONSTANCE Look to that, devil, lest that France  
repent, 196

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul

AUSTRIA King Philip, listen to the cardinal

THE BASTARD And hang a calf's skin on his recreant  
limbs

AUSTRIA Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
wrongs, 200

Because—

THE BASTARD Your breeches best may carry them

KING JOHN Philip, what sayst thou to the cardinal ?

CONSTANCE What should he say, but as the car-  
dinal ?

LEWIS Bethink you, father, for the difference 204  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend  
Forego the easier

BLANCH That 's the curse of Rome

CONSTANCE O Lewis, stand fast ' the devil tempts  
thee here, 208

In likeness of a new untimmed bride

BLANCH The Lady Constance speaks not from her  
faith,

But from her need

CONSTANCE O ' if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith, 212  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need

O ' then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down 216

KING JOHN. The king is mov'd, and answers not to  
this

CONSTANCE O ' be remov'd from him, and answer well

AUSTRIA Do so, King Philip hang no more in doubt

THE BASTARD Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet lout 220

PHILIP I am perplex'd, and know not what to say

PANDULPH What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd ?

PHILIP Good reverend father, make my person yours, 224

And tell me how you would bestow yourself

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together 228

With all religious strength of sacred vows,

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves, 232

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd 236

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm, 244

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a blot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity ? O ' holy sir, 248

My reverend father, let it not be so !

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure and continue friends 252

PANDULPH All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love  
Therefore to arms ' be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse, 256  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold

PHILIP I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith

PANDULPH So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith  
And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath, 264  
Thy tongue against thy tongue O ' let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,  
That is, to be the champion of our church  
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself, 268  
And may not be performed by thyself,

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

Is not amiss when it is truly done,  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill, 272

The truth is then most done not doing it

The better act of purposes mistook  
Is to mistake again, though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct, 276

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion 280

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn, 284

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear

Therefore thy later vows against thy first 288

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself,

And better conquest never canst thou make

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts



Against these giddy loose suggestions 292  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them, but, if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off, 296,  
 But in despair die under their black weight  
 AUSTRIA Rebellion, flat rebellion !

THE BASTARD Will 't not be ?  
 Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?  
 LEWIS Father, to arms !

BLANCH Upon thy wedding-day ? 300  
 Against the blood that thou hast married ?  
 What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd  
 men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,  
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ? 304  
 O husband, hear me ! ay, alack ! how new  
 Is husband in my mouth, even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms 308  
 Against mine uncle

CONSTANCE O ! upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 Forethought by heaven 312

BLANCH Now shall I see thy love what motive  
 may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?  
 CONSTANCE That which upholdeth him that thee  
 upholds,

His honour O ! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour 316

LEWIS I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,  
 When such profound respects do pull you on

PANDULPH I will denounce a curse upon his head

PHILIP Thou shalt not need England, I'll fall  
 from thee 320

CONSTANCE O fair return of banish'd majesty !

ELINOR O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

KING JOHN France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
 this hour

THE BASTARD    Old Time the clock-setter, that bald  
                  sexton Time, 324

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue

BLANCH    The sun's o'ercast with blood    fair day,  
                  adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both    each army hath a hand , 328

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ,

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose , 332

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ,

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ,

Assured loss before the match be play'd 336

LEWIS    Lady, with me , with me thy fortune lies

BLANCH    There where my fortune lives, there my  
                  life dies

KING JOHN    Cousin, go draw our puissance together

[Exit the BASTARD

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath , 340

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of France

PHILIP    Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt

turn 344

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy

KING JOHN    No more than he that threatens To

arms let's hie ! [Exit

SCENE II —The Same    Plains near Angiers

Alarums , excursions    Enter the BASTARD, with the DUKE OF  
                                  AUSTRIA's head

THE BASTARD    Now, by my life, this day grows  
                  wondrous hot ,

Some airy devil hovers in the sky

And pours down mischief    Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes



KING JOHN    Come hither, Hubert    O my gentle  
Hubert,

We owe thee much    within this wall of flesh    20

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love

'And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished    24

Give me thy hand    I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better time

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee    28

HUBERT    I am much bounden to your majesty

KING JOHN    Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet,

But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good    32

I had a thing to say, but let it go

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds    36

To give me audience    if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one into the drowsy race of night,

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,    40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,

O! if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,    44

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes,

O! if that thou couldst see me without eyes,    48

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,    52

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts

But ah! I will not    yet I love thee well,

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well

HUBERT    So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it

KING JOHN                    Do not I know thou wouldst ?  
Good Hubert ! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy I'll tell thee what, my friend,    69  
He is a very serpent in my way ,  
And whæesoe'er this foot of mine doth tread  
He lies before me dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper

HUBERT                    And I'll keep him so                    64  
That he shall not offend your majesty

KING JOHN    Death

HUBERT                    My lord ?

KING JOHN                    A grave

HUBERT                    He shall not live

KING JOHN                    Enough

I could be merry now    Hubert I love thee ,  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee                    68

Remember    Madam, fare you well  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty

ELINOR    My blessing go with thee !

KING JOHN                    For England, cousin , go .  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you                    72

With all true duty    On toward Calais, ho !                    [Exeunt

SCENE IV —The Same    The French King's Tent

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants

PHILIP    So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of convicted sail                    5

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship

PANDULPH    Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go  
well

PHILIP    What can go well when we have run so !  
Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?

And bloody England into England gone,                    8

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

LEWIS    What he hath won that hath he fortified  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, 12  
Doth want example who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this ?

PHILIP Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame 16

Enter CONSTANCE

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ,  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath  
I prithee, lady, go away with me 20

CONSTANCE Lo now ! now see the issue of your  
peace

PHILIP Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle  
Constance !

CONSTANCE No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress, 24  
Death, death O, amiable lovely death !  
Thou odouriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Ause forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity, 28  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, 32  
And be a carrion monster like thyself  
Come, grin on me , and I will think thou smil'st  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,  
O ! come to me

PHILIP O fair affliction, peace ! 36

CONSTANCE No, no, I will not, having breath to  
cry

O ! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation

PANDULPH Lady, you utter madness, and not  
sorrow

- CONSTANCE Thou art not holy to belie me so , 44  
 I am not mad this hair I tear is mine ,  
 My name is Constance , I was Gefrey's wife ,  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost '  
 I am not mad I would to heaven I were ' 48  
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself  
 O ' if I could, what grief should I forget  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal , 52  
 For being not mad but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself 56  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he  
 I am not mad too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity 60  
 PHILIP Bind up those tresses O ' what love I note  
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends 64  
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief .  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity  
 CONSTANCE To England, if you will  
 PHILIP Bind up your hairs 68  
 CONSTANCE Yes, that I will , and wherefore will I  
 do it ?  
 I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud  
 ' O ' that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty ' 72  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner  
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say 76  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ,  
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspine, 80  
 There was not such a gracious creature born

But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost, 84  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die, and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him therefore never, never 88  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

PANDULPH You hold too heinous a respect of  
grief

CONSTANCE He talks to me, that never had a son

PHILIP You are as fond of grief as of your child 92

CONSTANCE Grief fills the room up of my absent  
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts, 96  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief  
Fare you well had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do 100  
I will not keep this form upon my head  
When there is such disorder in my wit  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fan son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! 104  
My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [Exit

PHILIP I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her  
[Exit

LEWIS There's nothing in this world can make me  
joy

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, 108  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness

PANDULPH Before the curing of a strong disease, 112  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest evils that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil  
What have you lost by losing of this day? 116

LEWIS All days of glory, joy, and happiness



PANDULPH If you had won it, certainly you had  
No, no, when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye 120  
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?

LEWIS As heartily as he is glad he hath him 124

PANDULPH Your mind is all as youthful as your blood  
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub, 128  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne, and therefore mark  
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,  
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins 132  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest  
A sceptic snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd, 136  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,  
So be it, for it cannot be but so 140

LEWIS But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

PANDULPH You, in the right of Lady Blanch  
your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did

LEWIS And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did 144

PANDULPH How green you are and fresh in this old  
world !

John lays you plots, the times conspire with you  
For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue 148  
This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it 152  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause 156  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John

LEWIS May be he will not touch young Arthur's life.  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment 161

PANDULPH O' sir, when he shall hear of your  
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies, and then the hearts 164

Of all his people shall revolt from him

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John. 168

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot :

And, O' what better matter breeds for you  
Than I have nam'd The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England ransacking the church, 172

Offending charity if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side,  
Or as a little snow, tumbled about, 176

Anon becomes a mountain O noble Dauphin !

Go with me to the king 'Tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent  
Now that their souls are topful of offence 180

For England go, I will whet on the king

LEWIS Strong reasons make strong actions Let  
us go

If you say ay, the king will not say no [Exeunt

## ACT IV

SCENE I—Northampton A Room in the Castle

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants

HUBERT Heat me these irons hot, and look thou  
stand

Within the arras when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

And bind the boy which you shall find with me 4  
Fast to the chair be heedful Hence, and watch

FIRST ATTENDANT I hope your warrant will bear out  
the deed

HUBERT Uncleanly scruples ' fear not you look-  
to 't [Exeunt Attendants

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you 8

Enter ARTHUR

ARTHUR Good morrow, Hubert

HUBERT Good morrow, little prince

ARTHUR As little prince,—having so great a title  
To be more prince,—as may be You are sad

HUBERT Indeed, I have been merrier

ARTHUR Mercy on me ! 12

Methinks nobody should be sad but I  
Yet I remember, when I was in France  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness By my christendom, 16  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me 20

He is afraid of me, and I of him  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?  
No, indeed, is 't not, and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert 24

HUBERT [Aside] If I talk to him with his innocent  
prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch

ARTHUR Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale  
to-day 28

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you  
I warrant I love you more than you do me

HUBERT [Aside] His words do take possession of  
my bosom 32

Read here, young Arthur [Showing a paper  
[Aside] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning despiteous torture out of door '  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears 36  
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

ARTHUR Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

HUBERT Young boy, I must

ARTHUR And will you ?

HUBERT And I will 40

ARTHUR Have you the heart ? When your head  
did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
And I did never ask it you again, 44  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, 'What lack you ?' and, 'Where lies your  
grief ?' 48

Or, 'What good love may I perform for you ?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you  
But you at your sick service had a prince 52  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning do an if you will  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must Will you put out mine eyes ? 56  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you ?

HUBERT I have sworn to do it,  
And with hot irons must I burn them out

ARTHUR Ah ! none but in this iron age would do it !  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot, 61  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench this fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence, 64  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye  
Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron ?  
An if an angel should have come to me 68

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him, no tongue but Hubert's

HUBERT [Stamps] Come forth

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c

Do as I bid you do 72

ARTHUR O' save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes  
are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men

HUBERT Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here

ARTHUR Alas! what need you be so boisterous-  
rough? 76

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb, 80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to 84

HUBERT Go, stand within let me alone with him

FIRST ATTENDANT I am best pleas'd to be from such  
a deed [Exeunt Attendants]

ARTHUR Alas! I then have chid away my friend  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart 88

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours

HUBERT Come, boy, prepare yourself

ARTHUR Is there no remedy?

HUBERT None, but to lose your eyes

ARTHUR O heaven! that there were but a mote  
in yours, 92

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense,

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible 96

HUBERT Is this your promise? go to, hold your  
tongue

ARTHUR Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert 100  
O! Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes O! spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you  
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold 104  
And would not harm me

HUBERT I can heat it, boy

ARTHUR No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes see else yourself, 108  
There is no malice in this burning coal,  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head 111

HUBERT But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR An if you do you will but make it blush  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight, 116  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny then office only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 120  
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses

HUBERT Well, see to live, I will not touch thine  
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes  
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy, 124  
With this same very iron to burn them out

ARTHUR O! now you look like Hubert, all this while  
You were disguised

HUBERT Peace! no more Adieu  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead, 128  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world 131  
Will not offend thee

ARTHUR O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT Silence! no more, go closely in with me.  
Much danger do I undergo for thee [Exeunt.

SCENE II—The Same A Room of State in the Palace

Enter KING JOHN, crowned, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other  
Lords The KING takes his state

KING JOHN Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes

PEMBROKE This 'once again', but that your high-  
ness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous you were crown'd before, 4

And that high loyalty was ne'er pluck'd off,

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change or better state 8

SALISBURY Therefore, to be possess'd with double  
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet, 12

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess 16

PEMBROKE But that your loyal pleasure must be  
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable 20

SALISBURY In this the antique and well noted  
face

Of plain old form is much disfigured,

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about, 24

Startles and frights consideration,

Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe

PEMBROKE When workmen strive to do better than  
well 28

They do confound their skill in covetousness,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse  
As patches set upon a little breach 32  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd

SALISBURY To this effect, before you were new-  
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd, 37  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will

KING JOHN Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with and think them strong, 41  
And more, more strong,—when lesser is my fear,—  
I shall indue you with meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well, 44  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests

PEMBROKE Then I,—as one that am the tongue of  
these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,— 48  
Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies,—heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint 52  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument  
If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why then your tears,—which, as they say, attend 56  
The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise? 60  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
That you have bid us ask his liberty,  
Which for our goods we do no further ask 64  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending.  
Counts it your weal he have his liberty



Enter HUBERT

KING JOHN Let it be so I do commit his youth  
To your direction Hubert, what news with you ?

[Taking him apart,

PEMBROKE This is the man should do the bloody  
deed, 69

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his 72  
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast,  
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do

SALISBURY The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience, 77  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set  
His passion is so ripe it needs must break

PEMBROKE And when it breaks, I fear will issue  
thence 80

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death

KING JOHN We cannot hold mortality's strong  
hand

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead 84  
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to night

SALISBURY Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past  
cure

PEMBROKE Indeed we heard how near his death he  
was

Before the child himself felt he was sick 88  
This must be answer'd, either here or hence

KING JOHN Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ? 92

SALISBURY It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it  
So thrive it in your game and so, farewell

PEMBROKE Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with  
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave  
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold bad world the while ' 100  
This must not be thus borne this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt [Exit Lords  
KING JOHN They burn in indignation I repent  
There is no sure foundation set on blood, 104  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death

Enter a Messenger

A fearful eye thou hast where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm 108  
Pou down thy weather how goes all in France ?

MESSENGER From France to England Never such  
a power

For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land 112  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ,  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd

KING JOHN 'O ! where hath our intelligence been  
drunk ? 116

Where hath it slept ? Where's my mother's care  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it ?

MESSENGER My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust the first of April died 120  
Your noble mother , and, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard , if true or false I know not 124

KING JOHN Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
O ! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers What ! mother dead !  
How wildly then walks my estate in France ! 128  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France  
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

MESSENGER Under the Dauphin

KING JOHN                                   Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings

Enter the BASTARD, and PETER OF POMFRET

Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full

THE BASTARD But if you be afeard to hear the wors  
Then let the woist unheard fall on your head

KING JOHN Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'  
Under the tide, but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will 14

THE BASTARD How I have sped among the clergy  
men,

The sums I have collected shall express  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied, 14

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear  
And here's a prophet that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found 14

With many hundreds treading on his heels  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
You highness should deliver up your crown 15

KING JOHN Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst  
thou so ?

PETER Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so

KING JOHN Hubert, away with him, imprison  
him

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says, 156  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd  
Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee [Exit HUBERT, with PETER

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ? 160

THE BASTARD The French, my lord, men's mouths  
are full of it

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,

With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave 164  
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night  
On your suggestion

KING JOHN Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies  
I have a way to win their loves again, 168  
Bring them before me

THE BASTARD I will seek them out

KING JOHN Nay, but make haste, the better foot  
before

O ! let me have no subject enemies  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns 172  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again

THE BASTARD The spirit of the time shall teach  
me speed 176

KING JOHN Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman

[Exit the BASTARD

Go after him, for he perhaps shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
And be thou he

MESSENGER With all my heart, my liege [Exit 181

KING JOHN My mother dead'

Re-enter HUBERT

HUBERT My lord, they say five moons were seen  
to-night  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion 184

KING JOHN Five moons'

HUBERT Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads 188  
And whisper one another in the ear,  
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes 192

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his non did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand, 196  
 Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—  
 Told of a many thousand wailike French,  
 That were embattaile'd and rank'd in Kent 200  
 Another lean unwash'd artificer  
 Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death

KING JOHN Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
 these feals ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ? 204  
 Thy hand hath murder'd him I had a mighty cause  
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him

HUBERT No had, my lord ! why, did you not  
 provoke me ?

KING JOHN It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant 208  
 To break within the bloody house of life,  
 And on the winking of authority  
 To understand a law, to know the meaning 212  
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
 More upon humour than advis'd respect

HUBERT Here is your hand and seal for what  
 I did

KING JOHN O ! when the last account 'twixt heaven  
 and earth 216

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
 Witness against us to damnation  
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
 Makes ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by, 220  
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
 Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
 This murder had not come into my mind,  
 But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect, 224  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king, 228

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince

HUBERT My lord,—

KING JOHN Hadst thou but shook thy head or  
made, a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed, 232  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break  
off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me  
But thou didst understand me by my signs 237

And didst in signs again parley with sin,  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240

The deed which both our tongues held vile to name  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !

My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers 244  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death 248

HUBERT Am you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you  
Young Arthur is alive this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, 252

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,  
And you have slander'd nature in my form, 256  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind

Than to be butcher of an innocent child

KING JOHN Doth Arthur live ? O ! haste thee to  
the peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind, 264  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art  
O ' answer not , but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste  
I conjure thee but slowly , run more fast

268

[Exeunt]

## SCENE III —The Same Before the Castle

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls

ARTHUR The wall is high , and yet will I leap down  
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not '  
There 's few or none do know me , if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite 4  
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away  
As good to die and go, as die and stay [Leaps down  
O me ' my uncle's spirit is in these stones 9  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ' [Dies

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

SALISBURY Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury  
It is our safety, and we must embrace 12  
This gentle offer of the perilous time  
PEMBROKE Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?  
SALISBURY The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ,  
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love, 16  
Is much more general than these lines import  
BIGOT To-morrow morning let us meet him then  
SALISBURY Or rather then set forward , for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet 20

Enter the BASTARD

THE BASTARD Once more to-day well met, dis-  
temper'd lords '  
The king by me requests your presence straight  
SALISBURY The king hath dispossess'd himself of us .  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak 24

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks  
Return and tell him so we know the worst

THE BASTARD    Whate'er you think, good words, I  
think, were best 28

SALISBURY      Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now

THE BASTARD      But there is little reason in your  
grief,

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now

PEMBROKE Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege

THE BASTARD 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no  
man else 33

SALISBURY      This is the prison      [Seeing ARTHUR  
What is he lies here ?

PEMBROKE O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed 36

SALISBURY Murder, as hating what himself hath  
done.

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge

BIGOT Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave 40

SALISBURY Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld.

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see ? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another ? This is the very top, 45

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse

PEMBROKE All murders past do stand excus'd in  
this

And this, so sole and so unmatched, 52

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times,

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,



Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle 56

THE BASTARD It is a damned and a bloody work ,  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand

SALISBURY If that it be the work of any hand ' 60

We had a kind of light what would ensue  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ,  
The practice and the purpose of the king  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul, 64

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world, 68

Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge 72

PEMBROKE } Our souls religiously confirm thy  
BIGOT } words

Enter HUBERT

HUBERT Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you  
Arthur doth live the king hath sent for you

SALISBURY O ' he is bold and blushes not at death  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain ' get thee gone 77

HUBERT I am no villain

SALISBURY [Drawing his sword] Must I rob the law ?

THE BASTARD Your sword is bright, sir , put it up  
again

SALISBURY Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's  
skin 80

HUBERT Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back,  
I say

By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours -  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence , 84

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility

BIGOT Out, dunghill ' dar'st thou brave a noble-  
man ?

HUBERT Not for my life, but yet I dare defend 88  
My innocent life against an emperor

SALISBURY Thou art a murderer

HUBERT Do not prove me so,  
Yet I am none Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks, who speaks not truly, lies 92

PEMBROKE Cut him to pieces

THE BASTARD Keep the peace, I say

SALISBURY Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-  
bridge

THE BASTARD Thou wert better gall the devil,  
Salisbury

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, 96

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead Put up thy sword betime:

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell 100

BIGOT What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-  
bridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

HUBERT Lord Bigot, I am none

BIGOT Who kill'd this prince?

HUBERT 'Tis not an hour since I left him well 104

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss

SALISBURY Trust not those cunning waters of his  
eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum, 108

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter house, 112

For I am stifled with this smell of sin

BIGOT Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

PEMBROKE There tell the king he may inquire us  
out

THE BASTARD Here's a good world! Knew you  
of this fair work? 116

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert

HUBERT Do but hear me, sir

THE BASTARD Ha ! I'll tell thee what , 120  
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ,  
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child 124

HUBERT Upon my soul,—

THE BASTARD If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair ,

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb 128

Will serve to strangle thee , a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on , or wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean, 132

Enough to stifle such a villain up  
I do suspect thee very grievously

HUBERT If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath 136

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me  
I left him well

THE BASTARD Go, bear him in thine arms  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140

Among the thorns and dangers of this world  
How easy dost thou take all England up !

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm 144

Is fled to heaven , and England now is left  
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

The unow'd interest of proud swelling state  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty 148

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace

Now powers from home and discontents at home  
Meet in one line , and vast confusion waits,— 52

As doth a raven on a sick fallen beast,—

The imminent decay of wrested pomp  
Now happy he whose cloak and ceinture can

Hold out this tempest    Bear away that child    156  
And follow me with speed    I'll to the king  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land    [Exeunt]

## ACT V

SCENE I—The Same    A Room in the Palace

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants

KING JOHN    Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory

PANDULPH    [Giving JOHN the crown ]    Take again  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
You sovereign greatness and authority    4

KING JOHN    Now keep your holy word    go meet  
the French,

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd  
Our discontented counties do revolt,    8

Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour    12

Rests by you only to be qualified  
Then pause not , for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues    16

PANDULPH    It was my breath that blew this tem  
pest up

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ,  
But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war    20  
And make fair weather in your blustering land

On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms    [Exit  
KING JOHN    Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the  
prophet    25

Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have  
I did suppose it should be on constraint , 28  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary

Enter the BASTARD

THE BASTARD All Kent hath yielded , nothing there  
holds out

But Dover Castle London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers 32  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ,  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends 36

KING JOHN Would not my lords return to me again  
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

THE BASTARD They found him dead and cast into  
the streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away

KING JOHN That villain Hubert told me he did live

THE BASTARD So, on my soul, he did. for aught  
he knew

But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ? 44  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ,  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye  
Be stirring as the time , be fire with fire , 48  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on 52

The dauntless spirit of resolution  
Away ! and glister like the god of war  
When he intendeth to become the field  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence 56

What ! shall they seek the lion in his den  
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there  
O ! let it not be said Forage, and run

To meet displeasure further from the doors, 60

And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh

KING JOHN The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ,

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers 64

Led by the Dauphin

THE BASTARD O inglorious league !

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley and base truce 68

To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread, 72

And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms

Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace ,

Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence 76

KING JOHN Have thou the ordering of this present time

THE BASTARD Away then, with good courage ! yet,

I know,

Our party ma, well meet a prouder foe [Exeunt

SCENE II —A Plain, near St Edmundsbury The French Camp

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers

LEWIS My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance

Return the precedent to these lords again ,

That, having our fair order written down, 4

Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,

May know wherefore we took the sacrament,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable

SALISBURY Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear 9

A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith

To your proceedings , yet, believe me, prince,

I am not glad that such a sore of time 12

Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many O' it grieves my soul  
That I must draw this metal from my side 16  
To be a widow-maker ! O' and there  
Where honourable rescue and defence  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury  
But such is the infection of the time, 20  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong  
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends ! 24  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ,  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up 28  
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here ? 32  
What, here ? O nation ! that thou couldst remove  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore , 36  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !  
LEWIS A noble temper dost thou show in this , 40  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Do make an earthquake of nobility  
O' what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect 44  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation , 48  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven 52

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes 55  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping  
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep 60  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine

Enter PANDULPH, attended

And even there, methinks, an angel spake 64  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath

PANDULPH Hail, noble prince of France ! 68  
The next is this King John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome, his spirit is come in  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome 72  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace, 76  
And be no further harmful than in show

LEWIS Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at controul, 80  
Or useful serving-man and instrument  
To any sovereign state throughout the world  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself, 84  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire,  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it  
You taught me how to know the face of right, 88  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,



Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ,  
 And come you now to tell me John hath made  
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ? 92  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ,  
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ? 96  
 Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome boine,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action ? is't not I  
 That undergo this charge ? who else but I, 100  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
 ' Vive le roy ' ' as I have bank'd their towns ? 104  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said 108  
 PANDULPH You look but on the outside of this work  
 LEWIS Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised 112  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook conquest and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death 116  
 [Trumpet sounds  
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the BASTARD, attended

THE BASTARD According to the fair play of the  
 world,  
 Let me have audience , I am sent to speak  
 My holy Lord of Milan, from the king 120  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ,  
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue  
 PANDULPH The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite, 124  
 And will not temporize with my entreaties

He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms

THE BASTARD. By all the blood that ever fury  
breath'd,

The youth says well Now hear our English king , 128

For thus his royalty doth speak in me

He is prepar'd , and reason too he should

This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel, 132

This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,

The king doth smile at , and is well prepar'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories 136

That hand which had the strength, even at your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch ,

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ,

To crouch in litter of your stable planks , 140

To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks ,

To hug with swine , to seek sweet safety out

In vaults and prisons , and to thrill and shake, 144

Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking this voice an armed Englishman

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here

That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?

No ! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms, 148

And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,

You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb 152

Of your dear mother England, blush for shame

For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids

Like Amazons come tripping after drums,

Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change, 156

Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts

To fierce and bloody inclination

LEWIS There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
peace ,

We grant thou canst outscold us fare thee well , 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a brabbler

PANDULPH.

Give me leave to speak

THE BASTARD No, I will speak  
 LEWIS We will attend to neither  
 Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war 164  
 Plead for our interest and our being here  
 THE BASTARD Indeed, your drums, being beaten,  
 will cry out,  
 And so shall you being beaten Do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum, 168  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine,  
 Sound but another, and another shall  
 As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear 172  
 And mock the deep mouth'd thunder for at hand,—  
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—  
 Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits 176  
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French  
 LEWIS Strike up our drums, to find this danger out  
 THE BASTARD And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do  
 not doubt [Exeunt

## SCENE III —The Same A Field of Battle

Alarums Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT

KING JOHN How goes the day with us? O' tell me,  
 Hubert  
 HUBERT. Badly, I fear How fares your majesty?  
 KING JOHN This fever, that hath troubled me so  
 long,  
 Lies heavy on me O' my heart is sick 4

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-  
 conbridge,  
 Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
 And send him word by me which way you go  
 KING JOHN Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey  
 there 8

MESSENGER Be of good comfort for the great supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands  
This news was brought to Richard but even now 12  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves

KING JOHN Ay me ' this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news  
Set on toward Swinstead to my litter straight, 16  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint [Exit

SCENE IV —The Same Another Part of the Same

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others

SALISBURY I did not think the king so stor'd with friends

PEMBROKE Up once again, put spirit in the French -  
If they miscarry we miscarry too

SALISBURY That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day 5

PEMBROKE They say King John, sore sick, hath left  
the field

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers

MELUN Lead me to the revolts of England here

SALISBURY When we were happy we had other names 8

PEMBROKE It is the Count Melun

SALISBURY Wounded to death

MELUN Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold,

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith 12  
Seek out King John and fall before his feet,  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads Thus hath he sworn, 16  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,  
Even on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love 20  
SALISBURY May this be possible ? may this be true ?  
MELUN Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax 24  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
Why should I then be false, since it is true 28  
That I must die here and live hence by truth ?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east 32  
But even this night, whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire, 36  
Paying the fine of rated treachery  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day  
Commend me to one Hubert with your king , 40  
The love of him, and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman, &  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence 44  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires 48  
SALISBURY We do believe thee and beshrew my  
soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight, 52  
And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience, 56  
Even to our ocean, to our great King John  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye    Away, my friends !    New flight ,  
And happy newness, that intends old right    61

[Exeunt, leading off MELUN

SCENE V —The Same    The French Camp

Enter LEWIS and his Train

LEWIS    The sun of heaven methought was loath to  
set,  
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measur'd backward their own ground  
In faint retire    O ! bravely came we off,    4  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,  
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !    8

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER    Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?  
LEWIS    Here    what news ?  
MESSENGER    The Count Melun is slain , the English  
lords,  
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off ,  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,    12  
Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands  
LEWIS    Ah, foul shrewd news ! Beshrew thy very  
heart !  
I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me    Who was he that said    16  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?  
MESSENGER    Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord  
LEWIS    Well , keep good quarter and good care to-  
night    20  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.    [Exeunt

SCENE VI —An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally

HUBERT Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,  
or I shoot

THE BASTARD A friend What art thou?

HUBERT Of the part of England

THE BASTARD Whither dost thou go?

HUBERT What's that to thee? Why may not I  
demand 4

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?

THE BASTARD Hubert, I think?

HUBERT Thou hast a perfect thought  
I will upon all hazards well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well 8  
Who art thou?

THE BASTARD Who thou wilt and if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets

HUBERT Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless  
night 12

Have done me shame brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear

THE BASTARD Come, come, sans compliment, what  
news abroad? 16

HUBERT Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,  
To find you out

THE BASTARD Brief, then, and what's the news?

HUBERT O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible 20

THE BASTARD Show me the very wound of this, all  
news.

I am no woman I'll not swound at it

HUBERT The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

THE BASTARD How did he take it ? who did taste t  
him ? 2

HUBERT A monk, I tell you , a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out . the king  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover

THE BASTARD Whom didst thou leave to tend hi  
majesty ? 3.

HUBERT Why? know you not ? the lords are al  
come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company ,  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty 3c

THE BASTARD Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide , 40  
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd  
Away before ! conduct me to the king ,  
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come [Exit

SCENE VII —The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

PRINCE HENRY It is too late the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly , and his pure brain,—  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, 4  
Foretell the ending of mortality

Enter PEMBROKE

PEMBROKE His highness yet doth speak , and holds  
belief  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality 8  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

PRINCE HENRY Let him be brought into the orchard  
here  
Doth he still rage ? [Exit BIGOT



PEMBROKE           He is more patient  
Than when you left him   even now he sung           12  
PRINCE HENRY   O, vanity of sickness ' fierce ex  
                  tremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible , and his siege is now           16  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves   'Tis strange that death should  
                  sing   20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest           24  
SALISBURY   Be of good comfort, prince , for you are  
                  boin

To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants carrying KING JOHN in a chair  
KING JOHN   Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
                  room ,   28

It would not out at windows, nor at doors  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen           32  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up

PRINCE HENRY   How fares your majesty ?

KING JOHN   Poison'd, ill fare , dead, forsook, cast  
                  off ,  
And none of you will bid the winter come           36  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom , nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips           40  
And comfort me with cold   I do not ask you much  
I beg cold comfort , and you are so strait

And so ingrateful you deny me that

PRINCE HENRY O' that there were some virtue in  
my tears, 44

That might relieve you

KING JOHN The salt in them is hot  
Within me is a hell, and there the poison  
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood 48

Enter the BASTARD

THE BASTARD O' I am scalded with my violent  
motion

And spleen of speed to see your majesty

KING JOHN O cousin' thou art come to set mine eye  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd, 52  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
Are tuind to one thread, one little hair,  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered, 56  
And then all this thou seest is 'but a clod  
And module of confounded royalty

THE BASTARD • The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him 60  
For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Washes all unwarily 63  
Devoured by the unexpected flood [The KING dies

SALISBURY You breathe these dead news in as dead  
an ear

My liege' my lord' But now a king, now thus

PRINCE HENRY Even so must I run on, and even so  
stop

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, 68  
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

THE BASTARD Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven, 72  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again, 76  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels 80  
SALISBURY It seems you know not then so much  
as we

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace 84  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war

THE BASTARD He will the rather do it when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence 88

SALISBURY Nay, it is in a manner done already,  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal 92

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily

THE BASTARD Let it be so And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd, 97  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral

PRINCE HENRY At Worcester must his body be  
interr'd,  
For so he will'd it

THE BASTARD Thither shall it then 100  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services 104  
And true subjection everlastingly

SALISBURY And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore

PRINCE HENRY I have a kind soul that would give  
you thanks, 108

And knows not how to do it but with tears

THE BASTARD O' let us pay the time but needful  
woe

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs  
This England never did, nor never shall, 112  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms, 116  
And we shall shock them Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true [Exeunt



**THE TRAGEDY OF  
KING RICHARD THE SECOND**



# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

## INTRODUCTION

THE first mention known to us of *King Richard II* is the entry in the Stationers' Register dated August 29, 1597. In the same year the play was printed in a quarto. The second quarto, which appeared in 1598, gives the name of the author—'William Shake speare'. In 1608 a third quarto was published, on the title-page of the second issue of this, attention is called to something that was new in print—'additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richaid'. These additions consist of lines 154-318 of the first scene of Act iv (from 'May it please you, lords' to 'a true king's fall'). From the fourth quarto—that of 1615—the folio text was taken, with corrections from some better MS text, and the play was then divided into acts and scenes.

It seems probable that the lines of Act iv, Scene 1, which represent the deposition of King Richard II, formed part of the play as originally written, and were omitted from the earlier quartos on the ground of prudence, as possibly of a nature to give offence to the authorities. The words of the Abbot—'A woeful pageant have we here beheld'—seem to refer to the deposition. 'It was,' as Halliwell-Phillipps has said, 'an exceedingly dangerous theme,' especially at a time when the Pope—whose Bull of 1597 incited English subjects to disloyalty—and continental Catholics contemplated the possibility of the deposition of Queen Elizabeth. In 1599 Sir John Hayward, in his first part of the *Life and Raigne of King Henry the Fourth*, gave an account of the deposition of Richard,



that ? ' and she went on to refer to some tragedy which was 'played fourtie times in open streets and  
There were several plays which dealt with the life of Richard. One of these—certainly not Shakespeare's play—was seen by Forman at the Globe in April 1599. Another, 'concluding with the murder of the Duke of Gloucester,' was privately printed from the press of Halliwell Phillipps, and is reprinted in vol. xxxi of *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, but these do not deal with the deposition of the king.

That the fears of the authorities were not unfounded without warrant appears from an incident connected with the rising of Essex in 1601. In the afternoon immediately preceding the outbreak, a conspiracy of conspirators a play concerned with the deposition of King Richard was enacted. It had been 'brought to the stage' by Sir Gilly Merrick, an adherent of Essex. An arrangement was made with Augustine Phillips, a member of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, that the play was performed at the Swan Theatre. It was Shakespeare's play. But on the other hand we are informed in the official account of the conspiracy that 'the playe was old', and it is so stated by Camden as an 'old out-worne' piece. The players declared that they would be losers by the performance, and were promised 'forty shillings extraordinary' as compensation for presenting it. If we may judge by the number of quarto editions of Shakespeare's play, it was neither 'out-worne' nor unpopular, and the prudent omission of the deposition scene in 1597 and 1598 does not support the notion that this particular play would be popular on the eve of a rash conspiracy in 1601 with which it had already been recognized as dealing. But on this point, it must be admitted, certainty is unattainable, and some of the best authorities hold the opinion that the play was that of Shakespeare.

As to the date when Shakespeare composed his play we have no decisive evidence beyond the fact that it cannot have been later than the summer of 1597. But the internal evidence indicates a considerably earlier date. The influence of Marlowe's *Edward II* is obvious. The influence of Greene in the many rhymed passages can hardly be doubted. In 1597 Shakespeare had escaped from the influence of both Marlowe and Greene. 'The point of most interest in the tragedy or history of *King Richard II*,' wrote Swinburne in a special study of this play, 'is the obvious evidence which it gives of the struggle between the worse and the better genius of its author. The author of *Selimus* and *Andronicus* [whom Swinburne supposed to be Greene] is visibly contending with the author of *Faustus* and *Edward II* for the mastery of Shakespeare's poetic and dramatic adolescence.' In *Richard III* the dominant power of Marlowe, if not the hand of Marlowe, is evident. In *King John* more of independence is exhibited by Shakespeare than in either *Richard III* or *Richard II*. But, as with *King John*, prose is wholly absent from the present play. We may believe that it lies in point of date after *Richard III*, which evidently is closely connected with the *Third Part of Henry VI*, and perhaps before *King John*, though on the latter point there is a difference of opinion among competent critics. We may venture to name the year 1594 or 1595 as an approximate date for our play. It may be well to add that the argument of Grant White, founded on alleged debts to Shakespeare in a supposed second edition (1595) of Daniel's *Civil Wars*, cannot be sustained. There is no evidence of two issues of Daniel's poem in that year. (See Introduction to *King Richard II* by Charlotte Porter in the 'First Folio' edition, New York, 1910.)

The historical basis of the drama was found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, but Shakespeare has dealt somewhat freely with the matter of history. The queen, for example, as we see her in the play, is transformed for dramatic effect from the Isabel of history,

and is needed for the romantic feeling of the close of the play. In Shakespeare's hand the literal facts of history are pliable for the purposes of the imagination. The queen was in fact a child. Here Daniel in the *Civil Wars* departed from history as did Shakespeare, and Daniel offered an apology to his readers in prose. The poet expends his strength in presenting the character of the king, or rather in exhibiting the contrast between Richard, who was fashioned for failure, and Bolingbroke, who was fashioned for a worldly success. He has aimed at showing Richard as hateful through his egoism and self-indulgence, and yet as possessed of a certain charm which, when misfortunes crowd upon him, may justify our pity. He is the 'sweet Richard' of his queen, his groom, half through affection for his master and half through his feeling for 'roan Barbary', is faithful to the last. Shakespeare, however, before he would have us pity Richard has taught us to detest him. And yet his wickedness as an evil king is rather criminal weakness than such energy of guilt as we perceive in the third Richard. Coleridge has spoken happily of Richard's 'constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them', and thence his 'waste of that energy which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces'. The consequence, Coleridge adds, is 'moral exhaustion and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope—every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident'. His own rhetorical gift is a snare to Richard, from every circumstance of good or ill fortune he can extract the material for splendid speech, but he does not pass beyond speech to effective action. It is curious to notice how Shakespeare's effort to exhibit the king as both detestable and pitiable has called forth estimates of Richard's character of kinds most widely divergent. For Swinburne he is a 'histrionic young tyrant' placed by his callous cruelty and heartless hypocrisy beyond reach of compassion unqualified by scorn. Certain

other critics lament the misfortune that Richard was a king, he was 'originally gentle, good because untempted, imaginative, loving' He had 'some touch of wild genius', was almost a poet, and the pity of it is that a poet should be the occupant of a throne 'He failed,' writes Mr Yeats, 'a little because he lacked some qualities that were doubtless common among his scullions, but more because he had certain qualities that are uncommon in all ages' Shakespeare, it is true, has a certain sympathy with Richard, because the breadth of Shakespeare's humanity did not exclude from sympathy even a self-indulgent wanton, to whom nature had lent some attractive gifts which he misused, a wanton who claims pity through his suffering and his degradation But our great poet was no sentimentalist We cannot imagine any position in life which calls for wisdom, self-restraint, resolution, in which Richard might not easily have passed—as in fact he did—from weakness to wickedness He is sometimes a splendid rhetorician, a poet, possessed, as a poet must be, of the co-ordinating power of will and imagination, Richard never could have been His speeches are at best what the Elizabethans might have styled 'flourishes of fancy'

Over against Richard stands a man whom Shakespeare cannot wholly love, cannot wholly honour, but who is as little excluded from his sympathy as is the king thrust by Bolingbroke from the throne While Richard's speeches are the overflow of sentiment, which is often only the shadow of real passion, every word of his rival tends to action When Bolingbroke desires to give utterance to his thought or his purpose he can speak with power His indictment of Bushy and Green has a force which crushes those caterpillars of the commonwealth, nothing could be better said, but each clause and sentence leads up to the short and decisive final word—

My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd

And where speech does not include a purpose Boling-

broke chooses to be silent. He, too, has an imagination of his own, but it is wholly occupied with forecasting events, anticipating difficulties, confronting opposition, attaining ends. For none of his kinsfolk or friends is Henry a 'sweet, lovely rose', but at least he is a strong man armed. And as we follow his career in the later Lancastrian plays, we see that Shakespeare has pity not only for Richard but for Richard's rival and subduer. For, though the usurper can win followers and supporters, he cannot bind them to him in the bands of loyalty and love. He courts his people, but many of them fall away. His nobles plot against him. His great son, while at heart loyal, flies from the coldness of the court to the mirth of the tavern, he is for a time content to be misunderstood by the father whom he would sustain and comfort in his solitude if that were possible. Such is the inevitable punishment for Bolingbroke's defects of character, but while Shakespeare exhibits those defects, he pits the strong man whom years and toil have at last bowed down and broken. The portrait so effectively outlined in *Richard II* is completed with perfect consistency of design in the first and second parts of *Henry IV*.

The present play—apart from the spectacle for which it affords occasion—gains less than many other plays of Shakespeare by being seen in the theatre. Its stage history is not remarkable. Nahum Tate in 1681 produced an adaptation of it entitled *The Sicilian Usurper*. Theobald offered the public a version of his own in 1719, with additions and large omissions. In a later version appeared Edmund Kean. The article by Hazlitt in *The Examiner*, reprinted in his *View of the English Stage*, is probably the most authoritative criticism of Kean's performance. 'There are only,' he writes, 'one or two electrical shocks given in it, and in many of his characters he gives a much greater number.—The excellence of his acting is in proportion to the number of hits. Mr Kean made Richard a character of *passion*, that is, of feeling combined with

energy, whereas it is a character of *pathos*, that is to say, of feeling combined with weakness

Mr Kean expresses all the violence, the extravagance, and fierceness of the passions, but not their misgivings, their helplessness, and sinkings into despair

We might instance to the present purpose, his dashing the glass down with all his might in the scene with Hereford, instead of letting it fall out of his hands, as from an infant's, also his manner of expostulating with Bolingbroke, "Why on thy knee, thus low, &c," which was altogether fierce and heroic, instead of being sad, thoughtful, and melancholy' Hazlitt quotes from Wroughton's version of 1815, which described itself as having 'considerable alterations and additions from the writings of Shakespeare'

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, }  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } Uncles to the King

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to  
John of Gaunt afterwards King Henry IV

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk

DUKE OF SURREY

EARL OF SALISBURY

LORD BERKELEY

BUSHY, }  
BAGOT, } Servants to King Richard  
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his Son

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATER

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

LORD MARSHAL

SIR PIERCE OF EATON

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Captain of a Band of Welshmen

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

DUCHESS OF YORK

Lady attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger  
Groom, and other Attendants

SCENE —Dispersedly in England and Wales

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

## ACT I

SCENE I—London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING RICHARD, attended, JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles

KING RICHARD Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, 4  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

GAUNT I have, my liege

KING RICHARD Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him, 8

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him ?

GAUNT As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him 13  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice

KING RICHARD Then call them to our presence face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear 16  
The accuser and the accused freely speak

[Exit some Attendants.]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY

BOLINGBROKE Many years of happy days befall 20  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !



MOWBRAY Each day still better other's happiness,  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown ! 24

KING RICHARD We thank you both yet one but  
flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object 28  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

BOLINGBROKE First,—heaven be the record to my  
speech !—

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince, 32  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well, for what I speak 36  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ; 44  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may  
prove

MOWBRAY Let not my cold words here accuse my  
zeal  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war, 48  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain,  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast 52  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post until it had return'd 56  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
 I do defy him, and I spit at him , 60  
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain  
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps, 64  
 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 Wherever Englishman durst set his foot  
 Meantime let this defend my loyalty  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie 68  
 BOLINGBROKE Pale trembling coward, there I throw  
 my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ,  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except 72  
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop  
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm, 76  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise  
 MOWBRAY I take it up , and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial .  
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

KING RICHARD What doth our cousin lay to Mow-  
 bray's charge ? 84

It must be great that can inherit us  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him

BOLINGBROKE Look, what I speak, my life shall  
 prove it true ,  
 That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles 88  
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain  
 Besides I say and will in battle prove, 92  
 Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge  
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land, 96  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring  
Further I say and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,  
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, 100  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Slur'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, 104  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement,  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent 108  
KING RICHARD How high a pitch his resolution soars!  
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?  
MOWBRAY O! let my sovereign turn away his face  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf, 112  
Till I have told this slander of his blood  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar  
KING RICHARD Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and  
ears  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,— 116  
As he is but my father's brother's son,—  
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow  
MOWBRAY Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy  
heart, 124  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou heest  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers,  
The other part reserv'd I by consent, 128  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen  
Now swallow down that lie For Gloucester's death,

SCENE I] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 105

I slew him not , but to mine own disgrace 133  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case  
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
 The honourable father to my foe, 136  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ,  
 But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament  
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140  
 Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it  
 This is my fault as for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor , 144  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman 148  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day  
 KING RICHARD Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd  
 by me , 152  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood  
 This we prescribe, though no physician ,  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision  
 Forget, forgive , conclude and be agreed, 156  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ,  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son  
 GAUNT To be a make-peace shall become my age .  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage 161  
 KING RICHARD And, Norfolk, thrown down his  
 GAUNT When, Harry, when ?  
 Obedience bids I should not bid again  
 KING RICHARD Norfolk, throw down, we bid , there  
 is no boot 164  
 MOWBRAY Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
 foot  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame  
 The one my duty owes , but my fair name,—  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,— 168

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have  
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,  
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood 172  
 Which breath'd this poison

KING RICHARD                      Rage must be withstood :  
 Give me his gage    lions make leopards tame  
 MOWBRAY    Yea, but not change his spots    take but  
                  my shame,

And I resign my gage    My dear dear lord, 176  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation , that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay  
 A jewel in a ten-times barr'd up chest 180  
 Is a bold spuit in a loyal breast  
 Mine honour is my life , both grow in one ,  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try , 184  
 In that I live and for that will I die

KING RICHARD    Cousin, throw down your gage    do  
                  you begin  
 BOLINGBROKE    O ! God defend my soul from such  
                  deep sin

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight, 188  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
 Before this out dar'd dastard ? Eie my tongue  
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear 192  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face

[Exit GAUNT]

KING RICHARD    We were not born to sue, but to 196  
                  command  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :  
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see

SCENE I] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 107

Justice design the victor's chivalry  
 Marshal, command our officers at-arms 204  
 Be ready to direct these home alarms [Exit

SCENE II—The Same A Room in the DUKE OF LANCASTER'S Palace

Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

GAUNT Alas ! the part I had in Woodstock's blood  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life  
 But since correction lieth in those hands 4  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ,  
 Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads 8

DUCHESS Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper  
 spur ?  
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?  
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood, 12  
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root  
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ,  
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester, 16  
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ,  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded, 20  
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe  
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine that bed, that  
 womb,  
 That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee  
 Made him a man , and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him thou dost consent 25  
 In some large measure to thy father's death  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life 28  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt , it is despair  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee 32  
That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death 36

GAUNT God's is the quarrel, for God's substitute,  
His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift 40  
An angry arm against his minister

DUCHESS Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

GAUNT To God, the widow's champion and defence

DUCHESS Why then, I will Farewell, old Gaunt  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold 45

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight  
O ! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast 48  
Or if misfortune miss the first career,

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists, 52  
A cartiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !

Farewell, old Gaunt thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life

GAUNT Sister, farewell, I must to Coventry 56  
As much good stay with thee as go with me !

DUCHESS Yet one word more Grief boundeth  
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight  
I take my leave before I have begun, 60

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York  
Lo ! this is all nay, yet depart not so ,  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go , 64

I shall remember more Bid him—ah, what ?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me

Alack ! and what shall good old York there see  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls, 68

SCENE II] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 109

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?  
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?  
 Therefore commend me , let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where 7a  
 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye [Exeunt

SCENE III —Open Space, near Coventry Lists set out, and  
 a Throne Heralds, &c , attending

Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE

MARSHAL My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford  
 arm'd ?

AUMERLE Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in

MARSHAL The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and  
 bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet 4

AUMERLE Why then, the champions are prepar'd,  
 and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach

Flourish Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his  
 Throne, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and Others, who  
 take their places A trumpet is sounded, and answered by  
 another trumpet within Then enter MOWBRAY, in armour,  
 defendant, preceded by a Herald

KING RICHARD Marshal, demand of yonder cham-  
 pion

The cause of his arrival here in arms 8

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause

MARSHAL In God's name, and the king's, say who  
 thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms, 12

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath ,

As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

MOWBRAY My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of  
 Norfolk, 16

Who hither come engaged by my oath,—

Which God defend a knight should violate !—



Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue, 20  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me 24  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[He takes his seat

Trumpet sounds Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour,  
preceded by a Herald

KING RICHARD Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war , 28  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause

MARSHAL What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st  
thou hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists ? 32  
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

BOLINGBROKE Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,  
Am I , who ready here do stand in arms. 36  
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me 40  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

MARSHAL On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers 44  
Appointed to direct these fair designs

BOLINGBROKE Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-  
reign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ,  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 111

MARSHAL The appellant in all duty greets your  
highness, 52

And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave

KING RICHARD [Descends from his throne] We will  
descend and fold him in our arms

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight ' 56

Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead

BOLINGBROKE O ' let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear 60

As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight

My loving lord, I take my leave of you,  
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle, 64

Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath

Lo ' as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet 68

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head, 72

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt, 76

Even in the lusty haviour of his son

GAUNT God in thy good cause make thee pros-  
perous ' 80

Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live

BOLINGBROKE Mine innocency and Saint George to  
thrive ' [He takes his seat

MOWBRAY [Rising] However God or fortune cast  
my lot, 85

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman  
 Never did captive with a freer heart 88  
 Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace  
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle with mine adversary 92  
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years  
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest,  
 Go I to fight truth has a quiet breast 96  
 KING RICHARD Farewell, my lord securely I espy  
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye  
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin

[The KING and the Lords return to their seats]

MARSHAL Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Receive thy lance, and God defend the right ' 101

BOLINGBROKE [Rising] Strong as a tower in hope,  
 I cry 'amen'

MARSHAL [To an Officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas,  
 Duke of Norfolk

FIRST HERALD Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
 Derby, 104  
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him, 108  
 And dares him to set forward to the fight

SECOND HERALD Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,  
 Duke of Norfolk,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 Both to defend himself and to approve 112  
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal,  
 Courageously and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signal to begin 116

MARSHAL Sound, trumpets, and set forward, combatants [A charge sounded]  
 Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down  
 KING RICHARD Let them lay by their helmets and  
 their spears,

And both return back to their chaus again 120  
 Withdraw with us , and let the trumpets sound  
 While we return these dukes what we decree

[ A long flourish

[To the Combatants ] Draw near,  
 And list what with our council we have done 124  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered ,  
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ,  
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride 129  
 Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival hating envy, set on you  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle 132  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ,  
 Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,  
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms, 136  
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace  
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood  
 Therefore, we banish you our territories  
 You, cousin Heretord, upon pain of life, 140  
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment

BOLINGBROKE You will be done this must my  
 comfort be, 144

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ,  
 And those his golden beams to you here lent  
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment

KING RICHARD Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier  
 doom, 148

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce  
 The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ,  
 The hopeless word of ' never to return ' 152  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life

MOWBRAY A heavy sentence, my most sovereign  
 liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim 156  
 As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forego, 160  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp,  
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands 164  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony  
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,  
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance 168  
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now  
 What is thy sentence then but speechless death, 172  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath  
 KING RICHARD It boots thee not to be compas-  
 sionate

After our sentence plaining comes too late  
 MOWBRAY Then, thus I turn me from my country's  
 light, 176  
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night [Retiring  
 KING RICHARD Return again, and take an oath  
 with thee

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands,  
 Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180  
 Our part therein we banish with yourselves—  
 To keep the oath that we administer  
 You never shall,—so help you truth and God!—  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment, 184  
 Nor never look upon each other's face,  
 Nor never wite, regret, nor reconcile  
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,  
 Nor never by advised purpose meet 188  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land  
 BOLINGBROKE I swear  
 MOWBRAY And I, to keep all this 192

BOLINGBROKE Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy —  
 By this time, had the king permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh, 196  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land  
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ,  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul 200

MOWBRAY No, Bolingbroke if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !  
 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know , 204  
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue  
 Farewell, my liege Now no way can I stray ,  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way [Exit

KING RICHARD Uncle, even in the glasses of thine  
 eyes 208

I see thy grieved heart thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away —[To BOLINGBROKE] Six frozen  
 winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment 212

BOLINGBROKE How long a time lies in one little  
 word !

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
 End in a word such is the breath of kings

GAUNT I thank my liege, that in regard of me 216

He shortens four years of my son's exile ,

But little vantage shall I reap thereby

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their times about, 220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age and endless night ,

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son 224

KING RICHARD Why, uncle, thou hast many years  
 to live

GAUNT But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow , 228

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage,  
Thy word is current with him for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath 232  
KING RICHARD Thy son is banish'd upon good  
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave  
Why at our justice seem'st thou thereto lower ?

GAUNT Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
sour 236

You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father  
O ! had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild 240  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd  
Alas ! I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away, 244  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong

KING RICHARD Cousin, farewell, and, uncle, bid  
him so

Six years we banish him, and he shall go 248

[Flourish Exit KING RICHARD and Train.]

AUMERLE Cousin, farewell what presence must  
not know,

From where you do remain let paper show

MARSHAL My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side 252

GAUNT O ! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

BOLINGBROKE I have too few to take my leave of  
you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal 256  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart

GAUNT Thy grief is but thy absence for a time

BOLINGBROKE Joy absent, grief is present for that  
time

GAUNT What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

## SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 117

BOLINGBROKE To men in joy , but grief makes one  
hour ten 261

GAUNT Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure

BOLINGBROKE My heart will sigh when I miscall  
it so,

Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage 264

GAUNT The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return

BOLINGBROKE Nay, rather, every tedious stride  
I make 268

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end, 272

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

GAUNT All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens 276

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ,

There is no virtue like necessity

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king Woe doth the heavier sit, 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee , or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, 284

And thou art flying to a fresher clime

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st

Suppose the singing birds musicians, 288

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance ,

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite 292

The man that mocks at it and sets it light

BOLINGBROKE O ! who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite 296

By bare imagination of a feast ?



Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore  
 GAUNT Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy  
 way 304  
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay  
 BOLINGBROKE Then, England's ground, farewell,  
 sweet soil, adieu  
 My mother, and my nurse that bears me yet '  
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, 308  
 Though banish'd, yet a true born Englishman [Exeunt

## SCENE IV — London A Room in the King's Castle

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN at one door,  
 AUMERLE at another

KING RICHARD We did observe Cousin Aumerle,  
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?  
 AUMERLE I brought high Hereford, if you call  
 him so,  
 But to the next highway, and there I left him 4  
 KING RICHARD And say, what store of parting tears  
 were shed ?  
 AUMERLE Faith, none for me, except the north-  
 east wind,  
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
 Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance 8  
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear  
 KING RICHARD What said our cousin when you  
 parted with him ?  
 AUMERLE 'Farewell  
 And, for my heart disdained that my tongue 12  
 Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
 That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave  
 Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd  
 hours 16

And added years to his short banishment,  
 He should have had a volume of farewells,  
 But, since it would not, he had none of me

KING RICHARD He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis  
 doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends  
 Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people, 24  
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 With humble and familiar courtesy,  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles 28  
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,  
 A brace of daymen bid God speed him well, 32  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope 36

GREEN Well, he is gone, and with him go these  
 thoughts

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland.  
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
 Ere further leisure yield them further means 40  
 For their advantage and your highness' loss

KING RICHARD We will ourselves in person to this  
 war

And, for our coffers with too great a court  
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light, 44  
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm,  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters, 48  
 Whereunto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants  
 For we will make for Ireland presently 52

120 KING RICHARD THE SECOND [ACT I, SC IV

Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news ?

BUSHY Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste

To entreat your majesty to visit him 56

KING RICHARD Where lies he ?

BUSHY At Ely House

KING RICHARD Now, put it, God, in his physician's  
mind

To help him to his grave immediately ! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late 64

ALL Amen

[Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I—London An Apartment in Ely House

GAUNT on a couch, the DUKE OF YORK and Others standing  
by him

GAUNT Will the king come, that I may breathe my  
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstead youth ?

YORK Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath,

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear 4

GAUNT O ! but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain

He that no more must say is listen'd more 9

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before

The setting sun, and music at the close, 12

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear 16  
 YORK No, it is stopp'd with other flattering  
 sounds,  
 As praises of his state then there are fond  
 Lascivious metries, to whose venom sound  
 The open ear of youth doth always listen 20  
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
 Whose manners stall our tardy apish nation  
 Limpes after in base imitation  
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,— 24  
 So it be new there's no respect how vile,—  
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard 28  
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose  
 GAUNT Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
 And thus expiring do foretell of him 32  
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves,  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes, 36  
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 40  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war, 44  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house, 48  
 Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth, 52  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son      56  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm      60  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds      64  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself  
 Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death      68

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN,  
 BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY

YORK    The king is come deal mildly with his youth,  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more  
 QUEEN    How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

KING RICHARD    What comfort, man ? How is't  
 with aged Gaunt ?      72

GAUNT    O ! how that name befits my composition,  
 Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,  
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?      76  
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd,  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt  
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
 Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks,      80  
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt  
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones

KING RICHARD    Can sick men play so nicely with  
 their names ?      84

GAUNT    No, misery makes sport to mock itself  
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee

KING RICHARD    Should dying men flatter with those  
 that live ?      88

GAUNT No, no, men living flatter those that die  
 KING RICHARD Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou  
 flatter'st me

GAUNT O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be  
 KING RICHARD I am in health, I breathe, and see  
 thee ill 92

GAUNT Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill,  
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill  
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land  
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick 96  
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art  
 Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure  
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee  
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100  
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,  
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land  
 O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, 104  
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself 108  
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
 It were a shame to let this land by lease,  
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so? 112  
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king  
 Thy state of law is bond slave to the law,  
 And—

KING RICHARD And thou a lunatic lean witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague's privilege, 116  
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,—  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders

GAUNT O! spare me not, my brother Edward's  
 son, 124

For that I was his father Edward's son  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd  
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,— 128  
 Whom fain befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls '—  
 May be a precedent and witness good  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood  
 Join with the present sickness that I have, 132  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee '  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be ' 136  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave  
 Love they to live that love and honour have

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]

KING RICHARD And let them die that age and  
 sullens have,  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave 140  
 YORK I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
 To wayward sickness and age in him  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here 144  
 KING RICHARD Right, you say true as Hereford's  
 love, so his,  
 As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND My liege, old Gaunt commends  
 him to your majesty  
 KING RICHARD What says he ? 148  
 NORTHUMBERLAND Nay, nothing, all is said  
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,  
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent  
 YORK Be York the next that must be bankrupt so '  
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe 153  
 KING RICHARD The ripest fruit first falls, and so  
 doth he  
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be  
 So much for that Now for our Irish wars 156  
 We must supplant those rough rug headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else  
 But only they have privilege to live  
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge, 160  
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd

YORK How long shall I be patient ? Ah ! how  
 long 164

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?  
 Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke 168  
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 172  
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first,  
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman 176  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours,  
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends, his noble hand 180  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin 184  
 O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between

KING RICHARD Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

YORK O ! my liege

Pardon me, if you please, if not, I, pleas'd 188  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal  
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ? 192  
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
 Is not his heir a well deserving son ?



Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time 196  
 His charters and his customary rights,  
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,  
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession? 200  
 Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
 By his attorneys general to sue 204  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts 208  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think

KING RICHARD Think what you will we seize into  
 our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands  
 YORK I'll not be by the while my liege, farewell  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell, 213  
 But by bad courses may be understood  
 That their events can never fall out good [Exit

KING RICHARD Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire  
 straight 216

Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
 To see this business To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow  
 And we create, in absence of ourself, 220  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well  
 Come on, our queen to-morrow must we part,  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short [Flourish

[Exit KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, ALMERLE, GREEN, and BACOT  
 NORTHUMBERLAND Well, lords, the Duke of Lan-  
 caster is dead 225

ROSS And living too, for now his son is duke  
 WILLOUGHBY Barely in title, not in revenue  
 NORTHUMBERLAND Richly in both, if justice had  
 her right 228

ROSS My heart is great, but it must break with  
 silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue

NORTHUMBERLAND Nay, speak thy mind, and let  
him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm ' 232

WILLOUGHBY Tends that thou'dst speak to the  
Duke of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man,

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him

ROSS No good at all that I can do for him, 236

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony

NORTHUMBERLAND Now, afore God, 'tis shame such  
wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more 240

Of noble blood in this declining land

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all, 244

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs

ROSS The commons hath he pill'd with grievous  
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts 249

WILLOUGHBY And daily new exactions are devis'd,

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ? 252

NORTHUMBERLAND Wars have not wasted it, for  
warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars 256

ROSS The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm

WILLOUGHBY The king's grown bankrupt, like a  
broken man

NORTHUMBERLAND Reproach and dissolution hang-  
eth over him

ROSS He hath not money for these Irish wars, 260

His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke

NORTHUMBERLAND His noble kinsman most  
degenerate king !

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing, 264

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ,

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish

ROSS We see the very wrack that we must suffer  
And unavoids is the danger now, 269

For suffering so the causes of our wrack

NORTHUMBERLAND Not so even through the  
hollow eyes of death

I spy life peering , but I dare not say 272

How near the tidings of our comfort is

WILLOUGHBY Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as  
thou dost ours

ROSS Be confident to speak, Northumberland  
We three are but thyself and, speaking so, 276

Thy words are but as thoughts , therefore, be bold

NORTHUMBERLAND Then thus I have from Pert  
le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter , 281

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis

Quoint, 284

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore 288

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out our drooping country's broken wing, 292

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh , 296

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go

ROSS To hoise, to hoise ' uige doubts to them that  
feai

WILLOUGHBY Hold out my hoise, and I will first be  
there [Exit

SCENE II —The Same A Room in the Palace

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition 4

QUEEN To please the king I did, to please myself  
I cannot do it, yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest 8  
As my sweet Richard yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieves 12  
More than with parting from my lord the king

BUSHY Each substance of a grief hath twenty  
shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, 16  
Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry  
Distinguish form so your sweet majesty, 20  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail,  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not Then, thrice-gracious queen, 24  
More than your lord's departure weep not more's not  
seen,

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary

QUEEN It may be so, but yet my inward soul 28  
Persuades me it is otherwise howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,  
 As, though in thinking on no thought I think,  
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink 32  
     BUSHY 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady  
     QUEEN 'Tis nothing less conceit is still deriv'd  
 From some forefather grief, mine is not so,  
 For nothing hath begot my something grief, 36  
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve  
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess,  
 But what it is, that is not yet known, what  
 I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot 40

Enter GREEN

GREEN God save your majesty ' and well met,  
 gentlemen  
 I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland  
     QUEEN Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is,  
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope 44  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?  
     GREEN That he, our hope, might have retir'd his  
     power,  
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land, 48  
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
 At Ravenspuigh

QUEEN Now God in heaven forbid !

GREEN Ah ! madam, 'tis too true and that is  
     wise, 52  
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry  
     Percy,  
 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him  
     BUSHY Why have you not proclaim'd North  
     umberland 56  
 And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors ?  
     GREEN We have whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
 And all the household servants fled with him 60  
 To Bolingbroke

QUEEN So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir  
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy, 64  
 And I, a gasping new deliver'd mother,  
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd

BUSHY Despair not, madam

QUEEN Who shall hinder me  
 I will despair, and be at enmity 68  
 With cozening hope he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
 Which false hope lingers in extremity 72

Enter York

GREEN Here comes the Duke of York

QUEEN With signs of war about his aged neck  
 O ! full of careful business are his looks  
 Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words 76

YORK Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts  
 Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,  
 Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief  
 Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80  
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home  
 Here am I left to underprop his land,  
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself  
 Now comes the sick hour that his sufferer made, 84  
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him

Enter a Servant

SERVANT My lord, your son was gone before I came

YORK He was ? Why, so ! go all which way it will !  
 The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
 And will, I fear revolt on Hereford's side 89  
 Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester,  
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound  
 Hold, take my ring 92

SERVANT My lord, I had forgot to tell your lord-  
 ship  
 To-day, as I came by, I called there,  
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest

YORK What is't, knave ? 96

SERVANT An hour before I call'd the duchess died

YORK God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !  
I know not what to do I would to God — 100

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's  
What ! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?  
How shall we do for money for these wars ? 104

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me —  
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts  
And bring away the armour that is there [Exit SERVANT  
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I know 108

How or which way to order these affairs  
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
Never believe me Both are my kinsmen

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath 112  
And duty bids defend, the other again

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right  
Well, somewhat we must do Come, cousin, 116

I'll dispose of you Gentlemen, go-muster up your  
men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle  
I should to Plashy too

But time will not permit All is uneven, 120  
And every thing is left at six and seven

[Exit YORK and QUEEN

BUSHY The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy 124  
Is all impossible

GREEN Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
Is near the hate of those love not the king

BAGOT And that's the wavering commons, for  
their love 128

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate

BUSHY Wherein the king stands generally con-  
demn'd

SCENE II] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 133

BAGOT If judgment be in them, then so do we, 132  
Because we ever have been near the king

GREEN Well, I'll for refuge straight to Boling  
Castle,

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there

BUSHY Thither will I with you, for little office 136

Will the hateful commons perform for us,

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces

Will you go along with us?

BAGOT No, I will to Ireland to his majesty 140

Farewell if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again

BUSHY That 's as York thrives to beat back Boling  
broke

GREEN Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry 145

Where one on his side fights thousands will fly

Farewell at once, for once, for all and ever

BUSHY Well, we may meet again

BAGOT I fear me, never 148

[Exeunt

SCENE III—The Wolds in Gloucestershire

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces

BOLINGBROKE How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley  
now?

NORTHUMBERLAND Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire  
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways 4

Draw out our miles and make them wearisome,

But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable

But I bethink me what a weary way 8

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel 12

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess,



And hope to joy is little less in joy  
 Than hope enjoy'd by this the weary loids 16  
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done  
 By sight of what I have, your noble company  
 BOLINGBROKE Of much less value is my company  
 Than your good words But who comes here ? 20

Enter HENRY PERCY -

NORTHUMBERLAND It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever  
 Hail, how fares your uncle ?

HENRY PERCY I had thought, my lord, to have  
 learn'd his health of you 24

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, is he not with the queen ?

HENRY PERCY No, my good lord, he hath forsook  
 the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
 The household of the king

NORTHUMBERLAND What was his reason ? 28  
 He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together

HENRY PERCY Because your lordship was pro-  
 claimed traitor

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,  
 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, 32  
 And sent me over by Berkeley to discover  
 What power the Duke of York had levied there,  
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh

NORTHUMBERLAND Have you forgot the Duke of  
 Hereford, boy ? 36

HENRY PERCY No, my good lord for that is not  
 forgot

Which ne'er I did remember to my knowledge  
 I never in my life did look on him

NORTHUMBERLAND Then learn to know him now  
 this is the duke 40

HENRY PERCY My gracious lord I tender you my  
 service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
 Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
 To more approved service and desert 44

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 135

BOLINGBROKE I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends,  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love, 48  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it  
NORTHUMBERLAND How far is it to Berkeley? and  
what stir

Keeps good old York there with his men of war? 52  
HENRY PERCY There stands the castle, by yon tuft  
of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour,  
None else of name and noble estimate 56

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY

NORTHUMBERLAND Here come the Lords of Ross  
and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste

BOLINGBROKE Welcome, my lords I wot your love  
pursues

A banish'd traitor, all my treasury 60  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense

ROSS Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord

WILLOUGHBY And far surmounts our labour to  
attain it 64

BOLINGBROKE Evermore thanks the exchequer of  
the poor,

Which till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY

NORTHUMBERLAND It is my Lord of Berkeley, as  
I guess 68

BERKELEY My Lord of Hereford, my message is to  
you

BOLINGBROKE My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,  
And I am come to seek that name in England,

And I must find that title in your tongue 72  
 Before I make reply to aught you say

BERKELEY Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my  
 meaning

To raze one title of your honour out  
 To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will, 76  
 From the most gracious regent of this land,  
 The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
 To take advantage of the absent time  
 And fright our native peace with self born arms 80

Enter YORK, attended

BOLINGBROKE I shall not need transport my words  
 by you  
 Here comes his Grace in person

My noble uncle ' [Kneels  
 YORK Show me thy humble heart, and not thy  
 knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false 84  
 BOLINGBROKE My gracious uncle—  
 YORK Tut, tut '!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle  
 I am no traitor's uncle, and that word 'grace' 88

In an ungracious mouth is but profane  
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
 But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march  
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom, 93

Frighting her pale fac'd villages with war  
 And ostentation of despised arms?  
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence? 96

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power  
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself, 100  
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O' then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee 104  
 And minister correction to thy fault '!

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 137

BOLINGBROKE My gracious uncle, let me know my  
 fault  
 On what condition stands it and wherein '  
 YORK Even in condition of the worst degree, 108  
 In gross rebellion and detested treason  
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
 Before the expiration of thy time,  
 In braving arms against thy sovereign 112  
 BOLINGBROKE As I was banish'd, I was banish'd  
 Hereford,  
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster  
 And, noble uncle, I beseech you Grace  
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye 116  
 You are my father, for methinks in you  
 I see old Gaunt alive O' then, my father,  
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties 120  
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away  
 To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?  
 If that my cousin king be King of England,  
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster 124  
 You have a son? Aumerle, my noble kinsman,  
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
 To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay 128  
 I am denied to sue my livery here,  
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave  
 My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd 132  
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
 And challenge law attorneys are denied me,  
 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
 To my inheritance of free descent 136  
 NORTHUMBERLAND The noble duke hath been too  
 much abus'd  
 ROSS It stands you Grace upon to do him right  
 WILLOUGHBY Base men by his endowments are  
 made great  
 YORK My lords of England, let me tell you this 140  
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right ,  
But in this kind to come, in braving aims,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way, 144  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be ,  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all

NORTHUMBERLAND      The noble duke hath sworn his  
coming is

148

But for his own, and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

YORK Well, well, I see the issue of these aims 152  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left,  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all and make you stoop 156  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king,  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter So, fare you well,  
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160  
And there repose you for this night

BOLINGBROKE An offer, uncle, that we will accept  
But we must win your Grace to go with us  
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held 164  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away

YORK It may be I will go with you, but yet I'll  
 pause, 168  
 For I am loath to break our country's laws  
 Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are  
 Things past redress are now with me past care

[Exempt

SCENE IV —A Camp in Wales

## Enter SALISBURY and a Captain

CAPTAIN    My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten  
              days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ,

SCENE IV] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 129

Therefore we will disperse ourselves farewell 4

SALISBURY Stay yet another day, thou trusty  
Welshman

The king repositeth all his confidence in thee

CAPTAIN 'Tis thought the king is dead we will  
not stay

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd 8

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven.

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth

And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change,  
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap, 12

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war

These signs foretell the death or fall of kings

Farewell our countrymen are gone and fled, 16

As well assur'd Richard then king is dead [Exit

SALISBURY Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy  
mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star

Fall to the base earth from the firmament 20

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest

Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I—Bristol BOLINGBROKE's Camp

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY,  
WILLOUGHBY, ROSS, Officers behind, with BUSHY and  
GREEN prisoners

BOLINGBROKE Bring forth these men

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—

Since presently your souls must part your bodies—

With too much waging your pernicious lives, 4

For 'twere no charity, yet, to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men

I will unfold some causes of your deaths

You have misled a prince, a royal king, 8

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean  
 You have in manner with your sinful hours  
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,      12  
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs  
 Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,      16  
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,      20  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
 Dispark'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,  
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,      24  
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 To show the world I am a gentleman  
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,      28  
 Condemns you to the death    See them deliver'd over  
 To execution and the hand of death

BUSHY    More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
 Than Bolingbroke to England    Lords, farewell      32

GREEN    My comfort is, that heaven will take our  
 souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell

BOLINGBROKE    My Lord Northumberland, see them  
 dispatch'd

[Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and Others with BUSHY and GREEN]  
 Uncle, you say the queen is at your house,      36  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends,  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd

YORK    A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd      40  
 With letters of your love to her at large

BOLINGBROKE    Thanks, gentle uncle    Come, lords  
 away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices  
 Awhile to work, and after holiday

[Exit]

SCENE II—The Coast of Wales A Castle in view

Flourish drums and trumpets. Inter KING RICHARD, the  
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers

KING RICHARD Backloughly Castle call they this at  
hand?

AUMERLE Yea, my lord How brooks your Grace  
the an,

After your late tossing on the backing seas

KING RICHARD Needs must I like it well I weep  
for joy 4

To stand upon my kingdom once again

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs

As a long-parted mother with her child 8

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands

Fear not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth 12

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy gaited toads lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet 16

Which with usurping steps do trample thee

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones 24

Prove armed soldiers ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's aims

CARLISLE Fear not, my lord that power that made  
you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all 28

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected, else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress 32



AUMERLE He means, my lord, that we are too  
remiss,

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends

KING RICHARD Discomfitable cousin ! know'st  
thou not 36

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage bloody here, 40

But when, from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, 44  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night 48

Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day, 52

But self affrighted tremble at his sin  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king,  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 56

The deputy elected by the Lord  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60

A glorious angel then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome, my lord how far off lies your power ?

SALISBURY Nor near nor further off, my gracious  
lord, 64

Than this weak arm discomfort guides my tongue  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair  
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth 68  
 O ' call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men  
 To-day, to day, unhappy day too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ,  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead, 73  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd and fled

AUMERLE Comfort, my liege ' why looks your  
 Grace so pale ?

KING RICHARD But now, the blood of twenty thou-  
 sand men 76

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ,  
 And till so much blood thither come again

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?  
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side , 80  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride

AUMERLE Comfort, my liege ' remember who you  
 are

KING RICHARD I had forgot myself Am I not king ?  
 Awake, thou sluggard majesty ' thou sleepest 84  
 Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?  
 Arm, arm, my name ' a puny subject strikes  
 At thy great glory Look not to the ground,  
 Ye favourites of a king are we not high ? 88  
 High be our thoughts I know my uncle York  
 Hath power enough to serve our turn But who comes  
 here ?

Enter SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

SCROOP More health and happiness betide my liege  
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him ' 92

KING RICHARD Mine ear is open and my heart pre-  
 par'd

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold  
 Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ,  
 And what loss is it to be rid of care ? 96  
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?  
 Greater he shall not be if he serve God  
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so  
 Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend , 100  
 They break their faith to God as well as us

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ,  
The worst is death, and death will have his day

SCROOP Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity 105  
Like an unseasonable stormy day

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears, 108  
So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel 111  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty , and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown ,  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows 116  
Of double fatal yew against thy state ,

Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell 120

KING RICHARD Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale  
so ill

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?  
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy 124  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke  
SCROOP Peace have they made with him, indeed,

my lord 128

KING RICHARD O villains, vipers, damn'd without  
redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !  
Snakes, in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart !  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas ! 132  
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

SCROOP Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate 136  
Again uncure their souls , their peace is made  
With heads and not with hands . those whom you curse

SCENE II] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 145

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground 140

AUMERLE Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wilt  
shute dead ?

SCROOP Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads

AUMERLE Where is the duke my father with his  
power ?

KING RICHARD • No matter where Of comfort no  
man speak 144

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ,  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth ,  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills 148

And yet not so—for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death, 152

And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings 156

How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ,  
All murder'd for within the hollow crown 160

That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp ,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene, 164

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit

As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable , and humour'd thus 168

Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence throw away respect, 172

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while

I live with bread like you, feel want,

laste grief, need friends subjected thus, 176  
How can you say to me I am a king ?

CARLISLE My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself  
Fear and be slain, no worse can come to fight  
And fight and die is death destroying death, 184  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath

ALMERLE My father hath a power, inquire of him  
And learn to make a body of a limb

KING RICHARD Thou chid'st me well Proud Boling-  
broke, I come 188

To change blows with thee for our day of doom  
Thisague fit of fear is overblown,  
An easy task it is, to win our own —

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour

SCROOP Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day,  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye 196

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say  
I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party

KING RICHARD Thou hast said enough  
[To ALMERLE] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead  
me forth 204

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !  
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more 208  
Go to Flint Castle there I'll pine away,  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey  
That power I have, discharge, and let them go

SCENE II] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 147

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow, 212  
 For I have none let no man speak again  
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain

AUMERLE My liege, one word

KING RICHARD He does me double wrong,  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue 216  
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,  
 From Richard's right to Bolingbroke's fall day

[Exeunt

SCENE III —Wales Before Flint Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces, YORK,  
 NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others

BOLINGBROKE So that by this intelligence we learn  
 The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury  
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
 With some few private friends upon this coast 4

NORTHUMBERLAND The news is very fair and good,  
 my lord  
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head

YORK It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
 To say, 'King Richard' alack the heavy day 8  
 When such a sacred king should hide his head'

NORTHUMBERLAND Your Grace mistakes, only to  
 be brief  
 Left I his title out

YORK The time hath been,  
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would 12  
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length

BOLINGBROKE Mistake not, uncle, further than you  
 should

YORK Take not, good cousin, further than you  
 should, 16

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads

BOLINGBROKE I know it, uncle, and oppose not  
 myself  
 Against their will But who comes here?

## Enter III in Prison

Welcome, Harry what, will not this castle yield ? 20  
 HENRY PERCY The castle royally is mann'd, my  
 lord,

Against thy entrance

BOLINGBROKE Royally !

Why it contains no king !

HENRY PERCY Yes, my good lord, 24

It doth contain a king King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone ;

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman 28

Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn

NORTHUMBERLAND O ! belike it is the Bishop of  
 Cheshire

BOLINGBROKE [To NORTHUMBERLAND] Noble lord,  
 Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle, 32  
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of pulley  
 Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand, 36

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person, hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repeal'd, 40

And lands restor'd again be freely granted

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen 44

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fur King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show 48

Go, signify as much, while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 149

With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock 56  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters, on the earth, and not on him 60  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks

A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within Flourish  
 Enter on the Wall, KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CAR-  
 LISLE, AUMERLL, SCROOP, and SAUNDERS

HENRY PERCY See, see, King Richard doth himself  
 appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east, 64  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the occident  
 YORK Yet looks he like a king behold, his  
 eye, 68

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty alack, alack, for woe  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

KING RICHARD [To NORTHUMBRELAND] We are  
 amazed, and thus long have we stood 72  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ? 76  
 If we be not, show us the hand of God  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship,  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80  
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp  
 And though you think that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren and bereft of friends, 84  
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike



Your children yet unborn and unbegot, 88

That lift your vassal hands against my head

And threat the glory of my precious crown

Tell Bolingbroke,—for vond methinks he is,—

That every stride he makes upon my land 92

Is dangerous treason he is come to open

The purple testament of bleeding war,

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons 96

Shall ill become the flower of England's face,

Change the complexion of her maid pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures grass with faithful English blood 100

NORTHUMBERLAND The king of heaven forbid our  
lord the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,

Hurry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand 104

And by the honourable tomb he swears,

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious head, 108

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt

And by the worth and honour of himself,

Compising all that may be sworn or said,

His coming hither hath no further scope 112

Than for his lineal royalties and to beg

Enfranchisement immediate on his knees

Which on thy royal party granted once,

His glittering arms he will commend to rust, 116

His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart

To faithful service of your majesty

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,

And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him 120

KING RICHARD Northumberland, say, thus the king  
returns

His noble cousin is right welcome hither,

And all the number of his fair demands

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction 124

With all the gracious utterance thou hast

Speak to his gentle hearing kind commerds

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE

[To ALMERIE] We do debase ourself cousin, do we not,  
To look so poorly and to speak so full ? 123

Shall we call back Northumberland and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

AUMERLE No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle  
words,

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful sword-

KING RICHARD O God ! O God ! that e'er this  
tongue of mine, 133

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yond proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth O ! that I were as great 136

As is my grief, or lesser than my name,

Or that I could forget what I have been,

O ! not remember what I must be now

Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat

Space foes have scope to beat both thee and me 141

AUMERLE Northumberland comes back from Boling  
broke

KING RICHARD What must the king do now ? Must  
he submit ?

The king shall do it must he be depos'd ? 144

The king shall be contented must he lose

The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, 148

My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,

My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,

My subjects for a pair of carved saints, 152

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave,

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet 156

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,

For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,

And buried once, why not upon my head ?

Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender hearted cousin ! 160

We'll make foul weather with despised tears,  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a death in this revolting land  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, 164  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth, and, there inlaid, 'There lies 168  
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes'  
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly and you laugh at me  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland, 172  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord in the base court he  
 doth attend 176

To speak with you, may't please you to come down?

KING RICHARD Down, down, I come, like glistering  
 Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades  
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace 181  
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down,  
 king!

For night owls shriek where mounting larks should  
 sing [Exit from above

BOLINGBROKE What says his majesty?

NORTHUMBERLAND Sorrow and grief of heart 184  
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man  
 Yet he is come

Enter KING RICHARD, and his attendants

BOLINGBROKE Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his majesty [Kneeling  
 My gracious lord,— 189

KING RICHARD Fair cousin, you debase your princely  
 knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it  
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love 192

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 153

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy

Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least, although your knee be low

BOLINGBROKE My gracious lord, I come but for  
mine own 196

KING RICHARD Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all

BOLINGBROKE So far be mine, my most redoubted  
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love

KING RICHARD Well you deserve they well de  
serve to have 200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get

Uncle, give me your hand nay, dry your eyes,

Tears show their love, but want their remedies

Cousin, I am too young to be your father, 204

Though you are old enough to be my heir

What you will have I'll give, and willing too,

For do we must what force will have us do

Set on towards London Cousin, is it so? 208

BOLINGBROKE Yea, my good lord

KING RICHARD Then I must not say no  
[Flourish Exit

SCENE IV —Langley The DUKE OF YORK'S Garden

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies

QUEEN What sport shall we devise here in this  
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

FIRST LADY Madam, we'll play at bowls

QUEEN 'Twill make me think the world is full of  
rubs, 4

And that my fortune runs against the bias

FIRST LADY Madam, we'll dance

QUEEN My legs can keep no measure in delight

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief 8

Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport

FIRST LADY Madam, we'll tell tales

QUEEN Of sorrow or of joy?

FIRST LADY

Of either, madam

QUEEN Of neither, girl

For if of joy, being altogether wanting

It doth remember me the more of sorrow,

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy

16

For what I have I need not to repent,

And what I want it boots not to complain

FIRST LADY Madam, I'll sing

QUEEN 'Tis well that thou hast cause,

But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou

weep

20

FIRST LADY I could weep, madam, would it do you

good

QUEEN And I could sing, would weeping do me

good,

And never borrow any tear of thee

But stay, here come the gardeners

24

Let's step into the shadow of these trees

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state, for every one doth so

Against a change woe is fore-run with woe

28

[QUEEN and Ladies retire]

Enter a Gardener and two Servants

GARDENER Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight

Give some supportance to the bending twigs

32

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth

All must be even in our government

36

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers

FIRST SERVANT Why should we in the compass of

a pale

40

Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up 44  
 Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
 Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
 Swarming with caterpillars ?

GARDENER Hold thy peace  
 He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring 48  
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf,  
 The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did  
 shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
 Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke, 52  
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green

FIRST SERVANT What ' are they dead ?

GARDENER They are, and Bolingbroke  
 Hath seiz'd the wasteful king O ' what pity is it  
 That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land 56

As we this garden We at time of year  
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,  
 Lest, being over proud with sap and blood,  
 With too much riches it confound itself 60

Had he done so to great and growing men,  
 They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste  
 Their fruits of duty superfluous branches  
 We lop away that bearing boughs may live 64  
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down  
 FIRST SERVANT What ' think you then the king  
 shall be depos'd ?

GARDENER Depress'd he is already, and depos'd 68  
 'Tis doubtful he will be letters came last night  
 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,  
 That tell black tidings

QUEEN O ' I am press'd to death through want of  
 speaking [Coming forward  
 Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing  
 news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
 To make a second fall of cursed man ? 76

156 KING RICHARD THE SECOND [ACT III, SC IV

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd ?  
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how  
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch 80

GARDENER Pardon me, madam little joy have I  
 To breathe these news, yet what I say is true  
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
 Of Bolingbroke, their fortunes both are weigh'd 84  
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
 And some few vanities that make him light,  
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
 Besides himself, are all the English peers, 88  
 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down  
 Post you to London and you'll find it so,  
 I speak no more than every one doth know

QUEEN Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me 93  
 And am I last that knows it ? O ! thou think'st  
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
 Thy sorrow in my breast Come, ladies, go, 96  
 To meet at London London's king in woe  
 What ! was I born to this, that my sad look  
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?  
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100  
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow

[Exit QUEEN and Ladies

GARDENER Poor queen ! so that thy state might be  
 no worse,  
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse  
 Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place, 104  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace,  
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I—London Westminster Hall

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne the Lords temporal on the left, the Commons below Enter BOLINGBROKE, ALMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants Officers behind with BAGOT

BOLINGBROKE Call forth Bagot  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,  
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd 4  
The bloody office of his timeless end

BAGOT Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle

BOLINGBROKE Cousin, stand forth, and look upon  
that man

BAGOT My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring  
tongue 8

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd  
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,  
I heard you say 'Is not my aim of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court 12  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns 16  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England,  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
In this your cousin's death

AUMERLE Princes and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man? 20  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips 24  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell I say thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false



In thy heart blood, though being all too base 28  
To stun the temper of my knightly sword

BOLINGBROKE Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take  
it up

AUMERLE Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so 32

FITZWATER If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, 36  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death  
It thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest,  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point 40

AUMERLE Thou duest not, coward, live to see that  
day

FITZWATER Now, by my soul, I would it were this  
hour

AUMERLE Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for  
this

HENRY PERCY Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is  
as true 44

In this appeal as thou art all unjust,  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing seize it if thou dar'st 48

AUMERLE And if I do not may my hands rot off  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
O'er the glittering helmet of my foe!

LORD I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle,  
And spur thee on with full as many lies 53  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun there is my honour's pawn,  
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st 56

AUMERLE Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll  
throw at all

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you

SURREY My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk

FITZWATER 'Tis very true you were in presence  
then,

And you can witness with me this is true

SURREY As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true

FITZWATER Surey, thou liest

SURREY Dishonourable boy ' 65

That he shall lie so heavy on my sword

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the lie giver and that lie do lie 68

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st

FITZWATER How fondly dost thou spur a forward  
horse ' 72

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies

And lies, and lies there is my bond of faith 76

To tie thee to my strong correction

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal

Besides, I heard he banish'd Norfolk say 80

That thou, Aumerle didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais

AUMERLE Some honest Christian trust me with  
a gage

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this, 84

If he may be repeal'd to try his honour

BOLINGBROKE These differences shall all rest under  
a gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd repeal'd he shall be,

And though mine enemy, restor'd again 88

To all his lands and signories, when he's return'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial

CARLISLE That honourable day shall ne'er be seen 92

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross

Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,

And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself 96

To Italy, and there at Venice give  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long 100

BOLINGBROKE Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

CARLISLE As surely as I live, my lord

BOLINGBROKE Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul  
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham ! Lords appellants, 104  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial

Enter YORK, attended

YORK Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee  
From plume pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields 109  
To the possession of thy royal hand

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth ! 112

BOLINGBROKE In God's name, I'll ascend the regal  
throne

CARLISLE Marry, God forbid !  
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth 116  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard ! then, true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong 120  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?

And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them, 124  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath, 128  
And he himself not present ? O ! forfend it, God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, 132

Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king  
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king,  
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy, 136  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground  
 And future ages groan for this foul act,  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140  
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound,  
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls 144  
 O! if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the woofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth  
 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so, 148  
 Lest child, child's children cry against you 'woe!'

NORTHUMBERLAND Well have you argu'd, sir, and,  
 , for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge 152  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial  
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit  
 BOLINGBROKE Fetch hither Richard, that in com-  
 mon view  
 He may surrender, so we shall proceed 156  
 Without suspicion

YORK I will be his conduct [Exit  
 BOLINGBROKE Lords, you that here are under our  
 arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer  
 [To CARLISLE] Little are we beholding to your love, 160  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the  
 Crown, &c

KING RICHARD Alack! why am I sent for to a king  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd 164  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs.

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men were they not mine? 168  
 Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail' to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thousand,  
 none

God save the king! Will no man say, amen? 172  
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen  
 God save the king! although I be not he,  
 And yet amen, if heaven do think him me  
 To do what service am I sent for hither? 176

YORK To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke 180

KING RICHARD Give me the crown He'e, cousin,  
 seize the crown,

Here cousin,  
 On this side my hand and on that side thine  
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well 184  
 That owes two buckets filling one another,  
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen and full of water  
 That bucket down and full of tears am I, 188  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high

BOLINGBROKE I thought you had been willing to  
 resign

KING RICHARD My crown, I am, but still my griefs  
 are mine

You may my glories and my state depose, 192  
 But not my griefs still am I king of those

BOLINGBROKE Part of your cares you give me with  
 your crown

KING RICHARD Your cares set up do not pluck my  
 cares down

My care is loss of care, by old care done, 196  
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won  
 The cares I give I have, though given away,  
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLINGBROKE Are you contented to resign the  
CROWN ? 200

KING RICHARD Ay, no, no, ay, for I must nothing  
be,

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee  
Now mark me how I will undo myself  
I give this heavy weight from off my head, 204  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown, 208  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous rites  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear,  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego, 212  
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me '  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee '  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd, 216  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd '  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit '  
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says, 220  
And send him many years of sunshine days '  
What more remains ?

NORTHUMBERLAND [Offering a paper] No more, but that  
you read

These accusations and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers 224  
Against the state and profit of this land,  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd

KING RICHARD Must I do so ? and must I ravel  
out 228

My weav'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst, 232  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven 236  
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,  
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,  
 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates 240  
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord, dispatch, read o'er  
 these articles

KING RICHARD Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot  
 see 244

And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
 But they can see a sort of traitors here  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest, 248  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 To undeck the pompous body of a king,  
 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,  
 Proud majesty a subject state a peasant 252

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord,—

KING RICHARD No lord of thine, thou haught in  
 salting man,

Nor no man's lord I have no name, no title,  
 No, not that name was given me at the font, 256  
 But 'tis usurp'd, alack the heavy day!  
 That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself  
 O' that I were a mockery king of snow, 260  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water drops  
 Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly good,  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England, 264  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty

BOLINGBROKE Go some of you and fetch a looking-  
 glass [Exit an Attendant]

NORTHUMBERLAND Read o'er this paper while the  
 glass doth come 269

KING RICHARD Friend ' thou torment'st me ere I  
come to hell

BOLINGBROKE Uge it no more, my Lord North-  
umberland

NORTHUMBERLAND The commons will not then be  
satisfied 272

KING RICHARD They shall be satisfied I'll read  
enough

When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass

Give me the glass, and therein will I read 276

No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine  
And made no deeper wounds ? O, flattering glass !

Like to my followers in prosperity, 280

Thou dost beguile me Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face

That like the sun did make beholders wink ? 284

Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke ?

A brittle glory shineth in this face

As brittle as the glory is the face , 288

[Dishes the glass against the ground

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face

BOLINGBROKE The shadow of your sorrow hath  
destroy'd 292

The shadow of your face

KING RICHARD Say that again

The shadow of my sorrow ! Ha ! let's see

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ,

And these external manners of laments 296

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ,

There lies the substance and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300



Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone and trouble you no more  
Shall I obtain it ?

BOLINGBROKE Name it, fan cousin 304

KING RICHARD 'Fau cousin !' I am greater than  
a king ,

For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects , being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer 308  
Being so great, I have no need to beg

BOLINGBROKE Yet ask

KING RICHARD And shall I have ?

BOLINGBROKE You shall 312

KING RICHARD Then give me leave to go

BOLINGBROKE Whither ?

KING RICHARD Whither you will, so I were from  
your sights

BOLINGBROKE Go, some of you convey him to the  
Tower 316

KING RICHARD O, good ! convey ? conveyers are  
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall

[Exit KING RICHARD and Guard

BOLINGBROKE On Wednesday next we solemnly set  
down

Our coronation lords, prepare yourselves 320

[Exit all except the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF  
WESTMINSTER, and LUMERLE

ABBOT A woeful pageant have we here beheld

BISHOP The woe's to come, the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn

LUMERLE You holy clergyman, is there no plot 324  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot

ABBOT My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament 328  
To buy mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise  
I see your brows are full of discontent,

SCENE I] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 167

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears 33<sup>2</sup>  
Come home with me to supper, I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day [Exit

## ACT V

SCENE I — London A Street leading to the Tower

Enter the QUEEN and Ladies

QUEEN This way the king will come, this is the  
way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill elected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke 4  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen

Enter KING RICHARD and Guard

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither yet look up, behold, 8  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears  
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb, 12  
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

KING RICHARD Join not with grief, fair woman, do  
not so,  
To make my end too sudden learn good soul  
To think our former state a happy dream,  
From which awak'd the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this I am sworn brother, sweet, 20  
To grim Necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown, 24  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down  
QUEEN What! is my Richard both in shape and  
mind

Transform'd and weaken'd' Hath Bolingbroke depos'd  
Thine intellect ' hath he been in thy heart ? 28

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd , and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, 32  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

KING RICHARD A king of beasts, indeed , if aught  
but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men 36  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France,  
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death bed my last living leave  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40  
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid ,  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, 44  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out , 48  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord, the mind of Boling-  
broke is chang'd ,  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower 52  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ,  
With all swift speed you must away to France

KING RICHARD Northumberland, thou ladder where-  
withal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, 56  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption Thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm and give thee half, 60  
It is too little, helping him to all,

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way 64  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear,  
 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
 To worthy danger and deserved death 68

NORTHUMBERLAND My guilt be on my head, and  
 there an end

Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith  
 KING RICHARD Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye  
 violate

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me, 72  
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me,  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made  
 Part us, Northumberland I towards the north, 76  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime,  
 My wife to France from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day 80

QUEEN And must we be divided? must we part?

KING RICHARD Ay, hand from hand, my love, and  
 heart from heart

QUEEN Banish us both and send the king with me

NORTHUMBERLAND That were some love but little  
 policy 84

QUEEN Then whither he goes, thither let me go

KING RICHARD So two together weeping, make one  
 woe

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here,  
 Better far off than near, be ne'er the near 88  
 Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans

QUEEN So longest way shall have the longest moans

KING RICHARD Twice for one step I'll groan, the  
 way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart 92  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths and dumbly part,

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Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart [They kiss  
QUEEN Give me mine own again, 'twere no good  
part 97

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart  
[They kiss again

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan 100

KING RICHARD We make woe wanton with this fond  
delay

Once more, adieu, the rest let sorrow say [Exeunt

SCENE II — The same A Room in the Duke of York's Palace

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS

DUCHESS My lord, you told me you would tell the  
rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,  
Of our two cousins coming into London

YORK Where did I leave?

DUCHESS At that sad stop, my lord 4  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head

YORK Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, 8

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'  
You would have thought the very windows spake, 12

So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once 16

'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare headed lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen' 20  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along

DUCHESS Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the  
whilst?

YORK As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage, 24  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on Richard no man cried, 'God save him,'  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home, 29  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles, 32  
 The badges of his grief and patience,  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him 36  
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow 40  
 DUCHESS Here comes my son Aumerle  
 YORK Aumerle that was,  
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now  
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth 44  
 And lasting fealty to the new made king

Enter AUMERLE

DUCHESS Welcome, my son who are the violets  
 now  
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?  
 AUMERLE Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care  
 not 48  
 God knows I had as lief be none as one  
 YORK Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime  
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and  
 triumphs? 52  
 AUMERLE For aught I know, my lord, they do  
 YORK You will be there, I know  
 AUMERLE If God prevent it not, I purpose so  
 YORK What seal is that that hangs without thy  
 bosom? 56

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing

AUMERLE My lord, 'tis nothing

YORK No matter then, who sees it  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing

AUMERLE I do beseech you Grace to pardon me  
It is a matter of small consequence, 61

Which for some reasons I would not have seen

YORK Which for some reasons, ~~sms~~, I mean to see  
I fear, I fear,—

DUCHESS What should you fear ? 64  
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day

YORK Bound to himself ! what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool 68  
Boy, let me see the writing

AUMERLE I do beseech you, pardon me, I may not  
show it

YORK I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say

[Snatches it, and reads]  
Treason ! foul treason ! villain ! traitor ! slave ! 72

DUCHESS What is the matter, my lord ?

YORK Ho ! who is within there ?

Enter Servant

Saddle my horse

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

DUCHESS Why, what is it, my lord ? 76

YORK Give me my boots, I say, saddle my horse  
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain [Exit Servant]

DUCHESS What's the matter ?

YORK Peace, foolish woman 80

DUCHESS I will not peace What is the matter,  
Aumerle ?

AUMERLE Good mother, be content, it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer

DUCHESS Thy life answer !

YORK Bring me my boots I will unto the king 84

Re-enters Servant with boots

DUCHESS Strike him, Aumerle Poor boy, thou art amaz'd

[To Servant] Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight [Exit Servant]

YORK Give me my boots, I say

DUCHESS Why, York, what wilt thou do ? 88

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age, 92

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

YORK Thou fond, mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ? 96

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford

DUCHESS He shall be none,

We'll keep him here then, what is that to him ? 100

YORK Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him

DUCHESS Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful

But now I know thy mind thou dost suspect 104

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind

He is as like thee as a man may be, 108

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him

YORK Make way, unruly woman ! [Exit

DUCHESS After, Aumerle ! Mount thee upon his horse,

Spur post, and get before him to the king, 112

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee

I'll not be long behind, though I be old,



I doubt not but to ride as fast as York  
 And never will I rise up from the ground 116  
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee Away ! be gone  
 [He went

## SCENE III — Windsor A Room in the Castle

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, HENRY PERCY, and other Lords

BOLINGBROKE Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?  
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.  
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he  
 I would to God, my lord, he might be found 4  
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
 With unestained loose companions,  
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes 8  
 And beat our watch and rob our passengers,  
 While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
 Takes on the point of honour to support  
 So dissolute a crew 12

HENRY PERCY My lord, some two days since I saw  
 the prince,

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford

BOLINGBROKE And what said the gallant ?

HENRY PERCY His answer was he would unto the  
 stewards, 16

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour, and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger

BOLINGBROKE As dissolute as desperate, yet  
 through both, 20

I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
 Which elder days may happily bring forth  
 But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE

AUMERLE Where is the king ?

BOLINGBROKE What means  
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ? 24

AUMERLE God save your Grace ! I do beseech your  
 majesty,

SCENE III] KING RICHARD THE SECOND 175

To have some conference with your Grace alone

BOLINGBROKE Withdraw yourselves, and leave us  
here alone [Exit HENRY PERCY and IORDAN]

What is the matter with our cousin now ? 28

AUMERLE [Kneels] For ever may my knees grow to  
the earth,

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak

BOLINGBROKE Intended or committed was this  
fault ? 32

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be

To win thy after love I pardon thee

AUMERLE Then give me leave that I may turn the  
key,

That no man enter till my tale be done 36

BOLINGBROKE Have thy desire

[AUMERLE locks the door]

YORK [Within] My liege, beware ! look to thyself  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there

BOLINGBROKE [Drawing] Villain, I'll make thee  
safe 40

AUMERLE Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no  
cause to fear

YORK [Within] Open the door, secure, foolhardy  
king

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?

Open the door, or I will break it open 44

[BOLINGBROKE unlocks the door, and afterwards relocks it]

Enter YORK

BOLINGBROKE What is the matter, uncle ? speak,  
Recover breath, tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it

YORK Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show 49

AUMERLE Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise  
pass'd

I do repent me, read not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand 52

YORK 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king,  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove 56  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart  
BOLINGBROKE O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheen, immaculate, and silver fountain, 60  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse 64  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son

YORK So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold 68  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies  
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death 72

DUCHESS [Within] What ho, my liege! for God's  
sake let me in

BOLINGBROKE What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes  
this eager cry?

DUCHESS [Within] A woman, and thine aunt, great  
king, 'tis I

Speak with me, pity me, open the door 76  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before

BOLINGBROKE Our scene is alter'd from a serious  
thing,

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King'  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in 80  
I know she's come to play for your foul sin

[ALMERLE unlocks the door]

YORK If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound, 84  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound

Enter DUCHESS

DUCHESS O king! believe not this hard hearted  
man

Love, loving not itself, none other can

YORK Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make  
here? 88

Shall thy old dug—once more a traitor rear?

DUCHESS Sweet York, be patient [Kneels  
Hear me, gentle liege

BOLINGBROKE Rise up, good aunt

DUCHESS Not yet, I thee beseech  
For ever will I walk upon my knees, 92

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy

AUMERLE Unto my mother's prayers I bend my  
knee [Kneels

YORK Against them both my true joints bended be  
[Kneels

Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

DUCHESS Plead he in earnest? look upon his face,  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest, 100

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast

He prays but faintly and would be denied,

We pray with heart and soul and all beside

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know, 104

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have 108

That mercy which true prayer ought to have

BOLINGBROKE Good aunt, stand up

DUCHESS Nay, do not say 'stand up'  
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up'

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, 112

'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech

I never long'd to hear a word till now,

Say 'pardon', king, let pity teach thee how

The word is short, but not so short as sweet, 116

No word like 'pardon', for kings' mouths so meet  
 YORK Speak it in French, king, say, 'pardonnez  
 moy',

DUCHESS Dost thou teach pardon pardon to des  
 stroy ?

Ah ' my sour husband, my hard hearted lord, 120  
 That sett'st the word itself against the word

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land,  
 The chopping French we do not understand  
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there, 124  
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,  
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse

BOLINGBROKE Good aunt, stand up

DUCHESS I do not sue to stand,  
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand 129

BOLINGBROKE I pardon him, as God shall pardon  
 me

DUCHESS O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !  
 Yet am I sick for fear speak it again, 132  
 Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong

BOLINGBROKE With all my heart  
 I pardon him

DUCHESS A god on earth thou art

BOLINGBROKE But for our trusty brother-in law  
 and the abbot, 136

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels  
 Good uncle, help to order several powers  
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are 140  
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where  
 Uncle, farewell and cousin too, adieu  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you  
 true 144

DUCHESS Come, my old son I pray God make  
 thee new [Exeunt

SCENE IV — Another Room in the Castle

Enter EXTON and a Servant

EXTON Didst thou not mark the king, what words  
he spake ?

' Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ? '  
Was it not so ?

SERVANT Those were his very words

EXTON ' Have I no friend ? ' quoth he he spake  
it twice, 4

And ung'd it twice together, did he not ?

SERVANT He did

EXTON And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,  
As who should say, ' I would thou wert the man 8  
That would divorce this terror from my heart ,'  
Meaning the king at Pomfret Come let's go  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe [Exit

SCENE V — Pomfret The Dungeon of the Castle

Enter KING RICHARD

KING RICHARD I have been studying how I may  
compaie

This prison where I live unto the world  
And for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself, 4  
I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer it out  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father and these two beget  
A generation of still breeding thoughts, 8  
And these same thoughts people this little world  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd 12  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word  
As thus, ' Come, little ones, ' and then again,  
' It is as hard to come as for a camel 16  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye '  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders, how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves, 24  
Nor shall not be the last, like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease, 28  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like  
Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented sometimes am I king, 32  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king,  
Then am I king'd again, and by and by 36  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing but whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd 40  
With being nothing Music do I hear? [Music  
Ha, ha! keep time How sour sweet music is  
When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives 44  
And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke 48  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me,  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock  
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, 52  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears  
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart, 56  
Which is the bell so sighs and tears and groans  
Show minutes, times, and hours, but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock 60  
 This music mads me let it sound no more,  
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me ! 64  
 For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world

Enter Groom of the Stable

GROOM Hail, royal prince !

KING RICHARD Thanks, noble peer  
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear 68  
 What art thou ? and how comest thou hither, man,  
 Where no man never comes but that sad dog  
 That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

GROOM I was a poor groom of thy stable, king, 72  
 When thou wert king, who, travelling towards York,  
 With much ado at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometimes royal master's face  
 O ! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld 76  
 In London streets, that coronation day  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary  
 That horse that thou so often hast bestid,  
 That horse that I so carefully have dress'd 80

KING RICHARD Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me,  
 gentle friend,  
 How went he under him ?

GROOM So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground

KING RICHARD So proud that Bolingbroke was on  
 his back ! 84  
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him  
 Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,—  
 Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck 88  
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?  
 Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,  
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
 Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse, 92  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spur gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke



Enter Keeper, with a dish

KEEPER [To the Groom] Fellow, give place, here  
is no longer stay

KING RICHARD If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert  
away 96

GROOM What my tongue dares not, that my heart  
shall say [Exit

KEEPER My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

KING RICHARD Taste of it first, as thou art wont  
to do

KEEPER My lord, I dare not Sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who lately came from the king, commands the con-  
trary

KING RICHARD The devil take Henry of Lancaster,  
and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it

KEEPER Help, help, help ! [Strikes the Keeper 104

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed

KING RICHARD How now ! what means death in  
this rude assault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument

[Snatching a weapon and killing one  
Go thou and fill another room in hell

[He kills another then EXTON strikes him down  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire 108

That staggers thus my person Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land,  
Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die 112

[Dies  
EXTON As full of valour as of royal blood

Both have I spilt, O ! would the deed were good,  
For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell 116

This dead king to the living king I'll bear  
Take hence the rest and give them burial here

[Exeunt

SCENE VI—Windsor An Apartment in the Castle

Flourish Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords and Attendants

BOLINGBROKE Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not 4

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord What is the news?

NORTHUMBERLAND First, to thy sacred state wish  
I all happiness

The next news is I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent 8  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here

BOLINGBROKE We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy  
pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains 12

Enter FITZWATER

FITZWATER My lord, I have from Oxford sent to  
London

The heads of Biocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy due overthrow 16

BOLINGBROKE Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be  
forgot,  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot

Enter HENRY PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE

HENRY PERCY The grand conspirator, Abbot of  
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave,  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride

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BOLINGBROKE Carlisle, this is your doom 24  
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life,  
 So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife  
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, 28  
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin

EXTON Great king, within this coffin I present  
 Thy buried fear herein all breathless lies  
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, 32  
 Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought

BOLINGBROKE EXTON, I thank thee not, for thou  
 hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand  
 Upon my head and all this famous land 36

EXTON From your own mouth, my lord, did I this  
 deed

BOLINGBROKE They love not poison that do poison  
 need,  
 Nor do I thee though I did wish him dead,  
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
 But neither my good word nor princely favour  
 With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
 And never show thy head by day nor light 44

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow  
 Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
 And put on sullen black incontinent 48

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand  
 March sadly after, grace my mournings here,  
 In weeping after this untimely bier [Exeunt

THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH



# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## INTRODUCTION

ON February 25, 1597-8, there was entered to Andrew Wise in the Stationers' Register 'a booke intituled "The Histoioe of Henry the IV<sup>th</sup> with his battaile of Shrewsbuiye against Heny Hottspurre of the North with the conceipted mითe of Sir John Fialstoff"' The first quarto of our play was published by Wise in the same year. Five later quartos appeared before the publication of the Folio, 1623, where the text seems to have been taken from a partially corrected copy of the fifth quarto, 1613. Meres names *King Henry IV* in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, we cannot be certain whether he refers to both parts, or, as I believe, to the first alone. In the second quarto, 1599, which is represented as having been 'newly corrected', the name of the author 'W Shake speare' appears on the title page.

It is to be noted that the fat knight is named in the entry of February 25, 1597-8 Sir John Falstaff. Now there can be little doubt that originally his name in at least the First Part was Sir John Oldcastle. In the Epilogue to the Second Part an apology is made for the indiscreet use of a name which probably had given offence (as we are told by Richard James, who died in 1638) to the Lord Cobham of Shakespeare's day or 'personages descended from the title' of the original Lord Cobham. 'Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man'. In the First Part, Act I, Scene II, Prince Henry plays upon the original name—'As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle', and again in the 1600 edition of the Second Part the prefix 'Old' stands by mistake before one of Falstaff's speeches.

Silence is informed in Part II, Act III. Scene II, that Falstaff when a boy was page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which the historical Oldcastle, the Lollard martyr, is said by Weever to have been. In 1618 the fat knight is named by Nat Field 'Oldcastle', and there are other references of a like kind and of an earlier date. It has been argued that since the name had been changed to Falstaff at the date of the entry in the Stationers' Register, 1598, the Second Part, where the prefix 'Old' seems to indicate that the name was originally Oldcastle, must also have been written before that date, but Falstaff seems, in spite of the change, to have been often remembered by his original name, and an error of the transcriber of copy for the printer may easily have occurred, even though the manuscript were one of 1599. We may on good grounds ascribe the authorship of Part I to the year 1597 and that of Part II to the following year.

Shakespeare's sources for the play are Holinshed's *Chronicle* and to some extent an old play produced not later than 1588 (the year of the death of Richard Tailton, who took the part of Demetrius, the clown), licensed for the press in 1594 and printed in 1598, if not earlier — *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*. In this old play, which is of rude workmanship, Prince Henry appears, and among the boon companions of his riotous youth is Sir John Oldcastle, or more familiarly 'Jockey', who at his first entrance on the stage informs the Prince that the town of 'Detford' is risen with hue and cry after his man, who has robbed a carrier. There are suggestions in this play from which Shakespeare developed his dramatic record of Prince Hal's youthful adventures and also that noble scene in the Second Part where the Prince removes the crown and makes himself at last known aright to his dying father. From the *Famous Victories* Shakespeare caught up the name Oldcastle, and he may at first have had no recollection that this was also the name of the martyred Lord Cobham. In casting about for a second name Shakespeare perhaps remem-

bered the cowardly knight of the First Part of *Henry VI*—Sir John Fastolfe, and adopted his name, but with a difference. And here again Shakespeare was unfortunate, or, if not unfortunate, he triumphed over history. The historical Sir John Fastolfe was a grasping landowner, of whom we read in *The Paston Letters*, but—though the imputation had once been made against him—he was no coward. It is a curious coincidence that he, too, is said to have been brought up in the household of the Duke of Norfolk, as was Oldcastle, he, too, was a Lollard, and we hear of him in connexion with the Boar's Head in Southwark. His bequest to Magdalen College, Oxford, provided for the support of seven priests and seven poor scholars, Di Lee, in his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, tells us that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries these scholars at Magdalen were known as 'Fastolf's buckram men.'

In Shakespeare's Lancastrian tetralogy the action runs on continuously from Bolingbroke's challenge of Mowbray in the opening of *Richard II* to the victory of Henry V at Agincourt and his wooing of the French Katharine. But though the action is continuous a considerable time elapsed between the composition of *Richard II* and that of *Henry IV*, and a great development in Shakespeare's art is observable. During the interval *King John* was probably written, and in *King John* something of humour is allied with history through the character of Faulconbridge. In the two Parts of *Henry IV* Shakespeare's work in this kind reaches its culmination. Comedy and history are now fused into one. It may be that his acquaintance with that rough-and-tumble play *The Famous Victories* revealed to Shakespeare the boundless possibilities for mirth as well as for grave historical drama that lay in the subject before him. If so, we may indeed be grateful to the writer of the old play. Never had anything comparable to *Henry IV* been previously seen upon the English stage. The two Parts constitute a single play in ten Acts, and the Introductions to each in this



dition should be read together. The action progresses from one Part into the other, the characters develop, but remain essentially the same. There is nothing invertebrate in this great drama, all is coherent, well knit and compacted.

In *King Richard II* we were shown the aspiring Bolingbroke in the full strength of his manhood and his ambition. In his appeal of Mowbray his eye is already fastened upon the crown. Here—in *Henry IV*—he has attained by craft and caution and courage the end of his desires, but to hold what he has won has tasked all a strong man's powers. The opening words of the play are a sigh for the rest which it was never his to possess—

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pine

But no such time comes. He would fain make England forget, in the enthusiasm of a crusade to the Holy Land, her internal strifes. A noble victory has been won by Percy over the Scots at Holmedon, but Percy, inspired perhaps by his uncle Worcester, refuses to render up his prisoners, and presently Hotspur and Worcester, Glendower and Lord Mortimer, Douglas and the Scots, with the Archbishop of York to bless their enterprise, are united against him. If the weary ruler of England is to die—as has been foretold—in Jerusalem, it must be another Jerusalem than that of Palestine. Add to such griefs as these the abiding sorrow that Henry's eldest son is in his eyes not like the gallant son of Northumberland—

the theme of honour's tongue,  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,

but is stained on the brow with riot and dishonour, a reckless youth degrading his royal promise in the tavern and on the highway. Never does the strain relax until Henry's dying hour, and yet he never fails to summon his best energies to meet the inevitable. Sleep forsakes his fatigued eyes, yet he rouses himself to confront the necessity of the moment. When at last

the tidings reach him of the overthrow of the rebels  
he is too faint to receive the good news with joy—

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in  
So thin, that life looks through and will break out

He can only long for some dull and favourable hand  
to whisper music to his weary spirit. Almost at the  
close comes the start and shock of the vacant place  
whence the crown has disappeared from his pillow.  
And then at last reconciliation and a hope for the  
time to come—not for himself but for his son—words  
of characteristically politic counsel, and death in  
the Jerusalem chamber. With pity as poignant as  
that which he rendered to the second Richard in the  
dungeon of Pomfret Shakespeare leans over the death-  
bed of the usurper.

Such a story as this of the strong man broken,  
Shakespeare felt, had need of relief. Some such relief  
comes through the gallantry of Hotspur and through  
the Celtic flamboyancy of Glendower. Hotspur was  
at the same time required by Shakespeare's art to  
stand over against his other Harry, the young Prince of  
Wales, and with this in view he is represented as much  
younger than the Henry Percy of history. Before the  
Prince was in his cradle Percy had distinguished him-  
self at the battle of Otterburn. Shakespeare's Hotspur  
is indeed gallant, made to be a bright banner, an  
oriflamme of war, in a border foray, passionate for  
honour, quick in resentment, quick in tenderness  
for the wife whom in a breath he mocks and loves,  
but lacking the calculating power, the patience and  
persistence, lacking too the reasonable fears that  
temper hope, which are part of the qualifications of  
a military leader who conducts to success a real cam-  
paign. The Prince, who seems to his father so reckless,  
is in truth prudent and politic compared with his  
rival. He, like Hotspur, is a devotee of honour—

if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive

But the honour which he seeks lies in the achievement of deeds that duty has imposed upon him. He is not fascinated as Hotspur is merely by the splendid danger of an enterprise. 'I'll read you matter,' cries the tempter Worcester,

deep and dangerous,  
A full or peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,  
On the unsteady footing of a spear

And this is enough for Hotspur —

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple

'We like Hotspur,' wrote Hazlitt, 'the best upon the whole, perhaps because he was unfortunate.' With some readers it may be so. But Hotspur's own temper it was which doomed him to misfortune, and if Prince Henry is successful, he knows how to be modest in success. There can be no question as to which of the two Shakespeare honoured most — Prince Henry can smile as Falstaff, the contemner of honour, with Hotspur's body on his back, labours across the field and claims the glory of his conquest. Shakespeare himself was content to write his plays and leave them, perhaps had he seen the entire contents of the first Folio mounted upon Bacon's shoulders, he too, like Prince Henry, would have smiled, and spoken the word—

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have

The victor of Agincourt can afford to let the event speak for itself, and in a word—

Take it, God,  
For it is none but thine!—

to render praise where praise is due. Yet Henry is more fitted to win admiration and enthusiastic loyalty than personal love, and the 'sweet Harry' of Lady Percy,—'my heart's dear Harry'—is as lovable as he

is gallant, and is made to be the centre of a woman's affection as well as pride. Therefore it was, and not because he was unfortunate, that Hazlitt liked Hotspur 'the best upon the whole'.

With the facts of history Shakespeare in these plays deals with his accustomed freedom. In some details he was misled by Holinshed, other errors are not errors from a dramatic point of view. Hotspur and his wife may in great measure be regarded as of his own creation. Owen Glendower is transported into the play from the chronicles. 'Strange wonders,' Holinshed tells us, 'happened at the nativity of this man.' When the King went to chastise his presumption, 'Owen conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought through art magic, he caused such foul weather of winds, tempests, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the King's army, that the King was constrained to return home.' But, though a half-barbaric chieftain, he had been 'set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or an apprentice of the law, as they termed him.' Shakespeare has given him this English culture, of which we read in Holinshed, together with the superstitious exaltations and the wonder at himself as one in whom the powers of nature are interested, which call forth the mockery of Hotspur. The contrast between the diverse elements from which the party of rebellion is formed and the single and steadfast purpose of the King is emphasized by Shakespeare. The national cause is opposed by the rivalry of contending personal ambitions, the rash heat of youth and the timidity of older years work against each other for the destruction of the revolvers.

The historical period covered by the action of the first Part of the play is less than a year—from September, 1402 to July 1403, in the second Part Shakespeare deals in his own dramatic fashion with a period of some ten years. On Passion Sunday, April 9, 1413, King Henry V was crowned at Westminster.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

HENRY, Prince of Wales,	}	Sons to the King
JOHN OF LANCASTER,		

LARL OF WESTMORELAND

SIR WALTER BLUNT

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York

ARCHIBALD, Laird of Douglas

OWEN GLENDOWER

SIR RICHARD VELDON

SIR JOHN HALSTAFF

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York

POINS

GADSHIRT

PETO

BARDOLPH

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in East-chep

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two  
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants

SCENE — England

THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## ACT I

SCENE I—London The Palace

Enter KING HENRI, WESTMORELAND, and Others

KING HENRY      So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for fought peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote      4  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the aimed hoofs      8  
Of hostile paces, those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock      12  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies      16  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master      Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross      20  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields      24  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old, 28  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree 32  
In forwarding this dear expedience

WESTMORELAND My liege, this haste was hot in  
question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came 36  
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered,  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation 44  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame re told or spoken of

KING HENRY It seems then that the tidings of this  
boil  
Blake off our business for the Holy Land 48

WESTMORELAND This match'd with other like, my  
gracious lord,

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north and thus it did import  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, 52  
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-vaillant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour, 56  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told,  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60  
Uncertain of the issue any way

KING HENRY Here is a dear and true industrious  
friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil 64

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ,

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited , 68

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see

On Holmedon's plains of prisoners Hotspur took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son 72

To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith

And is not this an honourable spoil ?

A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

WESTMORELAND In faith, 76

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of

KING HENRY Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and

mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son, 80

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ,

Amongst a grove the very straightest plant ,

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, 84

See not and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry O ! that it could be prov'd

That some night tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, 88

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine

But let him from my thoughts What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners, 92

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife

WESTMORELAND This is his uncle's teaching, this is

Worcester, 96

Malevolent to you in all aspects ,

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity

KING HENRY But I have sent for him to answer

this , 100



And for this cause a while we must neglect  
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem  
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords 104  
 But come yourself with speed to us again,  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be uttered  
 WESTMORELAND I will, my liege [Exit

## SCENE II—The Same An Apartment of the PRINCE S

Enter the PRINCE and FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE Thou art so fat witted, with drinking of old  
 sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping  
 upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to  
 demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.  
 What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
 unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons,  
 and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of  
 leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fat hot  
 wench in flame colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why  
 thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time  
 of the day 12

FALSTAFF Indeed, you come near me now, Hal,  
 for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven  
 stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight  
 so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art  
 king,—as, God save thy Grace,—majesty, I should say,  
 for grace thou wilt have none,—

PRINCE What! none? 19

FALSTAFF No, by my troth, not so much as will  
 serve to be prologue to an egg and butter

PRINCE Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly

FALSTAFF Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art  
 king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be  
 called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's  
 foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon;  
 and let men say, we be men of good government, being  
 governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste

mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal 30

PRINCE Thou sayest well, and it holds well too for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning got with swearing 'Lay by', and spent with crying 'Bring in' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows 39

FALSTAFF By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench? 39

PRINCE As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of duance? 44

FALSTAFF How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin? 44

PRINCE Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? 49

FALSTAFF Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft 49

PRINCE Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there 54

PRINCE Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have used my credit 54

FALSTAFF Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief 59

PRINCE No, thou shalt 63

FALSTAFF Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge 63

PRINCE Thou judgest false already, I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman 68

FALSTAFF Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you

PRINCE For obtaining of suits ? 72

FALSTAFF Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear

PRINCE Or an old lion, or a lover's lute 76

FALSTAFF Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

PRINCE What sayest thou to a haire, or the melancholy of Moor ditch ? 80

FALSTAFF Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince, but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too 89

PRINCE Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it

FALSTAFF O' thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it ' Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom

PRINCE Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ? 101

FALSTAFF Zounds ! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one, an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me

PRINCE I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking. 105

ENTER POINS, at a distance

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation ~ Poins ' Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match O ' if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried ' Stand ! ' to a true man

PRINCE Good morrow, Ned 112

POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal What says Monsieur Remorse ? What says Sir John Sack and-Sugar ? Jack ' how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ? 117

PRINCE Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs he will give the devil his due 120

POINS Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil

PRINCE Else he had been damned for cozening the devil 124

POINS But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early at Gadshill ' There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses I have vizards for you all, you have horses for yourselves Gadshill lies to night in Rochester, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap we may do it as secure as sleep If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns, if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged

FALSTAFF Hear ye, Yedward if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going

POINS You will, chops ? 136

FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one ?

PRINCE Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith

FALSTAFF There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings

PRINCE Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap

FALSTAFF Why, that's well said 144

PRINCE Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king

PRINCE I care not 148

POINS Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go 151

FALSTAFF Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses of the time want countenance Farewell you shall find me in Eastcheap 158

PRINCE Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All hallown summer! [Exit FALSTAFF

POINS Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders 167

PRINCE But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them

PRINCE Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves 177

POINS Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leave them, and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments 185

PRINCE Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us

POINS Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thirty, at least, he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest 191

PRINCE Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup Farewell

POINS Farewell, my lord [Exit

PRINCE I know you all, and will awhile uphold The unyok'd humour of your idleness 197

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world, 200  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him 204

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work,  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents 208

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes, 212  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off 216  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will

[Exit

## SCENE III —The Same The Palace

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,  
SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others

KING HENRY My blood hath been too cold and  
temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me, for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience but, be sure, 4  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect 8  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud

WORCESTER Our house, my sovereign liege, little  
deserves

The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,  
And that same greatness too which our own hands 12  
Have help to make so poorly

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord,—

KING HENRY Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye - 16  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow  
You have good leave to leave us, when we need 20  
Your use and counsel we shall send for you

[Exit WORCESTER]

[To NORTHUMBERLAND] You were about to speak

NORTHUMBERLAND Yea, my good lord  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, 24  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son 28

HOTSPUR My liege, I did deny no prisoners  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, 32

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner, 36  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took't away again,  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40  
 Took it in snuff and still he smil'd and talk'd,  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse 44  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me, among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf 48  
 I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what 52  
 He should, or he should not, for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the 56  
 mark!—  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise,  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd 6  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier 64  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said,  
 And I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation 68  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty  
 BLUNT The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said



To such a person and in such a place, 72  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now 76  
 KING HENRY Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
 But with proviso and exception,  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in law, the foolish Mortimer, 80  
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower.  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March 84  
 Hath lately married Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?  
 Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ? 88  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve,  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer 92  
 HOTSPUR Revolted Mortimer !  
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war, to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds, 96  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour 100  
 In changing hauberk with great Glendower  
 Three times they breath'd and three times did they  
 drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, 104  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy 108  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly  
Then, let him ~~not~~ be slander'd with revolt 112

KING HENRY Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost  
belie him

He never did encounter with Glendower  
I tell thee,

He duist as well have met the devil alone 116

As Owen Glendower for an enemy

Art thou not asham'd ? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it 124

[Exit KING HENRY, BLUNT, and TRUN

HOTSPUR An if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them I will after straight

And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head 128

NORTHUMBERLAND What ' drunk with choler  
stay, and pause awhile

Here comes your uncle

Re-enter WORCESTER

HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer '

'Zounds ' I will speak of him, and let my soul  
Want mercy if I do not join with him 132

In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust.

But I will lift the down trod Mortimer

As high i' the air as this unthankful king, 136

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke

NORTHUMBERLAND Brother, the king hath made  
your nephew mad

WORCESTER Who struck this heat up after I was  
gone ?

HOTSPUR He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again 141  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer 144

WORCESTER I cannot blame him was he not pro-  
claim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood ?

NORTHUMBERLAND He was, I heard the proclama-  
tion

And then it was when the unhappy king,— 148

Whose wrongs in us God pardon '—did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition,

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and shortly murdered ✓ 152

WORCESTER And for whose death we in the world s  
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of

HOTSPUR But, soft ! I pray you, did King Richard  
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer 156

Heir to the crown ?

NORTHUMBERLAND He did, myself did hear it

HOTSPUR Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve

But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160

Upon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo, 164

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?

O ! pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament 168

Wherein you range under this subtle king

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power, 172

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you—God pardon it !—have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ? 176

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent  
 No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night 184  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths  
 Therefore, I say,—

WORCESTER Peace, cousin! say no more  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book, 188  
 And to your quick conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous.  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

HOTSPUR If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim—  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple O! the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare

NORTHUMBERLAND Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience 200

HOTSPUR By heaven methinks it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale fac'd moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, 204  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corrival all her dignities  
 But out upon this half fac'd fellowship! 208

WORCESTER He apprehends a world of figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while

HOTSPUR I cry you mercy

WORCESTER Those same noble Scots 212  
 That are your prisoners,—

HOTSPUR I'll keep them all,

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not  
I'll keep them, by this hand

WORCESTER    You start away,      216  
And lend no ear unto my purposes  
Those prisoners you shall keep

HOTSPUR                         Nay, I will , that's flat  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ,  
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer ,                         220  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer ! '  
Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but ' Mortimer ', and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion

HOTSPUR Hear you, cousin, a word  
 All studies here I solemnly defy, 228  
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke  
 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
 But that I think his father loves him not,  
 And would be glad he met with some mischance, 232  
 I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale

WORCESTER Farewell, kinsman I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, what a wasp stung and  
impatient fool 236

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

HOTSPUR Why, look you, I am whipp'd and  
scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 240  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place ?  
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire,—  
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept, 244  
His uncle York, where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
'Sblood !

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh! 248  
NORTHUMBERLAND At Berkeley Castle

HOTSPUR You say true  
 Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me ' 252  
 Look, ' when his infant fortune came to age,'  
 And ' gentle Harry Percy ', and ' kind cousin '  
 O ' the devil take such cozeners God forgive me '  
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done 256

WORCESTER Nay, if you have not, to 't again,  
 We'll stay your leisure

HOTSPUR I have done, i' faith

WORCESTER Then once more to your Scottish  
 prisoners

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260  
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted [To NORTHUMBERLAND] You, my  
 lord, 264

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,  
 The Archbishop 268

HOTSPUR Of York, is it not ?

WORCESTER True, who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop  
 I speak not this in estimation, 272  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on 276

HOTSPUR I smell it

Upon my life it will do wondrous well

NORTHUMBERLAND Before the game's afoot thou  
 still lett'st slip

HOTSPUR Why, it cannot choose but be a noble  
 plot 280

And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
 To join with Mortimer, ha ?

WORCESTER And so they shall.

HOTSPUR In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd

WORCESTER And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
 To save our heads by raising of a head; 285  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
 The king will always think him in our debt,  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, 288  
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home  
 And see already how he doth begin  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love

HORSBUR He does, he does we'll be reveng'd on  
 him 292

WORCESTER Cousin, farewell no further go in this,  
 Than I by letters shall direct your course  
 When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—  
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer, 296  
 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,—  
 As I will fashion it,—shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong aims,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty 300

NORTHUMBERLAND Farewell, good brother we  
 shall thrive, I trust

HORSBUR Uncle, adieu O' let the hours be short,  
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport'

[Exeunt]

## ACT 'II

### SCENE I—Rochester An Inn Yard

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand

FIRST CARRIER Heigh-ho! An't be not four by the  
 day I'll be hanged Charles' Wain is over the new  
 chimney, and yet our horse not packed What, ostler!

OSTLER [Within] Anon, anon

FIRST CARRIER I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddie,  
 put a few flocks in the point, the poor jade is wrung  
 in the withers out of all cess

Enter another Carrier

SECOND CARRIER Peas and beans are as dank here  
 as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades

the bots, this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died 11

FIRST CARRIER Poor fellow ' never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

SECOND CARRIER I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas I am stung like a tench 16

FIRST CARRIER Like a tench ' by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock

SECOND CARRIER Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach

FIRST CARRIER What, ostler ' come away and be hanged, come away 24

SECOND CARRIER I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross

FIRST CARRIER Godsbod ' the turkeys in my panner are quite starved What, ostler ' A plague on thee ' hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not heal ? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain Come, and be hanged ' hast no faith in thee ? 33

Enter GADSHILL

GADSHILL Good morrow, carriers What 's o'clock ?

FIRST CARRIER I think it be two o'clock

GADSHILL I prithee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable 37

FIRST CARRIER Nay, by God, soft I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith

GADSHILL I prithee, lend me thine 40

SECOND CARRIER Ay, when ' canst tell ? Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a' ' marry, I'll see thee hanged first

GADSHILL Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ? 45

SECOND CARRIER Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll



call up the gentlemen they will along with company,  
for they have great charge

[Exit CLERKS]

GADSHILL What, ho ' chamberlain '

CHAMBERLAIN [Within] ' At hand, quoth pick-purse '

GADSHILL That's even as fan as, ' at hand, quoth  
the chamberlain, ' for thou vaigest no more from  
picking of purses than giving direction doth from  
labouring, thou lavest the plot how,

55

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Master Gadshill It  
holds current that I told you yesternight there's  
a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three  
hundred marks with him in gold I heard him tell it  
to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of  
auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God  
knows what They are up already and call for eggs  
and butter they will away presently,

63

GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint  
Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck

CHAMBERLAIN No, I'll none of it I puthee, keep  
that for the hangman, for I know thou worship'st  
Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may

68

GADSHILL What talkest thou to me of the hang-  
man? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if  
I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest  
he's no starveling { Tut ' there are other Trojans that  
thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are  
content to do the profession some grace, that would,  
if matters should be looked into, for their own credit  
sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-  
rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these  
mad mustachio-purple-hued malt worms, but with  
nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great  
oneyers such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner  
than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink  
sooner than pray, and yet I lie, for they pray con-  
tinually to their saint, the commonwealth, or, rather,  
not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and  
down on her and make her their boots

CHAMBERLAIN What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way? 87

GADSHILL She will, she will, justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure, we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern seed for your walking invisible. 93

GADSHILL Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief. 97

GADSHILL Go to, 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exit

## SCENE II —The Road by Gadshill

Enter the PRINCE and POINS

POINS Come, shelter, shelter. I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Poins! Poins and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal! What a bawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF Where's Poins, Hal? 7

PRINCE He is walked up to the top of the hill. I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek POINS, and retires]

FALSTAFF I am accused to rob in that thief's company, the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him. I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me

love him, I'll be hanged it could not be else I have drunk medicines Poin's Hal' a plague upon you both' Bardolph' Peto' I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough A plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true one to another' [They whistle] Whew' A plague upon you all' Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse and be hanged 30

PRINCE [Coming forward] Peace, ye fat-guts' lie down lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers 33

FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood' I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? 37

PRINCE Thou liest thou art not colted, thou art uncolted

FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son 41

PRINCE Out, you rogue' shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Go, hang thyself in thine own hen apparent garters' If I be ta'en I'll peach for this An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison when a jest is so forward, and afoot too' I hate it 47

Enter GADSHILL

GADSHILL Stand

FALSTAFF So I do, against my will

POIN'S O' 'tis our setter I know his voice

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO

BARDOLPH What news? 51

GADSHILL Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards there's money of the king's coming down the hill 'tis going to the king's exchequer

FALSTAFF You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the  
king's tavern 56

GADSHILL There's enough to make us all

FALSTAFF To be hanged

PRINCE Sirs, you four shall front them in the  
narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower if they  
'scape from your encounter then they light on us 61

PETO How many be there of them?

GADSHILL Some eight or ten

FALSTAFF 'Zounds! will they not rob us? 64

PRINCE What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF Indeed I am not John of Gaunt, your  
grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal

PRINCE Well, we leave that to the proof 68

POINS Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the  
hedge when thou needst him there thou shalt find  
him Farewell, and stand fast

FALSTAFF Now cannot I strike him if I should be  
hanged 73

PRINCE [Aside to Poins] Ned, where are our dis-  
guises?

POINS Here, hard by, stand close 76

[Exit PRINCE and POINS]

FALSTAFF Now my masters, happy man be his dole,  
say I every man to his business

Enter Travellers

FIRST TRAVELLER Come, neighbour, the boy shall  
lead our horses down the hill, we'll walk afoot awhile,  
and ease our legs 81

THIEVES Stand!

TRAVELLERS Jesu bless us!

FALSTAFF Strike, down with them, cut the vil-  
lains' throats ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed  
knaves! they hate us youth down with them, fleece  
them

TRAVELLERS O! we are undone, both we and ours  
for ever 89

FALSTAFF Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye un-  
done? No, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were

here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live You are grand juries are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith [Here they rob and bind them Exit

Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS *in disguise*

PRINCE The thieves have bound the true men Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever

POINS Stand close, I hear them coming 99

Re-enter Thieves

FALSTAFF Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck! 104

PRINCE Your money!

POINS Villains!

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind]

PRINCE Got with much ease Now merrily to horse

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear 108  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other,  
Each takes his fellow for an officer

Away, good Ned Falstaff sweats to death  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along 112  
Were't not for laughing I should pity him

POINS How the rogue roar'd! [Exit.

SCENE III—Warkworth A Room in the Castle

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter

'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house'

He could be contented, why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house he shows in

this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house Let me see some more

'The purpose you undertake is dangerous —' Why, that's certain 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink, but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety

'The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition'

14 Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends [What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan] Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings O! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared I will set forward to-night 36

Enter LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours

LADY PERCY O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee 40

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ? 44  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy ?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 48  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,  
 Cry, ' Courage ! to the field ! ' And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the currents of a heady fight 56  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream, 60  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest O ! what portents are  
 these ?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, 64  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not  
 HOTSPUR What, ho !

Enter Servant

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

SERVANT He is, my lord, an hour ago

HOTSPUR Hath Butler brought those horses from  
the sheriff ? 68

SERVANT One horse, my lord, he brought even now

HOTSPUR What horse ? a loan, a crop-ear, is it  
not ?

SERVANT It is, my lord

HOTSPUR That roan shall be my throne

Well, I will back him straight O, Esperance ! 72

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park [Exit Servant

LADY PERCY But hear you, my lord

HOTSPUR What sayst thou, my lady ?

LADY PERCY What is it carries you away ? 76

HOTSPUR Why, my horse, my love, my horse

LADY PERCY Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with In faith, 80

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stin

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise But if you go— 84

HOTSPUR So far afoot, I shall be weary love

LADY PERCY Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 88

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true

HOTSPUR Away,

Away, you trifier ! Love ! I love thee not

I care not for thee, Kate this is no world 92

To play with mammals and to tilt with lips

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too ! God's me, my horse !

What sayst thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me ? 96

LADY PERCY Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?

Well, do not, then, for since you love me not,

I will not love myself Do you not love me ?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no 100

HOTSPUR Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely But hark you, Kate,

I must not have you henceforth question me 104

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout

Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate

I know you wise, but yet no further wise 108

Than Harry Percy's wife constant you are,

But yet a woman and for secrecy,

No lady closer, for I well believe



Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know , 112  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate

LADY PERCY How ! so far ?

HOTSPUR Not an inch further But, hark you,  
Kate ,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too , 116  
To day will I set forth, to morrow you  
Will this content you, Kate ?

LADY PERCY It must, of force

[Exeunt

SCENE IV —Eastcheap A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern

Enter the PRINCE and POINS

PRINCE Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,  
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little

POINS Where hast been, Hal ? 3

PRINCE With three or four loggerheads amongst  
three or four score hogsheads I have sounded the very  
base string of humility Sirrah, I am sworn brother to  
a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen  
names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis They take it  
already upon their salvation, that though I be but  
Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and  
tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but  
a Counthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the  
Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England,  
I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap They  
call dunking deep, dyeing scarlet, and when you  
breathe in your watering, they cry ‘hem !’ and bid  
you play it off To conclude, I am so good a proficient  
in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any  
tinker in his own language during my life I tell thee,  
Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not  
with me in this action But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten  
which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of  
sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-  
skinker, one that never spake other English in his life  
than—‘Eight shillings and sixpence,’ and—‘You are  
welcome,’ with this shrill addition,—‘Anon, anon, sir !’

## SCENE IV] KING HENRY THE FOURTH 223

Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so But,  
 Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I  
 prithee do thou stand in some by room, while I question  
 my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar,  
 and do thou never leave calling 'Francis!' that his tale  
 to me may be nothing but 'Anon' Step aside, and  
 I'll show thee a precedent 33

POINS Francis'

PRINCE Thou art perfect

POINS Francis'

[Exit POINS]

Enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir Look down into the  
 Pomgarnet, Ralph

PRINCE Come hither, Francis

FRANCIS My lord 40

PRINCE How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS [Within] Francis'

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir 44

PRINCE Five years! by'r lady a long lease for  
 the clinking of pewter But, Francis, darest thou  
 be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture  
 and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it? 48

FRANCIS O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the  
 books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS [Within] Francis'

FRANCIS Anon, sir 52

PRINCE How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see—about Michaelmas next I  
 shall be—

POINS [Within] Francis' 56

FRANCIS Anon, sir Pray you, stay a little, my  
 lord

PRINCE Nay, but hark you, Francis For the sugar  
 thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not? 60

FRANCIS O Lord, sir! I would it had been two

PRINCE I will give thee for it a thousand pound  
 ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it

POINS [Within] Francis' 64

FRANCIS Anon, anon

PRINCE Anon, Francis ? No, Francis, but to-morrow, Francis, or, Francis, o' Thursday, or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt But, Francis ! 68

FRANCIS My lord ?

PRINCE Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, knot pated, agate ring, puke-stock, caddis-gaiter, smooth-tongue, Spanish pouch,— 72

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, who do you mean ?

PRINCE Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink, for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much 77

FRANCIS What, sir ?

POINS [Within] Francis !

PRINCE Away, you rogue ! Dost thou not hear them call ? 81

[Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go]

Enter VINTNER

VINTNER What ! standest thou still, and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within [Exit FRANCIS] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door shall I let them in ? 85

PRINCE Let them alone awhile, and then open the door [Exit VINTNER] Poins !

Re-enter POINS

POINS Anon, anon, sir 88

PRINCE Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door shall we be merry ? 91

POINS As merry as crickets, my lad But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what 's the issue ? 93

PRINCE I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight [FRANCIS crosses the stage, with wine] What 's o'clock, Francis ? 98

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir

[Exit

PRINCE That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman ! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, ' Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work, ' ' O my sweet Harry, ' says she, ' how many hast thou killed to day ? ' ' Give my roan horse a drench, ' says he, and answers, ' Some fourteen, ' an hour after, ' a trifle, a trifle > I prithee call in Falstaff I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife ' Rivo ! ' says the drunkard Call in ribs, call in tallow

113

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS

POINS Welcome, Jack where hast thou been ?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue —Is there no virtue extant ?

[He drinks

PRINCE Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun ? if thou didst then behold that compound

124

FALSTAFF You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man > yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old God help the while ! a bad world, I say I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms or anything A plague of all cowards, I say still ✓

135

PRINCE How now, wool sack ! what mutter you ?

SH IV

I

FALSTAFF A king's son ' If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales ' 140

PRINCE Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter ?

FALSTAFF Are you not a coward ? answer me to that, and Poin's there ? - 144

POIN'S 'Zounds ! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee

FALSTAFF I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst You are straight enough in the shouldeis, you care not who sees your back call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me Give me a cup of sack I am a rogue if I drunk to day

PRINCE O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last 156

FALSTAFF All 's one for that [He drinks] A plague of all cowards, still say I

PRINCE What 's the matter ?

FALSTAFF What 's the matter ? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning

PRINCE Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

FALSTAFF Where is it ? taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us 164

PRINCE What, a hundred, man ?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have 'scap'd by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand saw ecce signum ! I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of all cowards ! Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness

PRINCE Speak, sirs, how was it ?

GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen,— 176

FALSTAFF Sixteen, at least, my lord

GADSHILL And bound them

PETO No, no, they were not bound

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew 181

GADSHILL As we were shaming, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the other 185

PRINCE What, fought ye with them all ?

FALSTAFF Al! I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two legged creature

PRINCE Pray God you have not murdered some of them 192

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for I have peppered two of them two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse Thou knowest my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

PRINCE What, four ? thou saidst but two even now

FALSTAFF Four, Hal, I told thee four 200

POINS Ay, ay, he said four

FALSTAFF These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus 204

PRINCE Seven ? why, there were but four even now

FALSTAFF In buckram

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits 207

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else

PRINCE Prithee, let him alone, we shall have more anon

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

PRINCE Ay, and mark thee too, Jack 212

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

PRINCE So, two more already

FALSTAFF Their points being broken,— 216

POINS Down fell their hose

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid 220

PRINCE O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two

FALSTAFF. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand

PRINCE These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ? 232

PRINCE Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason what sayest thou to this ? 236

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason

FALSTAFF. What, upon compulsion ? 'Zounds ! an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I

PRINCE I'll be no longer guilty of this sin this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,— 245

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish ! O ! for breath to utter what is like thee, you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

PRINCE Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this 253

POINS Mark, Jack

PRINCE We two saw you four set on four and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth Mark

now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set off you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? 267

POINCE Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I know ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters, was it for me to kill the hen apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors, watch to night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? 283

PRINCE Content, and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

QUICKLY O Jesu! my lord the prince! 288

PRINCE How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

QUICKLY Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. he says he comes from your father. 293

PRINCE Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.



FALSTAFF What manner of man is he ? 296

QUICKLY An old man

FALSTAFF What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ? Shall I give him his answer ?

PRINCE Prithee, do, Jack 300

FALSTAFF Faith, and I'll send him packing [Exit

PRINCE Now, sirs by'r lady, you fought fair, so did you, Peto, so did you, Bardolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no, fie ! 305

BARDOLPH Faith, I ran when I saw others run

PRINCE Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ? 308

PETO Why he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like 312

BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices 317

PRINCE O villain ! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away. What instinct hadst thou for it ?

BARDOLPH [Pointing to his face] My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ? 324

PRINCE I do

BARDOLPH What think you they portend ?

PRINCE Hot livers and cold purses

BARDOLPH Choler, my lord, if rightly taken 328

PRINCE No, if rightly taken, halter —

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone — How now, my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ? 333

FALSTAFF My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist, I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him 344

POINS Owen Glendower

FALSTAFF Owen, Owen, the same, and his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland, and that spitefully Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular

PRINCE He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying

FALSTAFF You have hit it 352

PRINCE So did he never the sparrow

FALSTAFF Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run

PRINCE Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running?

FALSTAFF O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot

PRINCE Yes, Jack, upon instinct 360

FALSTAFF I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more. Worcester is stolen away to night, thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRINCE Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds 368

FALSTAFF By the mass, lad, thou sayest true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy,

and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it? 375

PRINCE Not a whit, i' faith, I lack some of thy instinct

FALSTAFF Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father if thou love me, practise an answer 380

PRINCE Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life

FALSTAFF Shall I? content this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown 385

PRINCE Thy state is taken for a joint stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 388

FALSTAFF Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein [Drinks 390

PRINCE Well, here is my leg . [Makes a bow

FALSTAFF And here is my speech Stand aside, nobility 396

QUICKLY O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain

QUICKLY O, the father! how he holds his countenance 400

FALSTAFF For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes

QUICKLY O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see! 404

FALSTAFF Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own

opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth variant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point, why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest, for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

PRINCE Now, Harry! whence come you? 449

FALSTAFF My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false nay,  
I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith ' 453

PRINCE Swearest thou, ungracious boy? hence-  
forth ne'er look on me Thou art violently carried  
away from grace there is a devil haunts thee in the  
likeness of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy com-  
panion Why dost thou converse with that trunk  
of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that  
swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack,  
that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-  
tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice,  
that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in  
years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and  
drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a  
capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft?   
wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but  
in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?

FALSTAFF I would your Grace would take me with  
you whom means your Grace?

PRINCE That villanous abominable misleader of  
youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan 472

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know

PRINCE I know thou dost

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him  
than in myself were to say more than I know That he  
is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it;  
but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster,  
that I utterly deny If sack and sugar be a fault,  
God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin,  
then many an old host that I know is damned if to  
be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to  
be loved No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish  
Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff,  
kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack  
Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is,  
old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company:  
banish not him thy Harry's company banish plump  
Jack, and banish all the world 489

PRINCE I do, I will

[A knocking heard

[Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH

Re enter BARDOLPH, running

BARDOLPH O' my lord, my lord, the sheriff with  
a most monstrous watch is at the door

FALSTAFF Out, ye rogue! Play out the play I  
have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff

Re enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

QUICKLY O Jesu! my lord, my lord! 495

PRINCE Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-  
stick what's the matter?

QUICKLY The sheriff and all the watch are at the  
door they are come to search the house Shall I let  
them in? 500

FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true  
piece of gold a counterfeit thou art essentially mad  
without seeming so

PRINCE And thou a natural coward without  
instinct 505

FALSTAFF I deny your major If you will deny the  
sheriff, so, if not, let him enter if I become not a cart  
as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!  
I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as  
another 510

PRINCE Go, hide thee behind the arras the rest  
walk up above Now, my masters, for a true face and  
good conscience 515

FALSTAFF Both which I have had, but their date  
is out, and therefore I'll hide me

[Exit all but the PRINCE and PETO]

PRINCE Call in the sheriff 516

Enter Sheriff and Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

SHERIFF First, pardon me, my lord A hue and cry  
hath follow'd certain men unto this house

PRINCE What men? 520

SHERIFF One of them is well known, my gracious  
lord,

A gross fat man

CARRIER As fat as butter

PRINCE The man, I do assure you, is not here,  
 For I myself at this time have employ'd him 524  
 And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,  
 That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
 Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
 For anything he shall be charg'd withal 528  
 And so let me entreat you leave the house

SHERIFF I will, my lord There are two gentlemen  
 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks

PRINCE It may be so if he have robb'd these men,  
 He shall be answerable, and so farewell 533

SHERIFF Good night, my noble lord

PRINCE I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

SHERIFF Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock  
 [Exit Sheriff and Carrier]

PRINCE This only rascal is known as well as Paul's  
 Go, call him forth

PETO Falstaff ' fast asleep behind the arras, and  
 snorting like a horse 540

PRINCE Haik, how hard he fetches breath Search  
 his pockets [He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain  
 papers] What hast thou found ?

PETO Nothing but papers, my lord 544

PRINCE Let's see what they be read them

PETO Item, A capon 2s 2d

Item, Sauce 4d

Item, Sack, two gallons 5s 8d

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper 2s 6d

Item, Bread ob

PRINCE O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of  
 bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is  
 else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage  
 There let him sleep till day I'll to the court in the  
 morning We must all to the wais, and thy place shall  
 be honourable I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of  
 foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-  
 score The money shall be paid back again with  
 advantage Be with me betimes in the morning, and  
 so good morrow, Peto 560

PETO Good morrow, good my lord [Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I — Bangor A Room in the Archdeacon's House

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER

MORTIMER These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope

HOTSPUR Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down ? 4

And uncle Worcester a plague upon it !  
I have forgot the map

GLENDOWER No, here it is  
Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster 8  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with  
A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven

HOTSPUR And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of 12

GLENDOWER I cannot blame him at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets, and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth 16  
Shak'd like a coward

HOTSPUR Why, so it would have done at the same  
season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though  
yourself had never been born 20

GLENDOWER I say the earth did shake when I was  
born

HOTSPUR And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook

GLENDOWER The heavens were all on fire, the earth  
did tremble 24

HOTSPUR O ! then the earth shook to see the  
heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth 28  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,



Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down      32  
Steeple and moss-grown towers } At y<sup>e</sup>ur birth  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook

GLENDOWER      Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings      Give me leave      36  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields      40  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men  
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea      44  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art      48  
And hold me pace in deep experiments

HOTSPUR      I think there's no man speaks better  
Welsh  
I'll to dinner

MORTIMER      Peace, cousin Percy ! you will make  
him mad      52

GLENDOWER      I can call spirits from the vasty deep

HOTSPUR      Why, so can I, or so can any man,  
But will they come when you do call for them ?

GLENDOWER      Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to  
command      56  
The devil

HOTSPUR      And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the  
devil  
By telling truth      tell truth and shame the devil  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,      60  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence  
O ! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil !

MORTIMER      Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat      64

GLENDOWER      Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke  
made head

Against my power , thrice from the banks of Wye  
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
 Bootless home and weather-beaten back 68

HOTSPUR Home without boots, and in foul weather  
 too !

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

GLENDOWER Come, here's the map shall we divide  
 our right

According to our threefold order ta'en ? 72

MORTIMER The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits every equally

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
 By south and east, is to my part assign'd } 76

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
 And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent 80

And our indentures triplicate are drawn,

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,  
 To morrow, cousin Percy, you and I 84

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury

My father Glendower is not ready yet, 88

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days

[To GLENDOWER] Within that space you may have drawn  
 together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen

GLENDOWER A shorter time shall send me to you,  
 lords , 92

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,

From whom you now must steal and take no leave ,

For there will be a world of water shed

Upon the parting of your wives and you 96

HOTSPUR Methinks my moiety, north from Burton  
 here,

In quantity equals not one of yours

See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land 100

A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out  
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly 104  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here

GLENDOWER Not wind 't shall, it must, you see  
 it doth

MORTIMER Yea, but 108  
 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side,  
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you 112

WORCESTER Yea, but a little charge will trench him  
 here,

And on this north side win this cape of land,  
 And then he runs straight and even

HOTSPUR I'll have it so, a little charge will do it

GLENDOWER I will not have it alter'd

HOTSPUR Will not you? 117

GLENDOWER No, nor you shall not

HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay?

GLENDOWER Why, that will I

HOTSPUR Let me not understand you then:  
 Speak it in Welsh 120

GLENDOWER I can speak English, lord, as well as  
 you,

For I was train'd up in the English court,  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty lovely well, 124  
 And gave the tongue an helpful ornament,  
 A virtue that was never seen in you

HOTSPUR Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my  
 heart

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew 128  
 Than one of these same metie ballad-mongers,  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge, 132  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

'Tis like the fore'd gait of a shuffling nag

GLENDOWER Come, you shall have Trent turn'd

HOTSPUR I do not care. I'll give thrice so much  
land • 136

To any well-deserving friend,

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone? 140

GLENDOWER The moon shines fair, you may away  
by night

I'll haste the winter and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, 144

So much she doteth on her Mortimer [Exit 145

MORTIMER Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my  
father!

HOTSPUR I cannot choose sometimes he angers me  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, 148

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat, 152

And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith I'll tell thee what,

He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names 156

That were his lackeys I cried 'hum!' and 'well, go  
to'

But mark'd him not a word O! he's as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife,

Worse than a smoky house I had rather live 160

With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer-house in Christendom

MORTIMER In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 164

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful

As mines of India Shall I tell you, cousin? 168

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
 When you do cross his humour, faith, he does  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive 172  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you

WORCESTER In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
 blame, 176

And since your coming hither have done enough  
 To put him quite beside his patience  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,— 181  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain 184  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation 188

HOTSPUR Well, I am school'd, good manners be  
 your speed!  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies

MORTIMER This is the deadly spite that angers me,  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh 192

GLENDOWER My daughter weeps, she will not part  
 with you  
 She'll be a soldier too she'll to the wars

MORTIMER Good father, tell her that she and my  
 aunt Percy,  
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily 196

[GLENDOWER speaks to LADY MORTIMER in Welsh, and she  
 answers him in the same

GLENDOWER She's desperate here, a peevish self-  
 will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good  
 upon [She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh]

MORTIMER I understand thy looks that pretty  
 Welsh 200

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens  
 I am too perfect in , and, but for shame,  
 In such a pailey would I answer thee [She speaks again  
 I understand thy kisses and thou mine, 204  
 And that 's a feeling disputation  
 But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learn'd thy language , for thy tongue  
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd, 208  
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing division, to her lute

GLENDOWER Nay, if you melt, then will she run  
 mad [She speaks again

MORTIMER O ! I am ignorance itself in this 212

GLENDOWER She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you, 216  
 (And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
 \*Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep  
 As is the difference between day and night 220  
 The hour before the heavenly-hairness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east

MORTIMER With all my heart I'll sit and hear her  
 sing

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn 224

GLENDOWER Do so ,

And those musicians that shall play to you  
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
 And straight they shall be here sit, and attend 228

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying  
 down come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in  
 thy lap

LADY PERCY Go, ye giddy goose 232

[GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words and music is heard

HOTSPUR Now I perceive the devil understands  
 Welsh ,

And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous  
 By 'r lady, he 's a good musician

LADY PERCY Then should you be nothing but

musical for you are altogether governed by humours  
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh

HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl  
in Irish

LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

HOTSPUR No 241

LADY PERCY Then be still

HOTSPUR Neither, 'tis a woman's fault

LADY PERCY Now, God help thee ! 244

HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed

LADY PERCY What's that ? "

HOTSPUR Peace ! she sings

[A Welsh song sung by LADY MORTIMER]

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, I'll have your song too 248

LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth ✓

HOTSPUR Not yours, 'in good sooth !' Heart ! you  
swear like a comfit maker's wife ! Not you, 'in good  
sooth', and, 'as true as I live', and, 'as God shall  
mend me', and, 'as sure as day' 253

And giv'st such saicenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, 256

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth',

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet guards and Sunday citizens

Come, sing ! 260

LADY PERCY I will not sing

HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be  
red breast teacher An the indentures be drawn, I'll  
away within these two hours, and so, come in when  
ye will [Exit

GLENDOWER Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are  
as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go

By this our book is drawn, we will but seal, 268

And then to horse immediately

MORTIMER With all my heart [Exeunt

SCENE II.—London A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, and Lords

KING HENRY Lords, give us leave, the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you [Exit Lords  
I know not whether God will have it so, 4

For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me, 8  
But thou dost in thy passages of life

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my mistreadings Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires, 12

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood 16  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, 24  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission 28

KING HENRY God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,  
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, 32  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,



And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood  
 The hope and expectation of thy time 36  
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically do foiethink thy fall  
 Had I so lavish of my priesence been,  
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession  
 And left me in reputeless banishment, 44  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But like a comet I was wonder'd at,  
 That men would tell their children, ' This is he , 48  
 Others would say, ' Where ? ' which is Bolingbroke  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, 52  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the priesence of the crowned king  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new  
 My priesence, like a robe pontifical, 56  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
 And won by rareness such solemnity  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60  
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt, caided his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
 Had his greut name profaned with their scorns, 64  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative ,  
 Grew a companion to the common streets, 68  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little 72  
 More than a little is by much too much

So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes 76  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes, 80  
 But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutt'd goig'd, and full 84  
 And in that very line, Harry, standst thou  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation not an eye  
 But is aweary of thy common sight, 88  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more,  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness

PRINCE I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
 Be more myself

KING HENRY For all the world, 93  
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
 And even as I was then is Percy now 96  
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state  
 Than thou the shadow of succession,  
 For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on 104  
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms  
 What never dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas' whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms, 108  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes, 112

This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up 116  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne  
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up 120  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear, 124  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate 128  
PRINCE Do not think so, you shall not find it so  
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me '  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head, 132  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,  
When I will wear a garment all of blood  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask, 36  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet  
For every honour sitting on his helm,—  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled '—for the time will come 144  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf 148  
And I will call him to so strict account  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart 152

This, in the name of God, I promise here  
 The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty may save  
 The long grown wounds of my intemperance 156  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow  
 KING HENRY A hundred thousand rebels die in this  
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein 161

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

How now, good Blunt ! thy looks are full of speed  
 BLUNT So hath the business that I come to speak of  
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word 164  
 That Douglas and the English rebels met,  
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury  
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,—  
 If promises be kept on every hand,— 168  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state

KING HENRY The Earl of Westmoreland set forth  
 to-day,  
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 For this advertisement is five days old 172  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,  
 On Thursday we ourselves will march our meeting  
 Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march  
 Through Gloucestershire, by which account, 176  
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet  
 Our hands are full of business let's away  
 Advantage feeds him fat while men delay [Exeunt

SCENE III —Eastcheap A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely  
 since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ?  
 Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose  
 gown, I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll

repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me

BARDOLPH Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long 12

FALSTAFF Why, there is it come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough swore little, dined not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times, lived well and in good compass, and now I live out of all order, out of all compass 20

BARDOLPH Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John

FALSTAFF Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp

BARDOLPH Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm 29

FALSTAFF [No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or a memento mori. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple.] If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face, my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel' but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt

tavern and tavern {but the sack that thou hast drunk  
me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the  
dearest chandler's in Europe} I have maintained that  
salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and  
thirty years, God reward me for it ' 49

BARDOLPH 'Sblood, I would my face were in your  
belly

FALSTAFF God-a-mercy ' so should I be sure to be  
heart-burned

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

How now, Dame Partlet the hen ' have you inquired  
yet who picked my pocket ? 55

QUICKLY Why, Sir John, what do you think,  
Sir John ? Do you think I keep thieves in my house '  
I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband,  
man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant the  
tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before 60

FALSTAFF You lie, hostess Bardolph was shaved  
and lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was  
picked Go to, you are a woman, go

QUICKLY Who, I ? No, I defy thee God's light '  
I was never called so in my own house before 65

FALSTAFF Go to, I know you well enough

QUICKLY No, Sir John, you do not know me,  
Sir John I know you, Sir John you owe me money,  
Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me  
of it I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back

FALSTAFF Dowlas, filthy dowlas I have given  
them away to bakers' wives, and they have made  
bolters of them 73

QUICKLY Now, as I am true woman, holland of  
eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides,  
Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money  
lent you, four-and-twenty pound 77

FALSTAFF He had his part of it, let him pay

QUICKLY He ' alas ' he is poor, he hath nothing

FALSTAFF How ' poor ? look upon his face ; what  
call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his  
cheeks I'll not pay a denier What ' will you make  
a younker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine

inn but I shall have my pocket picked ? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark 85

QUICKLY O Jesu ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper

FALSTAFF How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneak cup, 'sblood ! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so }

Enter the PRINCE and POINS marching FALSTAFF meets them,  
playing on his truncheon like a fife

FALSTAFF How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, faith ? must we all march ? 92

BARDOLPH Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

QUICKLY My lord, I pray you, hear me

PRINCE What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly ? How does thy husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man. 97

QUICKLY Good my lord, hear me

FALSTAFF Prithce, let her alone, and list to me

PRINCE What sayest thou, Jack ? 100

FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked this house is turned bawdy house, they pick pockets

PRINCE What didst thou lose, Jack ? 104

FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's

PRINCE A trifle, some eight penny matter 108

QUICKLY So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you }

PRINCE What ! he did not ? 112

QUICKLY There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else

FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox, and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee Go, you thing, go 120

QUICKLY Say, what thing ? what thing ?

FALSTAFF What thing ' why, a thing to thank God on 123

QUICKLY I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so 127

FALSTAFF Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

QUICKLY Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

FALSTAFF What beast ' why, an otter

PRINCE An otter, Sir John ' why, an otter ? 132

FALSTAFF Why ? she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her

QUICKLY Thou art an unjust man in saying so thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou !

PRINCE Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly 139

QUICKLY So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound

PRINCE Sirrah ' do I owe you a thousand pound ?

FALSTAFF [A thousand pound, Hal ' a million thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love ] 144

QUICKLY Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you

FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph ?

BARDOLPH Indeed, Sir John, you said so 148

FALSTAFF Yea, if he said my ring was copper

PRINCE I say 'tis copper darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp

PRINCE And why not as the lion ? 155

FALSTAFF [The king himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break !

PRINCE O ' if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees But, sirrah, there's no room for



faith, truth, or honesty in this bosom of thine, it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

170

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket.

PRINCE It appears so by the story.

170

FALSTAFF Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacified. Still! Nay prithee, be gone. [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY.] Now, Hal, to the news at court for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

PRINCE O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

185

FALSTAFF O! I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

PRINCE I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

FALSTAFF Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARDOLPH Do, my lord.

192

PRINCE I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FALSTAFF I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE Bardolph!

200

BARDOLPH My lord ?

PRINCE Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John , this to my Lord of Westmoreland

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse ! for thou and I 204  
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive  
Money and order for their furniture 209

The land is burning , Percy stands on high ,  
And either we or they must lower lie

[Exit the PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my  
breakfast , come ! 212

O ! I could wish this tavern were my drum [Exit

## ACT IV

SCENE I—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR Well said, my noble Scot if speaking  
truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp 4  
Should go so general current through the world  
By God, I cannot flatter , do defy

The tongues of soothers , but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself 8  
Nay, task me to my word , approve me, lord

DOUGLAS Thou art the king of honour  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him

HOTSPUR Do so, and 'tis well 12

Enter a Messenger, with letters

What letters hast thou there ? [To DOUGLAS ] I can but thank you

MESSENGER These letters come from your father

HOTSPUR Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

MESSENGER He cannot come, my lord he's grievous sick 16

HOTSPUR 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?

Under whose government come they along ?

MESSENGER His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord 20

WORCESTER I prthee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

MESSENGER He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ,

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians 24

WORCESTER I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited

His health was fiever better worth than now

HOTSPUR Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect 28

The very life-blood of our enterprise ,

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp

He writes me here, that inward sickness——

And that his friends by deputation could not 32

So soon be drawn , nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, 36

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ,

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes What say you to it ?

WORCESTER Your father's sickness is a maim to us

HOTSPUR A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd  
off

And yet, in faith, 'tis not, his present want 44  
Seems more than we shall find it Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ? 48  
It were not good, for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes

DOUGLAS Faith, and so we should, 52  
Where now remains a sweet reversion  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in  
A comfort of retirement lives in this 56

HOTSPUR A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs

WORCESTER But yet, I would your father had been  
here 60

The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division It will be thought,  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike 64  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction  
And breed a kind of question in our cause, 68  
For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us 72  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of

HOTSPUR You strain too far  
I rather of his absence make this use 76  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here, for men must think,  
 If we without his help can make a head 80  
 To push against the kingdom, with his help  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole  
 DOUGLAS As heart can think there is not such  
 a word 84  
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

HOTSPUR My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my  
 soul  
 VERNON Praise God my news be worth a welcome,  
 lord  
 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong 88  
 Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John  
 HOTSPUR No harm what more?  
 VERNON And further, I have learn'd,  
 The king himself in person is set forth,  
 Or hitherwards intended speedily, 92  
 With strong and mighty preparation  
 HOTSPUR He shall be welcome too Where is his  
 son,  
 The nimble footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside, 96  
 And bid it pass?  
 VERNON All furnish'd, all in arms,  
 All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,  
 Baited like eagles having lately bath'd,  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images, 100  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls  
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, 104  
 His cushions on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, 108  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship

HOTSPUR No more, no more worse than the sun  
in March

This praise doth nourish agues Let them come , 112  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit 116  
Up to the ears in blood I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse  
O ! that Glendower were come

VERNON There is more news 124  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power these fourteen days

DOUGLAS That's the worst tidings that I hear of  
yet

WORCESTER Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty  
sound 128

HOTSPUR What may the king's whole battle reach  
unto ?

VERNON To thirty thousand

HOTSPUR Forty let it be  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day 132  
Come, let us take a muster speedily  
Doomsday is near , die all, die merrily

DOUGLAS Talk not of dying I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half year [Exeunt

# SCENE II—A public Road near Coventry

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ,  
fill me a bottle of sack our soldiers shall march through  
we'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to night

BARDOLPH Will you give me money, captain ? 4

FALSTAFF Lay out, lay out

BARDOLPH This bottle makes an argel

FALSTAFF An if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage  
Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end

BARDOLPH I will, captain farewell [Exit

FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet I have misused the king's press damnably I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns, such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck I pressed me none but such toasts-and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating diaff and husks A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies No eye hath seen such scarecrows I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on, for, indeed I had the most of them out of prison There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves, and

the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red nose inn keeper of Daventry But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND

PRINCE How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FALSTAFF What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury 52

WESTMORELAND Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already The king, I can tell you, looks for us all we must away all night 56

FALSTAFF Tut, never fear me I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream

PRINCE I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after? 61

FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine

PRINCE I did never see such pitiful rascals

FALSTAFF Tat, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men

WESTMORELAND Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly 68

FALSTAFF Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me

PRINCE No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare But sirrah, make haste Percy is already in the field

FALSTAFF What, is the king encamped?

WESTMORELAND He is, Sir John I fear we shall stay too long 77

FALSTAFF Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest [Exeunt



## SCENE III—The Rebel Camp near Srewsbury

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON

HOTSPUR We'll fight with him to-night

WORCESTER It may not be

DOUGLAS You give him then advantage

VERNON Not a whit

HOTSPUR Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

VERNON So do we

HOTSPUR His is certain, ours is doubtful 4

WORCESTER Good cousin, be advis'd stir not  
to-night

VERNON Do not, my lord

DOUGLAS You do not counsel well

You speak it out of fear and cold heart

VERNON Do me no slander, Douglas by my  
life,— 8

And I dare well maintain it with my life,—

It well respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives ] 12

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears

DOUGLAS Yea, or to night

VERNON Content

HOTSPUR To night, say I

VERNON Come, come, it may not be I wonder  
much, 16

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Diag back our expedition certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up 20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Then courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself 24

HOTSPUR So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey bated and brought low

The better part of ours are full of rest

WORCESTER The number of the king exceedeth  
ours 28  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in  
[The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

BLUNT I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect  
HOTSPUR Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would  
to God 32

You were of our determination !  
Some of us love you well, and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality, 36  
But stand against us like an enemy

BLUNT And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty 40  
But, to my charge (The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land 44  
Audacious cruelty ! If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—  
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed 48  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion

HOTSPUR The king is kind, and well we know the  
king 52  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears,  
And when he was not six and twenty strong, 56  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore,  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
 With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, 64  
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too  
 Now when the lords and barons of the realm  
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less came in with cap and knee , 68  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ,  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him then heirs as pages, follow'd him 72  
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes  
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor, 76  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspuigh ,  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80,  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs , and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for , 84  
 Proceeded further , cut me off the head  
 Of all the favourites that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish war 88  
 BLUNT Tut, I came not to hear this  
 HOTSPUR Then to the point  
 In short time after, he depos'd the king ,  
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ,  
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state ' 92  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March—  
 Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
 Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales,  
 There without ransom to lie forfeited , 96  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ,  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ,  
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ,  
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court , 100

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
 This head of safety, and withal to ply  
 Into his title, the which we find 104  
 Too indirect for long continuance

BLUNT Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR Not so, Sir Walter we'll withdraw  
 awhile

Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd 108  
 Some surety for a safe return again,  
 And in the morning early shall my uncle  
 Bring him our purposes, and so farewell

BLUNT I would you would accept of grace and love

HOTSPUR And may be so we shall

BLUNT Play God, you do!  
 [Exit

SCENE IV—York A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL

ARCHBISHOP Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this  
 sealed brief,

With winged haste to the lord marshal,  
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed If you knew 4  
 How much they do import you would make haste

SIR MICHAEL My good lord,  
 I guess then tenour

ARCHBISHOP Like enough you do  
 To morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day 8  
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
 As I am truly given to understand,  
 The king with mighty and quick-raised power 12  
 Meets with Lord Harry and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,—  
 Whose power was in the first proportion,—  
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence, 16  
 Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
 And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies,—

I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king 20

SIR MICHAEL Why, my good lord, you need not  
fear

There is the Douglas and Lord Mortimer

ARCHBISHOP No, Mortimer is not there

SIR MICHAEL But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord  
Harry Percy, 24

And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen

ARCHBISHOP And so there is, but yet the king hath  
drawn

The special head of all the land together 28

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and valiant Blunt,

And many more cominals and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms 32

SIR MICHAEL Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well  
oppos'd

ARCHBISHOP I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king 36

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him

Therefore make haste I must go write again 40

To other friends, and so farewell, Sir Michael

[Exeunt

## ACT V

SCENE I—The KING's Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR  
WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

KING HENRY How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill ' the day looks pale  
At his distemperature

PRINCE The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves

Foietells a tempest and a blustering day

KING HENRY. Then with the loses let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win 8

[Trumpet sounds

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust, 12  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in gentle steel  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well  
What say you to it? will you again unknit

This churlish knot of all-abhored war,  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times

WORCESTER Hear me, my liege  
For mine own part, I could be well content 24  
To entertain the lag end of my life  
With quiet hours, for I do protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike

KING HENRY You have not sought it! how comes  
it, then?

FALSTAFF Rebellion lay in his way, and he found  
it 28

PRINCE Peace, chewet, peace!

WORCESTER It pleas'd your majesty to turn your  
looks

Of favour from myself and all our house,  
And yet I must remember you my lord, 32  
We were the first and dearest of your friends  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time, and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, 36  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home and boldly did outdare 40

The dangers of the time    You swore to us,  
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,  
 Nor claim no further than your new fall'n right,    44  
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster  
 To this we swore our aid    but, in short space  
 It rai'd down fortune showering on your head,  
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,    48  
 What with our help, what with the absent king,  
 What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious winds that held the king    52  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
 That all in England did repute him dead  
 And from this swarm of fan advantage,  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd    56  
 To giue the general sway into your hand,  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,  
 And being fed by us you us'd us so  
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,    60  
 Useth the sparrow    did oppress our nest,  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight  
 For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing    64  
 We were enforc'd, for safety's sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight and raise this present head,  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself    68  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise  
     KING HENRY    These things indeed you have arti-  
                     culate,    72  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontented,    76  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hullyburly innovation  
 And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours to impaint his cause , 80  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion

PRINCE In both our armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, 84  
 If once they join in trial Tell your nephew,  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy C by my hopes,  
 This present enterprise set off his head, 88  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds , 92  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry ,  
 And so I hear he doth account me too ,  
 Yet this before my father's majesty— 96  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight 100

KING HENRY And, Prince of Wales, so dare we  
 venture thee,  
 Albert considerations infinite  
 Do make against it No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well , even those we love 104  
 That are musled upon your cousin's part .  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his— 108  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do , but if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office So, be gone 112  
 We will not now be troubled with reply ,  
 We offer fail, take it advisedly

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON

PRINCE It will not be accepted, on my life  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together 116  
 Are confident against the world in arms



KING HENRY Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,  
For, on their answer, will we set on them,  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120

[Exit KING HENRY, BLUNT, and JOHN OF LANCASTER]

FALSTAFF Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,  
and bestride me, so, 'tis a point of friendship

PRINCE [Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
friendship Say thy prayers, and farewell ] 124

FALSTAFF I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all  
well

PRINCE Why, thou owest God a death [Exit

FALSTAFF 'Tis not due yet I would be loath to  
pay him before his day What need I be so forwaid  
with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter,  
honour pricks me on Yea, but how if honour prick  
me off when I come on ? how then ? Can honour set  
to a leg ? No O! an arm ? No O! take away  
the girdle of a wound ? No Honour hath no skill  
in surgery then ? No What is honour ? a word  
What is that word, honour ? An A trim reckoning !  
Who hath it ? he that died o' Wednesday Doth he  
feel it ? No Doth he hear it ? No It is insensible,  
then ? Yea, to the dead But will it not live with  
the living ? No Why ? Detraction will not suffer it  
Therefore I'll none of it honour is a mere scutcheon,  
and so ends my catechism [Exit

SCENE II —The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON

WORCESTER O, no ! my nephew must not know,  
Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king

VERNON 'Twere best he did

WORCESTER Then are we all undone  
It is not possible, it cannot be, 4

The king should keep his word in loving us,  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes , 8  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily, 12  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks, J  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death  
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, 16  
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood ,  
 And an adopted name of privilege,  
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen  
 All his offences live upon my head 20  
 And on his father's we did train him on ,  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know 24  
 In any case the offer of the king

VERNON Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so  
 Here comes your cousin

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS , Officers and Soldiers behind

HOTSPUR My uncle is return'd deliver up 28  
 My Lord of Westmoreland Uncle, what news ?

WORCESTER The king will bid you battle presently

DOUGLAS Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland

HOTSPUR Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so 32

DOUGLAS Maury, and shall, and very willingly

[Exit  
 WORCESTER There is no seeming mercy in the king

HOTSPUR Did you beg any ? God forbid !

WORCESTER I told him gently of our grievances, 36  
 Of his oath-breaking , which he mended thus,  
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn  
 He calls us rebels, traitors , and will scourge  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us 40

Re-enter DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS Arm, gentlemen ! to arms ! for I have  
 thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,  
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on 44

WORCESTER The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth  
 before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

HOTSPUR O' would the quarrel lay upon our  
 heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to-day 48

But I and Harry Monmouth Tell me, tell me,  
 How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

VERNON No, by my soul, I never in my life  
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly, 52

Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms

He gave you all the duties of a man,  
 Timm'd up your praises with a princely tongue, 56

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,

Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise valu'd with you,  
 And, which became him like a prince indeed, 60

He made a blushing cital of himself,

And chid his truant youth with such a grace

As if he master'd there a double spirit

Of teaching and of learning instantly 64

There did he pause But let me tell the world,

If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,

So much misconstru'd in his wantonness 68

HOTSPUR Cousin, I think thou art enamoured

On his follies never did I hear

Of any prince so wild a libertine

But be he as he will, yet once ere night 72

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy

Arm, arm, with speed ! And, fellows, soldiers, friends, 76

Better consider what you have to do,

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,

Can lift your blood up with persuasion

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, here are letters for you

HOTSPUR I cannot read them now 80

O gentlemen ! the time of life is short ,  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour 84  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ,  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us '  
Now, for our consciences, the aims are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just 88

Enter another Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, prepare , the king comes on  
apace

HOTSPUR I thank him that he cuts me from my  
tale,

For I profess not talking Only this,—  
Let each man do his best and here draw I 92  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day  
Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on 96  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace ,  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy 100

[The trumpets sound They embrace, and exeunt

SCENE III—Between the Camps

Excursions and Parties fighting Alarum to the Battle Then  
enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT, meeting

BLUNT What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head ?

DOUGLAS Know then, my name is Douglas ,  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus 4  
Because some tell me that thou art a king

BLUNT They tell thee true

DOUGLAS The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath  
bought

Thy likeness, for, instead of thee, King Harry, 8  
This sword hath ended him so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner

BLUNT I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge 11  
Lord Stafford's death [They fight, and BLUNT is slain]

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR O, Douglas' hadst thou fought at  
Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot

DOUGLAS All's done, all's won here breathless  
lies the king 16

HOTSPUR Where?

DOUGLAS Here

HOTSPUR This, Douglas' no, I know this face full  
well,  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, 20  
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself

DOUGLAS A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king? 24

HOTSPUR The king hath many marching in his  
coats

DOUGLAS Now, by my sword, I will kill all his  
coats,  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king

HOTSPUR Up, and away! 8  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day [Exeunt]

Alarums Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF [Though I could 'scape shot free at  
London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring but  
upon the pate Soft! who art thou?] Sir Walter  
Blunt there's honour for you! here's no vanity!  
I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too God

keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life But who comes here ?

Enter the PRINCE

PRINCE What ! stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword 40  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd prithee, lend me thy sword

FALSTAFF O Hal ! I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile C Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day I have paid Percy, I have made him sure 47

PRINCE He is, indeed, and living to kill thee I prithee, lend me thy sword

FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword, but take my pistol, if thou wilt 52

PRINCE Give it me What ! is it in the case ?

FALSTAFF Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot there's that will sack a city [The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack

PRINCE What ! is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[Throws it at him, and exit

FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him If he do come in my way, so if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath give me life, which if I can save, so, if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end [Exit

#### SCENE IV —Another Part of the Field

Alarums Excursions Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND

KING HENRY I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleed'st too much

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him

LANCASTER Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too 4

PRINCE I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends

KING HENRY I will do so

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent 8

WESTMORELAND Come, my lord, I'll lead you to  
your tent

PRINCE Lead me, my lord? I do not need your  
help

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, 12  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' aims triumph in massacres'

LANCASTER We breathe too long come, cousin  
Westmoreland

Our duty this way lies for God's sake, come 16

[Exit JOHN OF LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND]

PRINCE By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul 20

KING HENRY I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior

PRINCE O! this boy  
Lends mettle to us all

[Exit

Alarums Enter DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS Another king! they grow like Hydra's  
heads 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them what art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king? 28

KING HENRY The king himself, who, Douglas,  
grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met  
And not the very king I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field 32  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee , so defend thyself

DOUGLAS I fear thou art another counterfeit ,  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king 36  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee

[They fight KING HENRY being in danger, re-enter the PRINCE

PRINCE Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
like

Never to hold it up again ' the spirits 40  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay

[They fight DOUGLAS flies

Cheerly, my lord how fares your Grace ? 44  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton I'll to Clifton straight

KING HENRY Stay, and breathe awhile  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, 48  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me

PRINCE O God ! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death 52  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ,  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world, 56  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son

KING HENRY Make up to Clifton I'll to Sir  
Nicholas Gawsey [Exit

Enter HOTSPUR

HOTSPUR If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-  
mouth 59

PRINCE Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name

HOTSPUR My name is Harry Percy

PRINCE Why, then, I see

A very valiant rebel of that name

I am the Prince of Wales , and think not, Percy.

To share with me in glory any more

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ,



Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales

HOTSPUR Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is  
come 68

To end the one of us, and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head

HOTSPUR I can no longer brook thy vanities  
[They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you  
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you 76

Re-enter DOUGLAS, he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down  
as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS HOTSPUR is wounded,  
and falls

HOTSPUR O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my  
youth

I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my  
flesh 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool,  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop O! I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death 84  
Lies on my tongue No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [Dies

PRINCE For worms, brave Percy Fate thee well  
~~great heart~~

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit 88  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough [This earth, that bears thee dead, 92  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal

But let my favours hide thy mangled face, 96  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !  
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, 100  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[He spies FALSTAFF on the ground  
 What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !  
 I could have better spar'd a better man 104  
 O ! I should have a heavy miss of thee  
 If I were much in love with vanity  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray 108  
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by  
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie

[Exit  
 FALSTAFF [Rising ] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel  
 me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat  
 me too, to morrow. Blood ! 'twas time to counter-  
 feit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and  
 lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit to  
 die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit  
 of a man, who hath not the life of a man, but to  
 counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no  
 counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.  
 The better part of valour is discretion, in the which  
 better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds ! I am  
 afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead  
 how, if he should counterfeit too and rise ? By my  
 faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.  
 Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I killed  
 him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing  
 confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me therefore,  
 sirrah [stabbing him], with a new wound in your thigh  
 come you along with me [He takes HOTSPUR on his back

Re enter the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 PRINCE Come, brother John, full bravely hast  
 thou flesh'd  
 Thy maiden sword

LANCASTER But, soft ! whom have we here ?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ? 132

PRINCE I did , I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground  
Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight ? I prithee, speak , 136  
We will not trust our eyes without our ears  
Thou art not what thou seem'st

FALSTAFF No, that's certain , I am not a double  
man but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a  
Jack There is Percy [throwing the body down] if your  
father will do me any honour, so , if not, let him kill  
the next Percy himself I look to be either earl or  
duke, I can assure you 144

PRINCE Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee  
dead

FALSTAFF Didst thou ? Lord, lord ! how this world  
is given to lying I grant you I was down and out of  
breath, and so was he , but we rose both at an instant,  
and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock If I  
may be believed, so , if not, let them that should reward  
valour bear the sin upon their own heads I'll take it  
upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if  
the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would  
make him eat a piece of my sword

LANCASTER This is the strangest tale that e'er I  
heard 155

PRINCE This is the strangest fellow, brother John  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have

[A retreat is sounded]  
The trumpet sounds retreat , the day is ours 160  
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead

[Exit the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER]

FALSTAFF I'll follow, as they say, for reward He  
that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great,  
I'll grow less , for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live  
cleanly, as a nobleman should do [Exit

## SCENE V—Another Part of the Field

The trumpets sound Enter KING HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners

KING HENRY Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke  
 Ill-spirited Worcester ' did we not send grace,  
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?  
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ? 4  
 Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust ?  
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
 A noble earl and many a creature else  
 Had been alive this hour, 8  
 If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence

WORCESTER What I have done my safety urg'd  
 me to ,  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently, 12  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me

KING HENRY Bear Worcester to the death and  
 Vernon too  
 Other offenders we will pause upon

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded  
 How goes the field ? 16

PRINCE The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he  
 saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest, 20  
 And falling from a hill he was so bruised  
 That the pursuers took him At my tent  
 The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace  
 I may dispose of him

KING HENRY With all my heart 24  
 PRINCE Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong  
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free 28  
 His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

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Even in the bosom of our adversaries

LANCASTER I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, 32

Which I shall give away immediately

KING HENRY Then this remains, that we divide our power

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, 37  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won [Exeunt

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH



# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## INTRODUCTION

THE quarto of this play, which had been entered in the Stationers' Register '23 August [1600]', was published in the same year for Andrew Wise and William Apsley with the following title 'The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift With the humours of sir Iohn Falstaffe and swaggering Pistoll *Written by William Shakespeare*'. No other quarto appeared. The folio (1623) text, which adds 171 lines and omits 39, was taken from an independent source. We have seen that there is no sufficient reason for believing that the play was written, as some critics suppose, previous to the entry of the First Part in the Stationers' Register (February 25, 1597-8), but its composition probably followed with little delay. We date it 1598. An allusion to Justice Silence occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, v 11 ('this is a kinsman to Justice Silence'). Nothing found in our play really determines its date. The lines v 11 48-9,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry,

probably refer to a cruel event in Turkish history of the year 1596, but we know that the play is at least as late as 1597, and the allusion serves no purpose in fixing the chronology. The quotations of 'swaggering' Pistol only show that some of the earlier Elizabethan dramas were not yet forgotten.

The sources are those which had been used for the



First Part—Holinshed's *Chronicle* and the old play *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*?

In the Introduction to the First Part something has been said of the King and the turbulent leaders of the rebellion. But Shakespeare, as has been noticed in that Introduction, in his two plays of Henry IV fused together a history with a comedy of incomparable spirit. From the weary and anxious ruler of England, with his cold and resolute policy, we make escape to the tavern and the road, and are in company with King Falstaff and the disreputable minions who gather around his tavern throne. Shakespeare accepted in part the tradition of Prince Henry's riotous youth. In fact Henry's follies were, as Stubbs has described them in his *Constitutional History*, 'the frolics of a high-spirited young man indulged in the open air of the town and camp'. The most specific charges against him, writes Mr Kingsford in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, are that 'he was in his youth' (according to Thomas Elmham) 'a diligent follower of idle practices, much given to instruments of music, and fired with the torches of Venus herself'. It was also part of the tradition that 'as soon as he was crowned suddenly he was changed into a new man, and all his intent was to live virtuously'. His insolence to Gascoigne and his committal to prison are first mentioned in Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Governor* (1531), but Shakespeare probably accepted as sufficient the tradition as handed down in *The Famous Victories* or in Hall's *Chronicle*. The story may be discredited, and, as Mr Kingsford notices, the incident (derived from the same old play) of Henry's bidding the Chief Justice still to bear 'the balance and the sword' is contrary to fact, for 'Gascoigne naturally vacated his office on the accession of a new King'. Gascoigne was summoned to the first parliament of Henry V, but his patent had already been determined by the death of Henry IV (see 'Sir William Gascoigne' in *D N B*).

Shakespeare preserves his hero from any of the grosser follies attributed to his youth. He is a stranger

to Mistress Doll Tearsheet until the moment when he sees her fondled by her 'little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig', Sir John. He gets matter for infinite mirth from a highway robbery, but it is by a robbery of the robbers, and he makes restitution of their coin to the lawful owners. Shakespeare goes farther, and even imperils the character of the Prince in our eyes through his desire to do him honour. He rejects the tradition of a sudden conversion, and represents Henry in the midst of his frolics as holding in reserve his better and wiser self. We should not like to think that the Prince had deliberately planned to conceal his great qualities under a mask of supposed licentiousness in order that on a future day he might flash forth upon the world in the character of a reformed profligate. But Shakespeare has abundantly shown us that he is swung out of his orbit by the attraction of the greatest of humorists, that he is not, like Prince John, a mere inheritor of the colder qualities of his politic father, however he may choose to assign to his own consciousness certain politic reasons for his irregular conduct, that he is essentially a generous lover of mirth and the joy of youth, that he is never really stained by the practice of vice, and that the change which he contemplates is only a transit from the unchartered freedom of his early years to the grave responsibilities of manhood. Shakespeare admits that what the historian styles 'the frolics of a high-spirited young man' were unbecoming in one of his position, the Prince suffers genuine remorse when he reflects that he has given pain to the father whom in his heart he had always honoured. But Shakespeare will not admit that the Prince had ever been really false to his better nature, and he declares that it is possible to indulge in unauthorized ways the spirit of youthful gaiety without abandoning to folly one's central being. Was there, I have ventured to ask, a young fellow from Stratford, who married rashly and took to the London stage, of whom such things were true? How ever this may have been, the same high temper which

led Prince Henry to Eastcheap sustained him and helped to put courage into the hearts of his soldiery on the eve of the great contest at Agincourt

If Hal's follies need an apology, that apology is provided in the person of Falstaff. And Falstaff, by virtue of his age and his huge irresponsible humour, is precisely such a person as can never be the young Prince's boon companion and hail fellow-well met. At the best of his wit, Prince Henry is only one of the minnows that play about the Triton. The Prince's comrade is Poins, and Shakespeare had he pleased, could have raised the part of Poins into that of a more dazzling Mercutio, who might have become a real misleader of youth. But the part of Poins is comparatively insignificant, he and Hal are little more in relation to Falstaff than picadors who prick to its highest efforts the humour of their great antagonist in the encounters of mirth. Falstaff is a wonder and a delight to Prince Henry, but he has not given away his heart to that monarch of the tavein, nor perhaps has he given away his heart to any man. His largess in later days is 'universal, like as the sun', but King Henry V is a king who has no favourite.

King Henry IV, bowed down by the weight of responsibility, is for ever labouring to meet the necessity of the hour. Falstaff, burdened with years and 'a tun of man', lives in a fortunate region where responsibility is unknown and the word 'necessity' has never once been heard. His is the absolute freedom, the weary weight of all this unintelligible world has never touched him. Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety. What is poverty for him who has all Golconda in his wit? What is defeat, when he rises unsubduable to some more dazzling victory? He is a knight who can never be baffled, and whose prowess in his proper province is as splendid as that of his lean and heroic fellow of La Mancha. All dissonances are turned to triumphant march-music by Falstaff, all incongruities are harmonized. A play in ten acts is required to contain

him, and, as Sir Walter Raleigh has said, there seems no reason why he should not go on for ever

The most genial piece of eighteenth-century Shakespearean criticism is *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff* by Maurice Morgann. The writer was at one time under-secretary of state to the Earl of Shelburne, and, though the fact has not, I believe, been hitherto recorded in print, he seems to have contemplated an edition of Shakespeare, making notes, with such a view, in at least one volume of the plays which is now in my possession. Morgann desired to prove that Falstaff is no coward by temperament or instinct, while yet he can act a cowardly part on calculation of its advantages. His 'Essay' dismounts the great machine Falstaff, takes it to pieces as far as this can be done by genial analysis, and puts it together again—with the pulse of the machine, humour, at the centre, as we see it in action on the stage. But few critics who have felt the mighty attraction of Sir John and have been drawn into the fascination of his atmosphere, have failed to write happily of the man and his genius. 'He manures and nourishes his mind with jests,' says Hazlitt, 'as he does his body with sack and sugar'. He carves out his jokes, as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again, and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink"'. And the critic goes on to speak of Falstaff's masterly presence of mind, his absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb.

And yet at the close of the play Shakespeare inflicts a mortal wound upon the hero of the tavern in whom he has made us delight. After his joyous and triumphant hours with Justice Shallow and Master Silence, the blow comes of a sudden, the stroke is given by the hand of Prince Hal himself, now the crowned King of England—*et tu, Brute*—and Falstaff, however gallantly he may try to pass it off, is for the first time disconcerted. Irresponsible humour is humbled and

slain by remorseless fact 'The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it,' as Nym afterwards testifies, and the great knight's heart, as Pistol has it, 'is fractured and corroborate' Falstaff has to listen to an edifying lecture—

I know thee not old man fall to thy prayers,  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester,

and, giving no opportunity for a reply, the King with his train sweeps past. Presently enters the Chief Justice, and in presence of the cold blooded John of Lancaster, Falstaff is disgraced and carried to the Fleet. What is it to him, who could always shift for himself, that competence of life is allowed him at a distance of ten miles from the royal presence? What is left for him but to fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, and make a finer end of it had been any christom child?

Dr Bradley has published an admirable lecture on 'The Rejection of Falstaff', and finds himself forced to the conclusion that Shakespeare has missed what he aimed at, that in this scene he has overshot the mark. 'He created so extraordinary a being, and fixed him so firmly on his intellectual throne, that when he sought to dethrone him he could not. The moment comes when we are to look on Falstaff in a serious light, and the comic hero is to figure as a baffled schemer, but we cannot make the required change, either in our attitude or in our sympathies. We wish Henry a glorious reign and much joy of his crew of hypocritical politicians, lay and clerical, but our hearts go with Falstaff to the Fleet, or, if necessary, to Arthur's bosom or wheresoever he is.'

And yet perhaps Hazlitt is a safer guide when, declaring that he could never forgive the Prince's treatment of Falstaff, he adds the words 'though perhaps Shakespeare knew what was best, according to the history, the nature of the times, and of the man.' Perhaps Shakespeare meant that our hearts should go with Falstaff to the Fleet, and meant also that our

sense of what is right and inevitable should follow Henry to a region where a Falstaff became impossible. What can Henry do but save himself from the magic of that great magician? Banish Jack he must, and as to the Fleet no word is spoken by Henry. Why may we not charitably suppose that John of Lancaster has added a new treachery to the damnable treachery by which he has betrayed the rebel leaders, and has rounded the Chief Justice in the ear? That Shakespeare himself never discarded from his sympathies his incomparable jester is clear enough from the tear and the smile with which he recounts the story of his death.

The stage Falstaff of Shakespeare's day is said to have been the actor Lowin, then a youth, but this is probably an error, he certainly took the part at a later date. Betterton, in Restoration days, appeared at different times both as Hotspur and as Falstaff, and was successful in both characters. The greatest eighteenth century Falstaff was Quin, though he seems to have been run close by Henderson. Once—we are reminded by Mr Frank Marshall—the part of Falstaff was incongruously assumed by a woman, Mrs Webb, whose ample figure suited the part. The experiment at the Haymarket in 1786 was made on the occasion of her benefit night, and was not repeated.

William Kenrick, a miscellaneous writer of the eighteenth century, had the audacity to attempt a continuation of *King Henry IV*. In 1760 his *Falstaff's Wedding* was published. Six years later an abridgement of his play was given once at Drury Lane. Garrick declined to risk a second performance of the piece.

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

RUMOUR, the Presenter  
 KING HENRY THE FOURTH  
 HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards,  
     King Henry the Fifth  
 THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,  
 JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
 HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,  
 EARL OF WARWICK,  
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND,  
 EARL OF SURREY,  
 GOWER,  
 HARCOURT,  
 BLUNT,  
 LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench  
 A Servant of the Chief Justice  
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
 RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop  
     of York,  
 LORD MOWBRAY,  
 LORD HASTINGS,  
 LORD BARDOLPH,  
 SIR JOHN COLVILLE,  
 TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland  
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
 His Page  
 BARDOLPH  
 PISTOL  
 POINS  
 PETO  
 SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices  
 DAVEY, Servant to Shallow  
 MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FERBLE, and BULLCALK, Recruits  
 FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers  
 A Porter  
 A Duncer, Speaker of the Epilogue  
  
 LADY NORTHUMBERLAND  
 LADY PERCY  
 MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of a tavern in Litcherp  
 DOLL TILASHET  
  
 Lords and Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers,  
     Beadles, Grooms, &c

SCENE — England

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## INDUCTION

Waikworth Bcfoie NORTHUMBERLAND's Castle

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues

RUMOUR    Open your ears , for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity  
Under the smile of safety wounds the world  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it    But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?  
I run before King Harry's victory ,  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood    But what mean I



To speak so true at first ? my office is 28  
 To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death 32  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between the royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father old Northumberland, 36  
 Lies crafty sick The posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs [Exit

## ACT I

SCENE I — Warwick Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle

Enter LORD BARDOLPH

LORD BARDOLPH Who keeps the gate here ? ho !  
 [The Porter opens the gate  
 Where is the earl ?

PORTER What shall I say you are ?

LORD BARDOLPH Tell thou the earl  
 That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here

PORTER His lordship is walk'd forth into the  
 orchard 4

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,  
 And he himself will answer

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

LORD BARDOLPH Here comes the earl

[Exit Porter  
 NORTHUMBERLAND What news, Lord Bardolph ?  
 every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem  
 The times are wild, contention, like a horse  
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
 And bears down all before him

LORD BARDOLPH Noble earl  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury 12

NORTHUMBERLAND Good, an God will !

LORD BARDOLPH As good as heart can wish  
The king is almost wounded to the death ,  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright , and both the Blunts 16  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son O' such a day, 20  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignity the times  
Since Caesar's fortunes

NORTHUMBERLAND How is this deriv'd ?  
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ? 24

LORD BARDOLPH I spake with one, my lord, that  
came from thence ,  
A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely tender'd me these news for true

NORTHUMBERLAND Here comes my servant Travers,  
whom I sent 28

On Tuesday last to listen after news

LORD BARDOLPH My lord, I over-rode him on the  
way ,

And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me 32

Enter TRAVERS

NORTHUMBERLAND Now, Travers, what good  
tidings come with you ?

TRAVERS My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me  
back

With joyful tidings , and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me After him came spurring hard 36  
A gentleman, almost spent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse  
He ask'd the way to Chester , and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury 40  
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,

And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold  
 With that he gave his able horse the head,  
 And, bending forward struck his aimed heels 44  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
 Up to the lowel-head, and, starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
 Staying no longer question

NORTHUMBERLAND      Ha ! Again  
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?  
 Of Hotspur, Coldspur ? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck ?

LORD BARDOLPH      My lord, I'll tell you what  
 If my young lord your son have not the day, 52  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
 I'll give my barony      never talk of it

NORTHUMBERLAND      Why should the gentleman that  
 rode by Travers  
 Give then such instances of loss ?

LORD BARDOLPH      Who, he ? 56  
 He was some hiding fellow that had stolen  
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
 Spoke at a venture      Look, here comes more news

Enter MORTON

NORTHUMBERLAND      Yea, this man's blow, like to  
 a title leaf, 60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume  
 So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation  
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ? 64

MORTON      I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,  
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
 To fight our party

NORTHUMBERLAND      How doth my son and brother ?  
 Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek 68  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,  
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, 72  
 And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd,

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
 And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it  
 This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus,' 76  
 Your brother thus, so fought the noble Douglas,  
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds  
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80  
 Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead'

MORTON Douglas is living, and your brother, yet,  
 But, for my lord your son,—

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, he is dead —  
 See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath ' 84  
 He that but fears the thing he would not know  
 Hath by instant knowledge from others' eyes  
 That what he fear'd is chanced Yet speak, Morton  
 Tell thou thy earl his divination lies, 88  
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace  
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong

MORTON You are too great to be by me gainsaid,  
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain 92

NORTHUMBERLAND Yet, for all this, say not that  
 Percy's dead

I see a strange confession in thine eye  
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear of sin  
 To speak a truth If he be slain, say so, 96  
 The tongue offends not that reports his death  
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
 Not he which says the dead is not alive  
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100  
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend

LORD BARDOLPH I cannot think, my lord, your son  
 is dead 104

MORTON I am sorry I should force you to believe  
 That which I would to God I had not seen  
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, 107  
 Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,  
 To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down  
 The never daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up  
 In few, his death,—whose spirit lent a fire 112  
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,—  
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops,  
 For from his metal was his party steel'd, 116  
 Which once in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear  
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, 124  
 Fly from the field Then was that noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner, and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king, 128  
 'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took The sum of all  
 Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out 132  
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
 And Westmoreland This is the news at full  
 NORTHUMBERLAND For this I shall have time 136  
 enough to mourn  
 In poison there is physic, and these news,  
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well  
 And as the wretch, whose fever weaken'd joints, 140  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief, 144  
 Are thence themselves Hence, therefore, thou nice  
 crutch!  
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel  
 Must glove this hand and hence, thou sickly quoil!  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head 148

Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit  
Now bind my blows with iron, and approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland ' 152  
Let heaven kiss earth ' now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ' let order die '  
And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act, 156  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burial of the dead ' 160

TRAVERS This strained passion doth you wrong, my  
lord

LORD BARDOLPH Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom  
from your honour

MORTON The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er 164  
To stormy passion must perforce decay  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,  
' Let us make head ' It was your presumise 168  
That in the dole of blows your son might drop  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er,  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable 172  
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd  
Yet did you say, ' Go forth, ' and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain 176  
The stiff-borne action what hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be ?

LORD BARDOLPH We all that are engaged to this  
loss 180

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas  
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one,  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd, 184  
And since we are o'erset, venture again

Come, we will all put forth, body and goods

MORTON 'Tis more than time and, my most noble  
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth, 188

The gentle Archbishop of York is up,

With well appointed powers he is a man

Who with a double surety binds his followers

My lord your son had only but the corpse,

But shadows and the shows of men to fight,

For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls,

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd, 196

As men drink potions, that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side but, for their spirits and souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond But now the bishop 200

Turns insurrection to religion

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,

He's follow'd both with body and with mind,

And doth enlarge his using with the blood 204

Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke, 208

And more and less do flock to-follow him

NORTHUMBERLAND I knew of this before, but, to  
speak truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind

Go in with me, and counsel every man 212

The aptest way for safety and revenge

Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed

Never so few, and never yet more need [Exeunt

## SCENE II —London A Street

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and  
buckler

FALSTAFF Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor  
to my water?

PAGE He said, sir, the water itself was a good

healthy water, but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for 5

FALSTAFF Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels I was never manned with an agate till now, but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek, and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet he may keep it still as a face royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops? 30

PAGE He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph, he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security

FALSTAFF Let him be damned like the glutton ' may his tongue be hotter ' A whoreson Achitophel ' a rascally yea-forsooth knave ' to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles, and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security I looked a' should have sent me two and



twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

FALSTAFF I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant

PAGE Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph. 56

FALSTAFF Wait close, I will not see him.

CHIEF JUSTICE What's he that goes there?

SERVANT Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

CHIEF JUSTICE He that was in question for the robbery? 61

SERVANT He, my lord, but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster. 64

CHIEF JUSTICE What, to York? Call him back again.

SERVANT Sir John Falstaff!

FALSTAFF Boy, tell him I am deaf. 67

PAGE You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

CHIEF JUSTICE I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him.

SERVANT Sir John! 72

FALSTAFF What! a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SERVANT You mistake me, sir. 80

FALSTAFF Why, sir, did I say you were an honest

man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so 83

SERVANT I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man 87

FALSTAFF I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged ! You hunt counter hence ! avaunt !

SERVANT Sir, my lord would speak with you 92

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John Falstaff, a word with you

FALSTAFF My good lord ! God give your lordship good time of day I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I heard say your lordship was sick I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health 101

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury

FALSTAFF An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales

CHIEF JUSTICE I talk not of his majesty You would not come when I sent for you 107

FALSTAFF And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, heaven mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you 111

FALSTAFF This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling

CHIEF JUSTICE What tell you me of it ? be it as it is

FALSTAFF It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain I have read the cause of his effects in Galen it is a kind of deafness

CHIEF JUSTICE I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you 120

FALSTAFF Very well, my lord, very well rather,

an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal 123

CHIEF JUSTICE To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician

FALSTAFF I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself 132

CHIEF JUSTICE I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me

FALSTAFF As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land service, I did not come

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy

FALSTAFF He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less 141

CHIEF JUSTICE Your means are very slender, and your waste is great

FALSTAFF I would it were otherwise I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer 145

CHIEF JUSTICE You have misled the youthful prince

FALSTAFF The young prince hath misled me I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog 148

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, I am loath to gall a new healed wound your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action 153

FALSTAFF My lord!

CHIEF JUSTICE But since all is well, keep it so wake not a sleeping wolf 156

FALSTAFF To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox

CHIEF JUSTICE What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

FALSTAFF A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth

CHIEF JUSTICE There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity

FALSTAFF His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity 164

CHIEF JUSTICE You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel

FALSTAFF Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too 179

CHIEF JUSTICE Do you set down your name in the scioil of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 187

FALSTAFF My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems To approve my youth further, I will not the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents, mairry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack 199

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF God send the companion a better prince !  
I cannot rid my hands of him 203

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the king hath severed you and  
Prince Harry I hear you are going with Lord John  
of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of  
Northumberland 207

FALSTAFF Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for  
it But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace  
at home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for,  
by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and  
I mean not to sweat extraordinarily, if it be a hot day,  
and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might  
never spit white again There is not a dangerous action  
can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it Well,  
I cannot last ever But it was always yet the trick of  
our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make  
it too common If you will needs say I am an old man,  
you should give me rest I would to God my name  
were not so terrible to the enemy as it is I were better  
to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to  
nothing with perpetual motion

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, be honest, be honest, and  
God bless your expedition 224

FALSTAFF Will your lordship lend me a thousand  
pound to furnish me forth ?

CHIEF JUSTICE Not a penny not a penny, you are  
too impatient to bear crosses Fare you well com-  
mend me to my cousin Westmoreland 229

[Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant]

FALSTAFF If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle  
A man can no more separate age and covetousness than  
he can part young limbs and lechery, but the gout  
galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so  
both the degrees prevent my curses Boy !

PAGE Sir !

FALSTAFF What money is in my purse ? 236

PAGE Seven groats and twopence

FALSTAFF I can get no remedy against this con-  
sumption of the purse borrowing only lingers and  
lingers it out, but the disease is incurable Go bear

this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the prince, this to the Earl of Westmoreland, and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it you know where to find me. [Exit PAGE] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt, I have the wits for my colour and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything, I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit]

SCENE III — York. A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH

ARCHBISHOP Thus have you heard our cause and known our means,  
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes  
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it? 4

MOWBRAY I well allow the occasion of our arms,  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How in our means we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough 8  
Upon the power and pissance of the king

HASTINGS Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and twenty thousand men of choice,  
And our supplies live largely in the hope 12  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries

LORD BARDOLPH The question, then, Lord Hastings,  
standeth thus  
Whether our present five and twenty thousand 16  
May hold up head without Northumberland

HASTINGS With him, we may

LORD BARDOLPH Ay, marry, there's the point  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far 20  
Till we had his assistance by the hand,

For in a theme so bloody fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain should not be admitt'd 24

ARCHBISHOP 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for,  
indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury  
LORD BARDOLPH It was, my lord, who lin'd himself  
with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, 28  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts,  
And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, 32  
And winking leap'd into destruction

HASTINGS But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope

LORD BARDOLPH Yes, if this present quality of war,—  
Indeed the instant action,—a cause on foot, 37  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds, which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40  
That frosts will bite them When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model,  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection, 44  
Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,— 48  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down

And set another up,—should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation, 52  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite, or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures, 56  
Using the names of men instead of men

Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny

HASTINGS Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair  
 birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd 64  
 The utmost man of expectation ,

I think we are a body strong enough,  
 Even as we are, to equal with the king

LORD BARDOLPH What ' is the king but five-and-  
 twenty thousand ? 68

HASTINGS To us no more , nay, not so much Lord  
 Bardolph

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
 Are in three heads one power against the French,  
 And one against Glendower , perforce, a third 72

Must take up us so is the unfirm king

In three divided, and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness

ARCHBISHOP That he should draw his several  
 strengths together 76

And come against us in full puissance,  
 Need not be dreaded

HASTINGS If he should do so,  
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
 Baying him at the heels never fear that 80

LORD BARDOLPH Who is it like should lead his  
 forces hither ?

HASTINGS The Duke of Lancaster and Westmore  
 land ,

Against the welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth  
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French 84  
 I have no certain notice

ARCHBISHOP Let us on

And publish the occasion of our aims

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;

Their over greedy love hath surfeited 88

A habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart

O thou fond many ! with what loud applause



Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke 92  
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be  
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him  
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up 96  
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard  
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
 And howl'st to find it What trust is in these times ?  
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave  
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
 When through proud London he came sighing on 104  
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Cry'st now, O earth ! yield us that king again,  
 And take thou this ! O, thoughts of men accurst !  
 Past and to come seem best, things present worst 108  
 MOWBRAY Shall we go draw our numbers and set on ?  
 HASTINGS We are time's subjects, and time bids  
 be gone [Exeunt

## ACT II

## SCENE I—London A Street

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY FANG, and his Boy, with her, and  
 SNARE following

QUICKLY Master Fang, have you entered the exion ?  
 FANG It is entered  
 QUICKLY Where's your yeoman ? Is it a lusty  
 yeoman ? will a' stand to 't ? 4  
 FANG Surah, where's Snare ?  
 QUICKLY O Lord, ay ! good Master Snare  
 SNARE Here, here  
 FANG Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff 8  
 QUICKLY Yea, good Master Snare, I have entered  
 him and all  
 SNARE It may chance cost some of us our lives,  
 for he will stab 12  
 QUICKLY Alas the day ! take heed of him he  
 stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly

In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out he will foine like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child 17

FANG If I can close with him I care not for his thrust

QUICKLY No, nor I neither I'll be at your elbow  
FANG An I but fist him once, and a' come but within my vice,—

QUICKLY I am undone by his going, I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score Good Master Fang, hold him sure good Master Snare, let him not 'scape A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle, and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbers Head in Lumbeir Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear, and I have boine, and boine, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices 41

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly 45

FALSTAFF Away, valets! Draw, Bardolph cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel 48

QUICKLY Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the

king's ? Ah, thou honey seed rogue ! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller

FALSTAFF Keep them off, Bardolph

FANG A rescue ! a rescue ! 56

QUICKLY Good people, bring a rescue or two !  
Thou wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't ta ? do, do,  
thou rogue ! do, thou hemp seed !

FALSTAFF Away, you scullion ! you rampallie,  
you fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe 61

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended

CHIEF JUSTICE What is the matter ? keep the peace  
here, ho !

QUICKLY Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech  
you, stand to me ! 65

CHIEF JUSTICE How now, Sir John ! what ! are you  
brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time and business ?  
You should have been well on your way to York 68  
Stand from him, fellow wherefore hang'st upon him ?

QUICKLY O, my most worshipful lord, an't please  
your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is  
arrested at my suit 72

CHIEF JUSTICE- For what sum ?

QUICKLY It is more than for some, my lord, it is  
for all, all I have He hath eaten me out of house and  
home, he hath put all my substance into that fat  
belly of his but I will have some of it out again, or  
I will ride thee o' nights like the mare

FALSTAFF I think I am as like to ride the mare  
if I have any vantage of ground to get up 80

CHIEF JUSTICE How comes this, Sir John ? Fie !  
what man of good temper would endure this tempest  
of exclamation ? Are you not ashamed to enforce a  
poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

FALSTAFF What is the gross sum that I owe thee ?

QUICKLY Marry, if thou wert an honest man,  
thyself and the money too Thou didst swear to me  
upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-  
chamber, at the round table, by a seacoal fire, upon

Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath deny it if thou canst 104

FALSTAFF My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wienching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration, you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

QUICKLY Yea, in troth, my lord 118

CHIEF JUSTICE Prithce, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance 122

FALSTAFF My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness. If a man will make cutsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs 129

CHIEF JUSTICE You speak as having power to do wrong but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman 132

FALSTAFF Come hither, hostess [Taking her aside

Enter GOWER

CHIEF JUSTICE Now, Master Gower ! what news ?

GOWER The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand the rest the paper tells 136

[Gives a letter

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman

QUICKLY Nay, you said so before

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman Come, no more words of it 140

QUICKLY By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers

FALSTAFF Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking and for thy walls, a pretty slight drolleiy, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly bitten tapestries Let it be ten pound if thou canst Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action Come, thou must not be in this humour with me, dost not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this 153

QUICKLY Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la ! 156

FALSTAFF Let it alone, I'll make other shift you'll be a fool still

QUICKLY Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown I hope you'll come to supper You'll pay me all together ? 161

FALSTAFF Will I live ? [To BARDOLPH] Go, with her, with her, hook on, hook on

QUICKLY Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper ? 165

FALSTAFF No more words, let's have her

[*Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page*]

CHIEF JUSTICE I have heard better news

FALSTAFF What's the news, my good lord? 168

CHIEF JUSTICE Where lay the king last night?

GOWER At Basingstoke, my lord

FALSTAFF I hope, my lord, all's well what is the  
news, my lord? 172

CHIEF JUSTICE Come all his forces back?

GOWER No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the archbishop 176

FALSTAFF Comes the king back from Wales, my  
noble lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE You shall have letters of me pre-  
sently

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower

FALSTAFF My lord! 180

CHIEF JUSTICE What's the matter?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, shall I entreat you with  
me to dinner?

GOWER I must wait upon my good lord here,  
I thank you, good Sir John 185

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, you loiter here too long,  
being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go

FALSTAFF Will you sup with me, Master Gower? 188

CHIEF JUSTICE What foolish master taught you  
these manners, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, if they become me not,  
he was a fool that taught them me This is the right  
fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair

CHIEF JUSTICE Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art  
a great fool [Exeunt

SCENE II —The Same Another Street

Enter the PRINCE and POINS

PRINCE Before God, I am exceeding weary

POINS Is it come to that? I had thought weariness  
durst not have attached one of so high blood

PRINCE Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

POINS Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition 8

PRINCE Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ! But that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland, and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom but the mid wives say the children are not in the fault, where upon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened - 27

POINS How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

PRINCE Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ? 32

POINS Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing

PRINCE It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine 36

POINS Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell

PRINCE Mairry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too

POINS Very hardly upon such a subject 44

PRINCE By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency let the end try the man But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow

POINS The reason? 51

PRINCE What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

POINS I would think thee a most princely hypocrite 55

PRINCE It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine every man would think me a hypocrite indeed And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so? 61

POINS Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff

PRINCE And to thee 64

POINS By this light, I am well spoke on, I can hear it with mine own ears the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and these two things I confess I cannot help By the mass, here comes Bardolph

Enter BARDOLPH and Page

PRINCE And the boy that I gave Falstaff a' had him from me, Christian, and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him aye 72

BARDOLPH God save your Grace!

PRINCE And yours, most noble Bardolph

BARDOLPH [To the Page] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead? 79

PAGE A' calls me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the



window at last, I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through

84

PRINCE Hath not the boy profited ?

BARDOLPH Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

PAGE Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away ! 88

PRINCE Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy

PAGE Mairy, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream

92

PRINCE A crown's worth of good interpretation There it is, boy

[Gives him money]

POINS O ! that this good blossom could be kept from cankers Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee

BARDOLPH An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong

PRINCE And how doth thy master, Bardolph ? 99

BARDOLPH Well, my lord He heard of you Giace's coming to town there's a letter for you

POINS Delivered with good respect And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

BARDOLPH In bodily health, sir 104

POINS Mairy, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him, though that be sick, it dies not

107

PRINCE I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he writes

POINS 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself even like those that are akin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt' 'How comes that ?' says he that takes upon him not to conceive The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir'

PRINCE Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet But to the letter

120

POINS 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the

king nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting '  
Why, this is a certificate

PRINCE Peace ' 134

POINS 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity ' sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded — 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so farewell 131

Thine, by yea and no,—which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars, JOHN, with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe ' 131

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it 137

PRINCE That's to make him eat twenty of his words But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister? 140

POINS God send the wench no worse fortune ' but I never said so 140

PRINCE Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us Is your master here in London? 145

BARDOLPH Yes, my lord

PRINCE Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 148

BARDOLPH At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap

PRINCE What company?

PAGE Ephesians, my lord, of the old church

PRINCE Sup any women with him? 152

PAGE None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet

PRINCE What pagan may that be?

PAGE A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's 157

PRINCE Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper? 160

POINS I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you

PRINCE Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town there's for your silence [Gives money]

BARDOLPH I have no tongue, sir 165

PAGE And for mine, sir, I will govern it

PRINCE Fare ye well, go [Exit BARDOLPH and PAGE]  
This Doll Tearsheet should be some road 168

POINS I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London

PRINCE How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers 174

PRINCE From a god to a bull! a heavy descension! it was Jove's case From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine, for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly Follow me, Ned [Exit]

SCENE III — Warkworth Before NORTHUMBERLAND's Castle

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY

NORTHUMBERLAND I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be like them to Percy troublesome 4

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND I have given over, I will speak no more

Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide

NORTHUMBERLAND Alas! sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it 8

LADY PERCY O! yet for God's sake, go not to these wars

The time was, father, that you broke your word  
When you were more endear'd to it than now,  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father 13

Bring up his powers, but he did long in vain  
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?  
 There were two honours lost, yours and your son's 16  
 For yours, the God of heaven brighten it !  
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
 In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light  
 Did all the chivalry of England move 20  
 To do brave acts he was indeed the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :  
 He had no legs that practis'd not his gait,  
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, 24  
 Became the accents of the valiant,  
 For those that could speak low and tardily,  
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
 To seem like him so that, in speech, in gait, 28  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
 That fashion'd others And him, O wondrous him ! 32  
 O miracle of men ! him did you leave,—  
 Second to none, unseconded by you,—  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage, to abide a field 36  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible so you left him  
 Never, O ! never, do his ghost the wrong  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice 40  
 With others than with him let them alone  
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, 44  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave

NORTHUMBERLAND Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me  
 With new lamenting ancient oversights  
 But I must go and meet with danger there, 48  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND O ! fly to Scotland,  
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons

Have of their puissance made a little taste 52  
 LADY PERCY If they get ground and vantage of  
 the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger, but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves So did your son, 56  
 He was so suffer'd so came I a widow,  
 And never shall have length of life enough  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60  
 For recordation to my noble husband

NORTHUMBERLAND Come, come, go in with me  
 'Tis with my mind  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way 64  
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back  
 I will resolve for Scotland there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company [Exit]

SCENE IV — London A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in  
 Eastcheap

Enter two Drawers

FIRST DRAWER What the devil hast thou brought  
 there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot  
 endure an apple-john 3

SECOND DRAWER Mass, thou sayst true The  
 prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and  
 told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting  
 off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these  
 six dry, round, old withered knights' It angered him  
 to the heart, but he hath forgot that 9

FIRST DRAWER Why then, cover, and set them  
 down and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise,  
 Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music  
 Dispatch the room where they supped is too hot  
 they'll come in straight 14

SECOND DRAWER Sirrah, here will be the prince  
 and Master Poin anon, and they will put on two of

our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

FIRST DRAWER By the mass, here will be old utis it will be an excellent stratagem 20

SECOND DRAWER I'll see if I can find out Sneak [Exit]

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHHEET  
QUICKLY I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this? How do you now? 29

DOLL Better than I was hem!

QUICKLY Why, that's well said, a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John 32

Enter FALSTAFF, singing

FALSTAFF 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan—[Exit First Drawer]—'And was a worthy king' How now, Mistress Doll!

QUICKLY Sick of a calm yea, good sooth 36

FALSTAFF So is all her sect, an they be once in a calm they are sick

DOLL You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me? 40

FALSTAFF You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll

DOLL I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not

FALSTAFF If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you, grant that, my poor virtue, grant that

DOLL Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels 48

FALSTAFF 'Your brooches, pearls, and owches'—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely, to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,— 53

DOLL Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself ' 55

QUICKLY By my troth, this is the old fashion you two never meet but you fall to some discord you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel 62

DOLL Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares

Re-enter First Drawer

FIRST DRAWER Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you

DOLL Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither it is the foul mouthedest rogue in England 73

QUICKLY If he swagger, let him not come here no, by my faith, I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers I am in good name and fame with the very best Shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now shut the door, I pray you

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, hostess? 80

QUICKLY Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John there comes no swaggerers here

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient

QUICKLY Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day, and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—'Neighbour Quickly,' says he,—'Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then,—'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil, for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name,' now, a' said so, I can

tell whereupon, 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions' There comes none here —you would bless you to hear what he said No, I'll no swaggerers

FALSTAFF He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound he will not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance Call him up, diawel [Exit First Drawer

QUICKLY Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse, when one says swagger Feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you

DOLL So you do, hostess

QUICKLY Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf I cannot abide swaggerers 109

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page

PISTOL God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF Welcome, Ancient Pistol Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack do you discharge upon mine hostess 113

PISTOL I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets

FALSTAFF She is pistol-proof, sir, you shall hardly offend her 117

QUICKLY Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I 120

PISTOL Then to you, Mistress Dorothy, I will charge you

DOLL Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master

PISTOL I know you, Mistress Dorothy 127

DOLL Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in



you mouldy chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me Away, you bottle ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you ! Since when, I pray you, sir ? God's light ! with two points on your shoulder ? much !

PISTOL God let me not live I will murder your ruff for this ! 156

FALSTAFF No more, Pistol I would not have you go off here Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol

QUICKLY No, good captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain 141

DOLL Captain ! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain ? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them You a captain, you slave ! for what ? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house ? He a captain ! Hang him, rogue ! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes A captain ! God's light, these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word 'occupy', which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted therefore captains had need look to it 153

BARDOLPH Pray thee, go down, good ancient

FALSTAFF Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll

PISTOL Not I ; I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her I'll be revenged of her 157

PAGE Pray thee, go down

PISTOL I'll see her damned first, to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also Fold hook and line, say I Down, down, dogs ! down fates ! Have we not Hiren here ? 163

QUICKLY Good Captain Peesel, be quiet, it is very late, I' faith I beseech you now, aggravate your choler

PISTOL These be good humours, indeed ! Shall pack-horses,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, 168

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
 Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
 And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with  
 King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar 172  
 Shall we fall foul for toys ?

QUICKLY By my troth, captain, these are very  
 bitter words

BARDOLPH Be gone, good ancient this will grow  
 to a brawl anon 177

PISTOL Die men like dogs ! give crowns like pins !  
 Have we not Hiren here ?

QUICKLY O my word, captain, there's none such  
 here What the good-year ! do you think I would  
 deny her ? for God's sake ! be quiet

PISTOL Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis  
 Come, give's some sack 184

'Si fortuna me tormento, sperato me contento  
 Fear we broadsides ? no, let the fiend give fire  
 Give me some sack, and, sweetheart, lie thou there

[Laying down his sword]  
 Come we to full points here, and are et ceteras nothing ?

FALSTAFF Pistol, I would be quiet 189

PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif What ! we  
 have seen the seven stars

DOLL For God's sake, thrust him down stairs !  
 I cannot endure such a fustian rascal 193

PISTOL 'Thrust him down stairs !' know we not  
 Galloway nags ?

FALSTAFF Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-  
 groat shilling nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing,  
 a' shall be nothing here

BARDOLPH Come, get you down stairs 199

PISTOL What ! shall we have incision ? Shall we  
 imbrue ? [Snatching up his sword]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !  
 Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

QUICKLY Here's goodly stuff toward ! 204

FALSTAFF Give me my rapier, boy

DOLL I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw

FALSTAFF Get you down stairs [Drawing

QUICKLY Here's a goodly tumult', I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights So, murder, I warrant now Alas, alas' put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons 211

[Exit BARDOLPH and PISTOL]

DOLL I pray thee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal's gone Ah' you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

QUICKLY Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly

Re-enter BARDOLPH

FALSTAFF Have you turned him out o' doors? 216

BARDOLPH Yes, sir the rascal's drunk You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder

FALSTAFF A rascal, to brave me! 219

DOLL Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies Ah, villain! 225

FALSTAFF A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket

DOLL Do, an thou darest, for thy heart an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets 229

Enter Music

PAGE The music is come, sir

FALSTAFF Let them play Play, sirs Sit on my knee, Doll A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver 233

DOLL I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, the PRINCE and POINS, disguised like Drawers

FALSTAFF Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head do not bid me remember mine end 240

DOLL Sirrah, what humour is the prince of ?

FALSTAFF A good shallow young fellow a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well 244

DOLL They say, Poinz has a good wit

FALSTAFF He a good wit ! hang him, baboon ! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustaid there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet 248

DOLL Why does the prince love him so, then ?

FALSTAFF Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a han will turn the scales between their avoirdupois 261

PRINCE Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

POINZ Let 's beat him before his whore 264

PRINCE Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot

POINZ Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ? 268

FALSTAFF Kiss me, Doll

PRINCE Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanack to that ? 271

POINZ And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper

FALSTAFF Thou dost give me flattering busses

DOLL By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart 277

FALSTAFF I am old, I am old

DOLL I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all 280

FALSTAFF What stuff wilt have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money o' Thursday, thou shalt have a cap to-morrow A merry song ! come • it grows late, we'll to bed Thou'lt forget me when I am gone 285

DOLL By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayst so prove that ever I dress myself hand- some till thy return Well, hearken at the end 288

FALSTAFF Some sack, Francis !

PRINCE } [Coming forward] Anon, anon, sir  
POINS }

FALSTAFF Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? And art not thou Poins his brother ? 292

PRINCE Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead !

FALSTAFF A better than thou I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer 296

PRINCE Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears

QUICKLY O ! the Lord preserve thy good Grace, by my troth, welcome to London Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu ! are you come from Wales ?

FALSTAFF Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood [Pointing to Doll], thou art welcome 305

DOLL How, you fat fool ! I scorn you

POINS My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat 309

PRINCE You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now-before this holiest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ! 312

QUICKLY Blessing on your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth

FALSTAFF Didst thou hear me ? 315

PRINCE Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience

FALSTAFF No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing 321

PRINCE I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse

PRINCE Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread chipper and I know not what ?

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal

POINS No abuse ! 328

FALSTAFF No abuse, Ned, in the world, honest Ned, none I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him, in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it No abuse, Hal, none, Ned, none no, faith, boys, none 335

PRINCE See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? Or is thy boy of the wicked ? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, or the wicked ? 341

POINS Answer, thou dead elm, answer

FALSTAFF The fiend hath pick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms For the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too

PRINCE For the women ? 348

FALSTAFF For one of them, she is in hell already and burns poor souls For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not

QUICKLY No, I warrant you 352

FALSTAFF No, I think thou art not, I think thou art quit for that Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl 357

QUICKLY All victuallers do so what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

PRINCE You, gentlewoman,— 360

DOLL What says your Grace ?

FALSTAFF His Grace says that which his flesh rebels  
against [Knocking within]

QUICKLY Who knocks so loud at door ? Look to  
the door there, Francis 365

Enter PETRO

PRINCE Peto, how now ! what news ?

PETO The king your father is at Westminster ,  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts 368  
Come from the north and as I came along,

I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff 372

PRINCE By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to  
blame,

So idly to profane the precious time,  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt 376

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads  
Give me my sword and cloak Falstaff, good night

[Exeunt the PRINCE, POINS, PETRO, and BARDOLPH]

FALSTAFF Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the  
night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked  
[Knocking within] More knocking at the door ! 381

Re-enter BARDOLPH

How now ! what's the matter ?

BARDOLPH You must away to court, sir, presently ,  
A dozen captains stay at door for you 384

FALSTAFF [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah  
Farewell, hostess, farewell, Doll You see, my good  
wenches, how men of merit are sought after the  
undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called  
on Farewell, good wenches If I be not sent away  
post, I will see you again ere I go

DOLL I cannot speak, if my heart be not ready  
to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself 392

FALSTAFF Farewell, farewell

[Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

QUICKLY Well, fare thee well I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time, but an honest, and true-hearted man—well, fare thee well

BARDOLPH [Within] Mistress Tearsheet ' 397

QUICKLY What's the matter ?

BARDOLPH [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master 400

QUICKLY O ! run, Doll, run, run, good Doll  
[Exeunt

## ACT III

SCENE I—Westminster A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page

KING HENRY Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick,

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them Make good speed

[Exit Page

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep ! O gentle sleep !  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ? 8  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cubbs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, 12  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?  
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch 16  
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell ?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Culling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds, 24



That with the huly death itself awakes ?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night, 28  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

Enter WARWICK and SURREY

WARWICK Many good morrows to your majesty !  
 KING HENRY Is it good morrow, lords ? 33  
 WARWICK 'Tis one o'clock, and past  
 KING HENRY Why then, good morrow to you all,  
 my lords  
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ? 36  
 WARWICK We have, my liege  
 KING HENRY Then you perceive the body of our  
 kingdom,  
 How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,  
 And with what danger, near the heart of it 40  
 WARWICK It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,  
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd  
 With good advice and little medicine  
 My Lord Northumberland will soon be cook'd 44  
 KING HENRY O God ! that one might read the  
 book of fate,  
 And see the revolution of the times  
 Make mountains level, and the continent,—  
 Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself 48  
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips, how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration 52  
 With divers liquors ! O ! if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die 56  
 'Tis not ten years gone  
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends  
 Did feast together, and in two years after

Were they at wars it is but eight years since 60  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
 Who like a Brother toil'd in my affairs  
 And laid his love and life under my foot,  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard 64  
 Gave him defiance But which of you was by,—

[To WARWICK] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,—  
 When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, 68  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?  
 'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which  
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,'  
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent, 72  
 But that necessity so bow'd the state  
 That I and greatness were compelled to kiss  
 'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,  
 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head, 76  
 Shall break into corruption'—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition  
 And the division of our amity

WARWICK There is a history in all men's lives, 80  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds 84  
 And weak beginnings lie intreaured  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time  
 And by the necessary form of this  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess 88  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you

KING HENRY Are these things then necessities ? 92  
 Then let us meet them like necessities,  
 And that same word even now cries out on us  
 They say the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong

WARWICK It cannot be, my lord ! 96  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd Please it your Grace  
 To go to bed upon my soul, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth 160  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill, 164  
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add  
 Unto your sickness

KING HENRY I will take your counsel :  
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land [Exeunt.

SCENE II — Court before JUSTICE SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting, MOULDI, SHADOW,  
 WART, FEEBLE, BULLCalf and Servants, behind

SHALLOW Come on, come on, come on, sir, give  
 me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir, an early  
 stirrer, by the rood ! And how doth my good cousin  
 Silence ? 4

SILENCE Good morrow, good cousin Shallow

SHALLOW. And how doth my cousin, your bed-  
 fellow ? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-  
 daughter Ellen ? 8

SILENCE Alas ! a black ousel, cousin Shallow !

SHALLOW By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my  
 cousin William is become a good scholar He is at  
 Oxford still, is he not ? 12

SILENCE Indeed, sir, to my cost

SHALLOW A' must, then, to the Inns o' court shortly  
 I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will  
 talk of mad Shallow yet 16

SILENCE You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,  
 cousin

SHALLOW By the mass, I was called any thing, and  
 I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly  
 too There was I, and Little John Doit of Staffordshire,  
 and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and

Will Squele, a Cotswold man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again. and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-iobas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk 28

SILENCE This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHALLOW The same Sir John, the very same I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent, and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead! 37

SILENCE We shall all follow, cousin

SHALLOW Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SILENCE Truly, cousin, I was not there

SHALLOW Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet? 45

SILENCE Dead, sir

SHALLOW Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow, and dead! a' shot a fine shoot. John a Gaunt loved him, well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now? 53

SILENCE Thereafter as they be a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds

SHALLOW And is old Double dead? 56

SILENCE Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him

BARDOLPH Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow? 60

SHALLOW I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace what is your good pleasure with me ? 63

BARDOLPH My captain, sir, commends him to you, my captain, Sir John Falstaff a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader

SHALLOW He greets me well, sir I knew him a good backword man How doth the good knight ? may I ask how my lady his wife doth ? 69

BARDOLPH Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife

SHALLOW It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said indeed too 'Better accommodated' it is good, yea indeed, is it good phrases are surely and ever were, very commendable Accommodated' it comes of 'accommodo' very good, a good phrase 76

BARDOLPH Pardon me, sir, I have heard the word 'Phrase,' call you it ? By this good day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or, when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing 84

Enter FALSTAFF

SHALLOW It is very just Look, here comes good Sir John Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well welcome, good Sir John 89

FALSTAFF I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow Master Surecard, as I think

SHALLOW No, Sir John, it is my cousin, Silence, in commission with me 93

FALSTAFF Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace

SILENCE Your good worship is welcome 96

FALSTAFF Fie ! this is hot weather, gentlemen Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

- SHALLOW Marry, have we, sir Will you sit ?  
FALSTAFF Let me see them, I beseech you 100  
SHALLOW Where's the roll ? where's the roll ?  
where's the roll ? Let me see, let me see, let me see  
So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so yea, marry, sir. Ralph  
Mouldy & let them appear as I call, let them do so, let  
them do so Let me see, where is Mouldy ? 105  
MOULDY Here, an't please you  
SHALLOW What think you, Sir John ? a good  
limbed fellow, young, strong, and of good friends 108  
FALSTAFF Is thy name Mouldy ?  
MOULDY Yea, an't please you  
FALSTAFF 'Tis the more time thou wert used 111  
SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith !  
things that are mouldy lack use very singular good  
In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said  
FALSTAFF Prick him 115  
MOULDY I was pricked well enough before, an you  
could have let me alone my old dame will be undone  
now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery  
you need not to have pricked me, there are other men  
fitter to go out than I 120  
FALSTAFF Go to peace, Mouldy ! you shall go  
Mouldy, it is time you were spent  
MOULDY Spent ! 123  
SHALLOW Peace, fellow, peace ! stand aside know  
you where you are ? For the other, Sir John let me see  
Simon Shadow !  
FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under  
he's like to be a cold soldier 128  
SHALLOW Where's Shadow ?  
SHADOW Here, sir  
FALSTAFF Shadow, whose son art thou ?  
SHADOW My mother's son, sir 132  
FALSTAFF Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy  
father's shadow so the son of the female is the shadow  
of the male it is often so, indeed, but not of the  
father's substance 136  
SHALLOW Do you like him, Sir John ?  
FALSTAFF Shadow will serve for summer, prick

him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the  
muster book 140

SHALLOW Thomas Wart !

FALSTAFF Where 's he ?

WART Here, sir

FALSTAFF Is thy name Wart ? 144

WART Yea, sir

FALSTAFF Thou art a very ragged wart

SHALLOW Shall I prick him, Sir John ? 147

FALSTAFF It were superfluous, for his apparel is  
built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon  
pins prick him no more

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha ! you can do it, sir, you can  
do it I commend you well Francis Feeble ! 152

FEEBLE Hele, sir

FALSTAFF What trade art thou, Feeble ?

FEEBLE A woman's tailor, sir

SHALLOW Shall I prick him, sir ? 156

FALSTAFF You may, but if he had been a man's  
tailor he'd have pricked you Wilt thou make as many  
holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a  
woman's petticoat ? 160

FEEBLE I will do my good will, sir, you can have  
no more

FALSTAFF Well said, good woman's tailor ! well  
said, courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as  
the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse Prick  
the woman's tailor, well, Master Shallow, deep,  
Master Shallow

FEEBLE I would Wart might have gone, sir 168

FALSTAFF I would thou wert a man's tailor, that  
thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go I  
cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader  
of so many thousands let that suffice, most forcible  
Feeble

FEEBLE It shall suffice, sir

FALSTAFF I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble  
Who is next ? 176

SHALLOW Peter Bullcalf o' the green !

FALSTAFF Yea, mairry, let's see Bullcalf

BULLCALK Here, sir

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, a likely fellow ! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again 181

BULLCALK O Lord ! good my lord captain,—

FALSTAFF What ! dost thou roar before thou art pricked ? 184

BULLCALK O Lord, sir ! I am a diseased man

FALSTAFF What disease hast thou ?

BULLCALK A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir 189

FALSTAFF Come, thou shalt go to the wais in a gown, we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee Is here all ? 193

SHALLOW Here is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, sir and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner 196

FALSTAFF Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow 199

SHALLOW O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields ?

FALSTAFF No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that

SHALLOW Ha ! it was a merry night And is Jane Nightwork alive ? 205

FALSTAFF She lives, Master Shallow

SHALLOW She never could away with me

FALSTAFF Never, never, she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow 209

SHALLOW By the mass, I could anger her to the heart She was then a bona-roba Doth she hold her own well ? 212

FALSTAFF Old, old, Master Shallow

SHALLOW Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn

SILENCE That's fifty-five year ago 217

SHALLOW Ha ! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen



that that this knight and I have seen Ha ! Sir John,  
said I well ? 220

FALSTAFF We have heard the chimcs at midnight,  
Master Shallow

SHALLOW That we have, that we have, that we  
have, in faith, Sir John, we have Our watchword  
was, 'Hem, boys !' Come, let's to dinner, come,  
let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen  
Come, come [Exit FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE]

BULLCalf Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand  
my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in  
French crowns for you In very truth, sir, I had as lief  
be hanged, sir, as go and yet, for mine own part,  
sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling,  
and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my  
friends else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part,  
so much

BARDOLPH Go to, stand aside 236

MOULDY And, good Master corporal captain, for  
my old dame's sake, stand my friend she has nobody  
to do any thing about her, when I am gone, and she  
is old, and cannot help herself You shall have forty,  
sir 241

BARDOLPH Go to, stand aside

FEEBLE By my troth, I care not, a man can die  
but once, we owe God a death I'll ne'er bear a base  
mind an't be my destiny, so, an't be not, so No  
man's too good to serve's pince, and let it go which  
way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next

BARDOLPH Well said, thou'rt a good fellow 248

FEEBLE Faith, I'll bear no base mind

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices

FALSTAFF Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

SHALLOW Four, of which you please

BARDOLPH [To FALSTAFF] Sir, a word with you  
I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf 253

FALSTAFF [Aside to BARDOLPH] Go to, well

SHALLOW Come, Sir John, which four will you  
have ? 256

FALSTAFF Do you choose for me  
 SHALLOW Mairy, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble,  
 and Shadow <sup>259</sup>

FALSTAFF Mouldy, and Bullcalf for you, Mouldy,  
 stay at home till you are past service and for you  
 part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it I will none  
 of you <sup>263</sup>

\* SHALLOW Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself  
 wrong they are your likeliest men, and I would have  
 you served with the best

FALSTAFF Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how  
 to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the  
 stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me  
 the spirit, Master Shallow Here's Wart, you see  
 what a ragged appearance it is a' shall charge you  
 and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's  
 hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets  
 on the brewer's bucket And this same half-faced  
 fellow, Shadow, give me this man he presents no mark  
 to the enemy, the foeman may with as great aim level  
 at the edge of a penknife And, for a retreat, how  
 swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off!  
 O' give me the spare men, and spare me the great  
 ones Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph <sup>280</sup>

BARDOLPH Hold, Wart, traverse, thus, thus, thus

FALSTAFF Come, manage me your caliver So:  
 very, well go to very good exceeding good  
 O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot  
 Well said, i' faith, Wart, thou'rt a good scab hold,  
 there's a tester for thee <sup>286</sup>

SHALLOW He is not his craft's master, he doth not  
 do it right I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay  
 at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's  
 show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would  
 manage you his piece thus and a' would about and  
 about, and come you in, and come you in, 'rah, tah,  
 tah,' would a' say, 'bounce,' would a' say, and away  
 again would a' go, and again would a' come I shall  
 never see such a fellow <sup>295</sup>

FALSTAFF These fellows will do well, Master Shallow

God keep you, Master Silence I will not use many words with you Fare you well, gentlemen both I thank you I must a dozen mile to night Bardolph, give the soldiers coats 300

SHALLOW Sir John, the Lord bless you' and prosper your affairs' God send us peace' At your return visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed peradventure I will with ye to the court 304

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow

SHALLOW Go to, I have spoke at a word God keep you 308

FALSTAFF Fare you well, gentle gentlemen [Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE] On, Bardolph, lead the men away. [Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow Lord, Lord' how subject we old men are to this vice of lying This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible a' was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the over scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men I saw it and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for

him, a court, and now has he land and beefs Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return, and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him Let time shape, and there an end [Exit

## ACT IV

## SCENE I—A Forest in Yorkshire

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others

ARCHBISHOP What is this forest call'd ?

HASTINGS 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace

ARCHBISHOP Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth, -

To know the numbers of our enemies 4

HASTINGS We have sent forth already

ARCHBISHOP 'Tis well done

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland, 8

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality,

The which he could not levy, whereupon 12

He is retr'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,

To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers

That your attempts may overlive the hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposite 16

MOWBRAY Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces

Enter a Messenger

HASTINGS Now, what news ?

MESSENGER West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy, 20

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand

MOWBRAY The just proportion that we gave them, o't  
Let us sway on and face them in the field 24

Enter WESTMORELAND

ARCHBISHOP What well appointed leader fronts us  
here ?

MOWBRAY I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland  
WESTMORELAND Health and fan greeting from our  
general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster 28

ARCHBISHOP Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in  
peace,

What doth concern your coming

WESTMORELAND

Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech If that rebellion 32

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, 36

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fan honours You, lord archbishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd, 44

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace 48

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,

Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war ? 52

ARCHBISHOP Wherefore do I this ? so the question  
stands

Briefly to this end we are all diseas'd ,  
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, 56  
And we must bleed for it of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician, 60  
Nor do I as an enemy to peace  
Troop in the throngs of military men  
But rather show a while like fearful war  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness 64  
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life Hear me more plainly  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences 69  
We see which way the stream of time doth run  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion , 72  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience 76  
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,— 80  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood,—and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms , 84  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality  
WESTMORELAND When ever yet was your appeal 88  
denied ?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine, 92

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

ARCHBISHOP My brother general, the common-wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular 96

WESTMORELAND There is no need of any such redress,

Or if there were, it not belongs to you

MOWBRAY Why not to him in part, and to us all

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100

And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours ?

WESTMORELAND O ! my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities, 104

And you shall say indeed, it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me

Either from the king or in the present time 108

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on were you not restor'd

To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,

Your noble and right well-remember'd father's ? 112

MOWBRAY What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?

The king that lov'd him as the state stood then,

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him 116

And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,

Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 124

O ! when the king did throw his warder down,

His own life hung upon the staff he threw,

Then threw he down himself and all their lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword 128

Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke

WESTMORELAND You speak, Lord Mowbray, now  
you know not what

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then

In England the most valiant gentleman 132

Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smil'd ?

But if your father had been victor there,

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ,

For all the country in a general voice 136

Cried hate upon him , and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on

And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king

But this is mere digression from my purpose 140

Here come I from our princely general

To know your griefs , to tell you from his Grace

That he will give you audience , and wherein

It shall appear that your demands are just, 144

You shall enjoy them , every thing set off

That might so much as think you enemies

MOWBRAY But he hath forc'd us to compel this  
offer,

And it proceeds from policy, not love 148

WESTMORELAND Mowbray, you overween to take  
it so

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear

For, lo ! within a ken our army lies

Upon mine honour, all too confident 152

To give admittance to a thought of fear

Our battle is more full of names than yours,

Our men more perfect in the use of arms,

Our armour all as strong, our cause the best , 156

Then reason will our hearts should be as good

Say you not then our offer is compell'd

MOWBRAY Well, by my will we shall admit no  
parley

WESTMORELAND That argues but the shame of your  
offence 160

A rotten case abides no handling

HASTINGS Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,



To hear and absolutely to determine 164  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

WESTMORELAND That is intended in the general's  
name

I muse you make so slight a question

ARCHBISHOP Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,  
this schedule, 165

For this contains our general grievances

Each several article herein redress'd ,

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action, 172

Acquitted by a true substantial form

And present execution of our wills

To us and to our purposes consign'd ,

We come within our awful banks again 176

And knit our powers to the arm of peace

WESTMORELAND This will I show the general,  
Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet '

And either end in peace, which God so frame ' 180

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it

ARCHBISHOP My lord, we will do so

[Exit WESTMORELAND]

MOWBRAY There is a thing within my bosom  
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand 184

HASTINGS Fear you not that if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute

As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains • 188

MOWBRAY Yea, but our valuation shall be such

That every slight and false derived cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason

Shall to the king taste of this action , 192

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind

That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff

And good from bad find no partition 196

ARCHBISHOP No, no, my lord Note this, the king  
 is weary  
 Of dainty and such picking grievances  
 For he hath found to end one doubt by death  
 Revives two greater in the heus of life, 200  
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
 That may repeat and history his loss  
 To new remembrance, for full well he knows 204  
 He cannot so precisely weed this land  
 As his misdoubts present occasion  
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy, 208  
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend  
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up 212  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution

HASTINGS Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods,  
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack 216  
 The very instruments of chastisement,  
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 May offer, but not hold

ARCHBISHOP 'Tis very true  
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal, 220  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking

MOWBRAY Be it so  
 Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland 224

## Re-enter WESTMORELAND

WESTMORELAND The prince is here at hand  
 pleaseth your lordship,  
 To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies '  
 MOWBRAY Your Grace of York, in God's name then,  
 set forward

ARCHBISHOP Before, and greet his Grace my lord,  
 we come [Exeunt

## SCENE II — Another Part of the Forest

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS,  
and Others from the other side, JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants

LANCASTER You are well encounter'd here, my  
cousin Mowbray

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop,  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you, 4  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text  
Than now to see you here an iron man, 8  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword and life to death  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
And opens in the sunshine of his favour, 12  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack ! what mischief might he set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so Who hath not heard it spoken 16  
How deep you were within the books of God ?  
To us, the speaker in his parliament,  
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself,  
The very opener and intelligencer 20  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings O ! who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, 24  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,  
Under the counterfeit zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father, 28  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here upswarm'd them

ARCHBISHOP Good my Lord of Lancaster  
I am not here against your father's peace,  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland, 32  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,

Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up I sent your Grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,— 36  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born,  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires, 40  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty

MOWBRAY If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man

HASTINGS And though we here fall down, 44  
We have supplies to second our attempt  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them  
And so success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up 48  
Whiles England shall have generation

LANCASTER You are too shallow, Hastings, much  
too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after times

WESTMORELAND Pleaseth your Grace to answer  
them directly 52

How far forth you do like their articles

LANCASTER I like them all, and do allow them  
well,

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook, 56

And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd,  
Upon my soul, they shall If this may please you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours and here between the armies

Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home 64

Of our restored love and amity

ARCHBISHOP I take your pincely word for these  
redresses

LANCASTER I give it you, and will maintain my  
word

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace 68

HASTINGS [To an Officer] Go, captain, and deliver to  
the army

This news of peace let them have pay, and part  
I know it will well please them hie thee, captain

[Exit Officer

ARCHBISHOP To you, my noble Lord of Westmore-  
land

72r

WESTMORELAND I pledge your Grace and, if you  
knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely, but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter

76

ARCHBISHOP I do not doubt you

WESTMORELAND I am glad of it

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray

MOWBRAY You wish me health in very happy  
season,

For I am, on the sudden, something ill 80

ARCHBISHOP Against ill chances men are ever  
merry,

But heaviness foretells the good event

WESTMORELAND Therefore be merry, coz, since  
sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, Some good thing comes to morrow.

ARCHBISHOP. Believe me, I am passing light in  
spirit

MOWBRAY So much the wiser if your own rule be  
true

[Shouts within

LANCASTER The word of peace is render'd hark,  
how they shout

87

MOWBRAY This had been cheerful, after victory

ARCHBISHOP A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser

LANCASTER Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too 92

[Exit WESTMORELAND

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal

ARCHBISHOP                      Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by 96

LANCASTER    I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together [Exit HASTINGS

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

WESTMORELAND    The leaders, having chaige from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak 100

LANCASTER    They know their duties

Re-enter HASTINGS

HASTINGS    My lord, our army is dispers'd already  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting place 105

WESTMORELAND    Good tidings my Lord Hastings.  
for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason  
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both 109

MOWBRAY    Is this proceeding just and honourable ?  
WESTMORELAND    Is your assembly so ?

ARCHBISHOP    Will you thus break your faith ?

LANCASTER                      I pawn'd thee none  
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances 113

Whereof you did complain, which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due 116

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence  
Strike up our drums ! pursue the scatter'd stray 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to day  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath [Exeunt

## SCENE III — Another Part of the Forest

Alarums    Excursions    Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting

FALSTAFF    What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLEVILE    I am a knight, sir, and my name is Coleville of the dale

FALSTAFF    Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale    Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, so shall you be still Coleville of the dale

COLEVILE    Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

FALSTAFF    As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am    Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death    therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy

COLEVILE    I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me

FALSTAFF    I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name    An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe    my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me    Here comes our general

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others

LANCASTER    The heat is past, follow no further now    Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland

[Exit WESTMORELAND]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back

FALSTAFF    I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus    I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour    Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with

the very extremest inch of possibility, I have fundered nine score and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded, that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame' 41

LANCASTER It was more of his courtesy than your deserving

FALSTAFF I know not here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your Grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which couse if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount

LANCASTER Thine's too heavy to mount

FALSTAFF Let it shine then 56

LANCASTER Thine's too thick to shine

FALSTAFF Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will

LANCASTER Is thy name Colevile? 60

COLEVILE It is, my lord

LANCASTER A famous rebel art thou, Colevile

FALSTAFF And a famous true subject took him

COLEVILE I am, my lord, but as my betters are 64  
That led me hither had they been rul'd by me  
You should have won them dearer than you have

FALSTAFF I know not how they sold themselves  
but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis,  
and I thank thee for thee 69

Re enter WESTMORELAND

LANCASTER Have you left pursuit?

WESTMORELAND Retreat is made and execution stay'd



LANCASTER Send Colevile with his confederates 72  
To York, to present execution

Blant, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure

[Exit BLANT and Others with COLEVILE, guarded]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords

I hear, the king my father is sore sick 76

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin [addressing WESTMORELAND], you shall bear,  
to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you

FALSTAFF My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go  
Through Gloucestershire, and when you come to court  
Stand my good lord pray, in your good report

LANCASTER Fare you well, Falstaff I, in my con-  
dition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve 84

[Exeunt all but FALSTAFF]

FALSTAFF I would you had but the wit 'twere  
better than your dukedom Good faith, this same  
young sober blooded boy doth not love me, nor a  
man cannot make him laugh, but that's no marvel,  
he drinks no wine There's never none of these demure  
boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-  
cool then blood, and making many fish-meals, that they  
fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and then,  
when they marry, they get wenches They are  
generally fools and cowards, which some of us should  
be too but for inflammation A good sherris sack hath  
a two fold operation in it It ascends me into the brain,  
dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy  
vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive,  
quick, forgetive, full of numble fiery and delectable  
shapes, which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue,  
which is the birth, becomes excellent wit The  
second property of your excellent sherris is, the warm-  
ing of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left  
the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusil-  
lanimity and cowardice but the sherris warms it and  
makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme  
It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning

to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits mustel me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapons nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack

124

Enter BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH The army is discharged all and gone

FALSTAFF Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away

[Exeunt

\*SCENE IV — Westminster The Jerusalem Chamber

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others

KING HENRY Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish  
Only, we want a little personal strength,  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,

4

Come underneath the yoke of government

WARWICK Both which we doubt not but your  
majesty

Shall soon enjoy

KING HENRY Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
Where is the prince your brother ? 13

GLOUCESTER I think he's gone to hunt, my lord,  
at Windsor

KING HENRY And how accompanied ?

GLOUCESTER I do not know, my lord

KING HENRY Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence  
with him ? 16

GLOUCESTER No, my good lord, he is in presence  
here

CLARENCE What would my lord and father ?

KING HENRY Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
Clarence

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas, 21

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect 24

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren

Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace 28

By seeming cold or careless of his will,

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd

He hath a tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity, 32

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day

His temper therefore must be well observ'd 36

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,

But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40

Confound themselves with working Learn this,  
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion— 44  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder 48

CLARENCE I shall observe him with all care and  
love

KING HENRY Why art thou not at Windsor with  
him, Thomas ?

CLARENCE He is not there to-day, he dines in  
London

KING HENRY And how accompanied ? canst thou  
tell that ? 52

CLARENCE With Poins and other his continual  
followers

KING HENRY Most subject is the fattest soil to  
weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them therefore my grief 56  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death  
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape  
In forms imaginary the unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon 60  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors  
For when his headstrong not hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together, 64  
O ' with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay

WARWICK My gracious lord, you look beyond him  
quite

The prince but studies his companions 68  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd, which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use 72  
But to be known and hated So, like gross terms,  
The prince will in the perfectness of time

Cast off his followers, and their memory  
 Shall as a patten or a measure live, 76  
 By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,  
 Turning past evils to advantages  
 KING HENRY 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave  
 her comb  
 In the dead carrion

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who's here? Westmoreland! 80  
 WESTMORELAND Health to my sovereign, and new  
 happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand  
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all 84  
 Are brought to the correction of your law  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere  
 The manner how this action hath been borne 88  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
 With every course in his particular  
 KING HENRY O Westmoreland! thou wast a sum-  
 mer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings. 92  
 The lifting up of day

Enter HARCOURT

Look! here's more news  
 HARCOURT From enemies heaven keep your ma-  
 jesty,  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of! 96  
 The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph  
 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown  
 The manner and true order of the fight 100  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large  
 KING HENRY And wherefore should these good news  
 make me sick?  
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full

SCENE IV] • KING HENRY THE FOURTH 363

But write her fair words still in foulest letters ? 104

She either gives a stomach and no food ,

Such are the poor, in health , or else a feast

And takes away the stomach , such are the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not 108

I should rejoice now at this happy news,

And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy

O me ! come near me, now I am much ill

GLOUCESTER Comfort, your majesty !

CLARENCE O my royal father ! 112

WESTMORELAND My sovereign lord, cheer up your-

self . look up !

WARWICK Be patient, princes you do know these

fits

Are with his highness very ordinary

Stand from him, give him air , he'll straight be well 116

CLARENCE No, no , he cannot long hold out these

pangs

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin, that life looks through and will break out 120

GLOUCESTER The people fear me , for they do

observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them

over 124

CLARENCE The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb

between ,

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died 128

WARWICK Speak lower, princes, for the king

recovers

GLOUCESTER This apoplexy will certain be his

end

KING HENRY I pray you take me up, and bear me

hence

Into some other chamber softly pray 132

## SCENE V — Another Chamber

KING HENRY lying on a bed CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others in attendance

KING HENRY Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit

WARWICK Call for the music in the other room 4

KING HENRY Set me the crown upon my pillow  
here

CLARENCE His eye is hollow, and he changes much

WARWICK Less noise, less noise !

Enter the PRINCE

PRINCE Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

CLARENCE I am here, brother, full of heaviness 8

PRINCE How now ! rain within doors, and none  
abroad !

How doth the king ?

" GLOUCESTER Exceeding ill

PRINCE Heard he the good news yet ?  
Tell it him

GLOUCESTER He alter'd much upon the hearing it 12

PRINCE If he be sick with joy, he will recover  
without physic

WARWICK Not so much noise, my lords Sweet  
prince, speak low ,

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep 16

CLARENCE Let us withdraw into the other room

WARWICK Will 't please your Grace to go along with  
us ?

PRINCE No, I will sit and watch here by the king

[Exit all but the PRINCE

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow ? 20

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night ! Sleep with it now ! 24

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely beginn bound

Snores out the watch of night O majesty '  
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit 28  
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
 That scalds with safety By his gates of breath  
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down 32  
 Perforce must move My gracious lord ' my father '  
 This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep  
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
 So many English kings Thy due from me 36  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness  
 Shall, O dear father ' pay thee plenteously  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown, 40  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me Lo ' here it sits,

[Putting it on his head  
 Which heaven shall guard, and put the world's whole  
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force 44  
 This lineal honour from me This from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me [Exit  
 KING HENRY [Waking] Warwick ' Gloucester '  
 Clarence '

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest

CLARENCE Doth the king call ?

WARWICK What would your majesty ? How fares  
 you, Grace ? 48

KING HENRY Why did you leave me here alone, my  
 lords ?

CLARENCE We left the prince my brother here, my  
 liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you

KING HENRY The Prince of Wales ' Where is he  
 let me see him 52

He is not here

WARWICK This door is open, he is gone this way

GLOUCESTER He came not through the chamber  
 where we stay'd



KING HENRY Where is the crown ? who took it  
from my pillow ? 56

WARWICK When we withdrew, my liege, we left it  
here

KING HENRY The prince hath ta'en it hence go,  
seek him out

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ? 60

Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither

[Exit WARWICK]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me See, sons, what things you are !  
How quickly nature falls into revolt 64

When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry , 68

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold ,  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises 72

When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive, and like the bees, 76

Are murder'd for our pains This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments to the ending father

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ? 80

WARWICK My lord, I found the prince in the next  
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood, 84

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye drops He is coming hither

KING HENRY But wherefore did he take away the  
crown ?

Re-enter the PRINCE

Lo, where he comes    Come hither to me, Harry    88  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone

[Exit WARWICK, and the rest

PRINCE    I never thought to hear you speak again

KING HENRY    Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee    92

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee    96

Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop    my day is dim

Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours    100

Were thine without offence, and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it    104

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?    108

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse    112

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,    116

For now a time is come to mock at form

Harry the Fifth is crown'd ! Up, vanity !

Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !

And to the English court assemble now,    120

From every region, apes of idleness !

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit 121  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt  
 England shall give him office, honour, might, 128  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent  
 O my poor kingdom ! sick with civil blows 132  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?  
 O ! thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants 136  
 PRINCE O ! pardon me, my liege, but for my tears,  
 The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard 140  
 The course of it so far There is your crown,  
 And he that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown, 144  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
 Which my most true and inward dutiful spirit  
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending  
 God witness with me, when I here came in, 148  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,  
 O ! let me in my present wildness die  
 And never live to show the incredulous world 152  
 The noble change that I have purposed  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense, 156  
 And thus upbraided it 'The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,  
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, 160  
 Preserving life in medicine potable  
 But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up ' Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it, as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it'

KING HENRY O my son'

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it  
 Come hither, Harry sit thou by my bed,  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe God knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown, and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances,  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace All these bold fears  
 Thou seest with peril I have answered,  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument, and now my death  
 Changes the mode for what in me was purchas'd,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,  
 So thou the garment wear'st successively  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,  
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out , 204  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge & fear  
 To be again displac'd which to avoid,  
 I cut them off , and had a purpose now 208  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds 212  
 With foreign quarrels , that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me 216  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live  
 PRINCE My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me , 220  
 Then plain and right must my possession be  
 Which I with more than with a common pain  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER

KING HENRY Look, look, here comes my John of  
 Lancaster 224  
 LANCASTER Health, peace, and happiness to my  
 royal father !  
 KING HENRY Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,  
 son John ,  
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare wither'd trunk upon thy sight 228  
 My worldly business makes a period  
 Where is my Lord of Warwick ?  
 PRINCE My Lord of Warwick !

Re-enter WARWICK and Others

KING HENRY Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoond ? 232  
 WARWICK 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord  
 KING HENRY Laud be to God ! even there my life  
 must end

It hath been prophesied to me many years  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land  
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die

236

[Exeunt

## ACT V

SCENE I — Gloucestershire A Hall in SHALLOW's House

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page

SHALLOW By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away  
 to-night What! Davy, I say

FALSTAFF You must excuse me, Master Robert  
 Shallow

SHALLOW I will not excuse you, you shall not be  
 excused, excuses shall not be admitted, there is no  
 excuse shall serve, you shall not be excused Why,  
 Davy!

4

8

Enter DAVY

DAVY Here, sir

SHALLOW Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,  
 Davy, let me see yea, marry, William cook, bid him  
 come hither Sir John, you shall not be excused

12

DAVY Marry, sir, thus, those precepts cannot be  
 served and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with  
 wheat?

SHALLOW With red wheat, Davy But for William  
 cook are there no young pigeons?

17

DAVY Yes, sir Here is now the smith's note for  
 shoeing and plough-irons

SHALLOW Let it be cast and paid Sir John, you  
 shall not be excused

21

DAVY Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must  
 needs be had and, sir, do you mean to stop any of  
 William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day  
 at Hinckley fair?

25

SHALLOW A' shall answer it Some pigeons,  
 Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton,  
 and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY Doth the man of war stay all night, sir? 29

SHALLOW Yea, Davy I will use him well A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite 33

DAVY No worse than they are back bitten, sir for they have marvellous foul linen

SHALLOW Well conceited, Davy about thy business, Davy 37

DAVY I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill 40

SHALLOW There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge

DAVY I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir, but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years, and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship The knave is mine honest friend, sir, therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced 53

SHALLOW Go to, I say he shall have no wrong Look about, Davy [Exit DAVY] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots Give me your hand, Master Bardolph 57

BARDOLPH I am glad to see your worship,

SHALLOW I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph —[To the Page] and welcome, my tall fellow Come, Sir John 61

FALSTAFF I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow [Exit SHALLOW] Bardolph, look to our horses [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish

justices, he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which is four terms, or two actions,—and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O! it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 87

SHALLOW    [Within] Sir John!

FALSTAFF    I come, Master Shallow. I come, Master Shallow. [Exit]

SCENE II. Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

WARWICK    How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?

CHIEF JUSTICE    How doth the king?

WARWICK    Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

CHIEF JUSTICE    I hope not dead.

WARWICK    He's walk'd the way of nature, 4  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

CHIEF JUSTICE    I would his majesty had call'd me with him.

The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries. 8

WARWICK    Indeed I think the young king loves you not.



CHIEF JUSTICE I know he doth not, and do arm  
 myself,  
 To welcome the condition of the time.  
 Which cannot look more hideously upon me 12  
 Than I have drawn it in my fantasy

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND,  
 and Others

WARWICK Here come the heavy 'issue of dead  
 Harry  
 O' that the living Harry had the temper  
 Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen 16  
 How many nobles then should hold their places,  
 That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CHIEF JUSTICE O God! I fear all will be over-  
 turn'd

LANCASTER Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good  
 morrow 20

GLOUCESTER } Good morrow, cousin  
 CLARENCE }

LANCASTER We meet like men that had forgot to  
 speak

WARWICK We do remember, but our argument  
 Is all too heavy to admit much talk 24

LANCASTER Well, peace be with him that hath  
 made us heavy!

CHIEF JUSTICE Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOUCESTER O' good my lord, you have lost a  
 friend indeed,  
 And I dare swear you borrow not that face 28  
 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own

LANCASTER Though no man be assur'd what grace  
 to find,  
 You stand in coldest expectation

I am the sorer, would 'twere otherwise 32

CLARENCE Well, you must now speak Sir John  
 Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality

CHIEF JUSTICE Sweet princes, what I did, I did in  
 honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ,  
 And never shall you see that I will beg  
 A ragged and forestall'd remission  
 If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
 I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40  
 And tell him who hath sent me after him  
 •WARWICK Here comes the prince

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended  
 CHIEF JUSTICE Good morrow, and God save your  
 majesty '  
 KING HENRY This new and gorgeous garment,  
 majesty, 44  
 Sits not so easy on me as you think  
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear  
 This is the English, not the Turkish court ,  
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, 48  
 But Harry Harry Yet be sad, good brothers,  
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you  
 Sorrow so royally in you appears  
 That I will deeply put the fashion on 52  
 And wear it in my heart Why then, be sad ,  
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all  
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, 56  
 I'll be your father and your brother too ,  
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares  
 Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I ,  
 But Harry lives that shall convert those tears 60  
 By number into hours of happiness  
 LANCASTER, &C We hope no other from your  
 majesty  
 KING HENRY V You all look strangely on me [To  
 the CHIEF JUSTICE ] and you most ,  
 You are, I think, assur'd I love you not 64  
 CHIEF JUSTICE I am assur'd, if I be measur'd  
 rightly,  
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me  
 •KING HENRY V No '  
 How might a prince of my great hopes forget 68

So great indignities you laid upon me  
 What 'rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ? 72

CHIEF JUSTICE I then did use the person of your  
 father ,

The image of his power lay then in me  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment 80

Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland, 84

To have a son set your decrees at naught,  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person? 88

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image  
 And mock your workings in a second body  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father and propose a son, 92

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ,  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your power soft silencing your sor  
 After this cold consideration, sentence me  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
 What I have done that misbecame my place, 100  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty

KING HENRY V You are right, justice , and you  
 weigh this well ,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword  
 And I do wish your honours may increase 104  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you and obey you, as I did

So shall I live to speak my father's words  
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold 108  
That dares do justice on my proper son,  
And not less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice' You did commit me 112  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,  
With this remembrance, that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit 116  
As you have done 'gainst me There is my hand  
You shall be as a father to my youth,  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120  
To your well practis'd wise directions  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections, 124  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down 128  
After my seeming The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods 132  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty  
Now call we our high court of parliament,  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go 136  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,  
That war or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us,  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand 140  
Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say, 144  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day [Exeunt

SCENE III — Gloucestershire The Garden of SHALLOW's House  
Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY

SHALLOW Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth — come, cousin Silence, and then to bed 4

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich 8

SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all, Sir John marry, good air Spread, Davy, spread, Davy well said, Davy 9

FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses, he is your serving-man and your husband

SHALLOW A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper a good varlet Now sit down, now sit down Come, cousin

SILENCE Ah, sirrah! quoth a', we shall 16

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

And praise God for the merry year,

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there, 20

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily,

FALSTAFF There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon 24

SHALLOW Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy

DAVY Sweet sir, sit, I'll be with you anon most sweet sir, sit Master page, good master page, sit Proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink but you must bear the heart's aff 28

SHALLOW Be merry, Master Bardolph, and my little soldier there, be merry

SILENCE Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,

For women are shrews, both short and tall

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove-tide

Be merry, be merry

FALSTAFF I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle

SILENCE Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now 40

Re enter DAVY

DAVY There's a dish of leather-coats for you

[Setting them before BARDOLPH

SHALLOW Davy!

DAVY Your worship! I'll be with you straight  
A cup of wine, sir? 44

SILENCE A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine,  
And a merry heart lives long a

FALSTAFF Well said, Master Silence 48

SILENCE And we shall be merry, now comes in the  
sweet o' the night

FALSTAFF Health and long life to you, Master  
Silence 52

SILENCE Fill the cup, and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom

SHALLOW Honest Bardolph, welcome if thou  
wantest anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart  
[To the Page] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and wel-  
come indeed too I'll drink to Master Bardolph and to  
all the cavaleiroes about London

DAVY I hope to see London once ere I die 60

BARDOLPH An I might see you there, Davy,—

SHALLOW By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-  
gether ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot 64

SHALLOW By God's liggers, I thank thee The  
knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that a'  
will not out, he is true bried

BARDOLPH And I'll stick by him, sir 68

SHALLOW Why, there spoke a king Lack nothing  
be merry [Knocking within] Look who's at door there  
Ho! who knocks? [Exit DAVY]

FALSTAFF [To SILENCE who drinks a bumper] Why,  
now you have done me right 73

SILENCE

Do me right,  
And dub me knight  
Samingo

Is 't not so ?

FALSTAFF 'Tis so

SILENCE Is 't so ? Why, then, say an old man can  
do somewhat

Re-enter DAVY

DAVY An't please your worship, there's one  
Pistol come from the court with news

FALSTAFF From the court ! let him come in

Enter PISTOL

How now, Pistol !

84

PISTOL Sir John, God save you, sir !

FALSTAFF What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

PISTOL Not the ill wind which blows no man to  
good

87

Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in  
this realm

SILENCE By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman  
Puff of Barson

PISTOL Puff !

92

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys

96

And golden times and happy news of price

FALSTAFF I prithee now, deliver them like a man  
of this world

PISTOL A foutra for the world and worldlings base !  
I speak of Africa and golden joys

100

FALSTAFF O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof

SILENCE 'And Robin Hood, Scarlét, and John '

PISTOL Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?  
And shall good news be baffled ?

105

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap

SHALLOW Honest gentleman, I know not your  
breeding

108

PISTOL Why then, lament therefore

SHALLOW Give me pardon, sir if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways either to utter them, or to conceal them I am, sir, under the king, in some authority 113

PISTOL Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die.

SHALLOW Under King Harry

PISTOL Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

SHALLOW Harry the Fourth

PISTOL A foutra for thine office !

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king,

Harry the Fifth's the man I speak the truth

When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like 120

The bragging Spaniard

FALSTAFF What ! is the old king dead ?

PISTOL As nail in door the things I speak are just

FALSTAFF Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities

BARDOLPH O joyful day ! 128

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune

PISTOL What ! I do bring good news

FALSTAFF Carry Master Silence to bed Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward Get on thy boots we'll ride all night O sweet Pistol ! Away, Bardolph ! [Exit Bardolph] Come, Pistol, utter more to me, and withal devise something to do thyself good Boot, boot, Master Shallow I know the young king is sick for me Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England are at my commandment Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice ! 140

PISTOL Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

Where is the life that late I led ? ' say they  
Why, here it is welcome these pleasant days ! [Exeunt



## SCENE IV —London A Street

Enter BEADLES, dragging in MISTRESS QUICKLY and DOLL  
TEARSHEET

QUICKLY No, thou airant knave I would to God  
I might die that I might have thee hanged, thou hast  
drawn my shoulder out of joint

FIRST BEADLE The constables have delivered her  
over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough,  
I warrant her there hath been a man or two lately  
killed about her 7

DOLL Nut-hook, nut hook, you lie Come on,  
I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal,  
an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst  
better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced  
villain 12

QUICKLY O the Lord! that Sir John were come,  
he would make this a bloody day to somebody But  
I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry! 17

FIRST BEADLE If it do, you shall have a dozen of  
cushions again, you have but eleven now Come,  
I charge you both go with me, for the mare is dead that  
you and Pistol beat among you 19

DOLL I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,  
I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-  
bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you  
be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles

FIRST BEADLE Come, come, you she knight errant,  
come 24

QUICKLY O, that right should thus overcome  
might! Well, of sufferance comes ease

DOLL Come, you rogue, come bring me to a justice

QUICKLY Ay, come, you starved blood hound 28

DOLL Goodman death! goodman bones!

QUICKLY Thou atomy, thou!

DOLL Come, you thin thing, come, you rascal!

FIRST BEADLE Very well [Exeunt

SCENE V —A public Place near Westminster Abbey

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes

FIRST GROOM More rushes, more rushes

SECOND GROOM The trumpets have sounded twice

FIRST GROOM It will be two o'clock ere they come  
from the coronation Dispatch, dispatch [Exit

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page

FALSTAFF Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace I will leer upon him, as a comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me 8

PISTOL God bless thy lungs, good knight

FALSTAFF Come here, Pistol, stand behind me O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you But 'tis no matter this poor show doth better this doth infer the zeal I had to see him

SHALLOW It doth so

FALSTAFF It shows my earnestness of affection 16

SHALLOW It doth so

FALSTAFF My devotion

SHALLOW It doth, it doth, it doth

FALSTAFF As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me

SHALLOW It is most certain 23

FALSTAFF But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him

PISTOL 'Tis 'semper idem', for 'absque hoc nihil est' 28

'Tis all in every part

SHALLOW 'Tis so, indeed

PISTOL My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage 32  
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison,

Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand 36

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snarl<sup>c</sup>,

For Doll is in Pistol speaks nought but truth

FALSTAFF I will deliver her

[Shouts within and trumpets sound

PISTOL There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH and his Train, the LORD CHIEF  
JUSTICE among them

FALSTAFF God save thy grace, King Hal ' my royal  
Hal '

PISTOL The heavens thee guard and keep, most  
royal imp of fame ' 44

FALSTAFF God save thee, my sweet boy '

KING HENRY V My lord chief justice, speak to that  
vain man

CHIEF JUSTICE Have you your wits ? know you  
what 'tis you speak ?

FALSTAFF My king ' my Jove ' I speak to thee, my  
heart ' 48.

KING HENRY V I know thee not, old man fall to thy  
prayers ,

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester '

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane , 52

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream,

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ,

Leave gormandizing , know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men 56

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest,

Presume not that I am the thing I was ,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self , 60

So will I those that kept me company

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death.

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile  
 For competence of life I will allow you, 68  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
 Give you advancement Be it your charge, my  
 lord, 72

To see perform'd the tenour of our word

Set on, [Exeunt KING HENRY V and his Train  
 FALSTAFF Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand  
 pound

SHALLOW Ay, mairry, Sir John, which I beseech  
 you to let me have home with me 77

FALSTAFF That can hardly be, Master Shallow  
 Do not you grieve at this I shall be sent for in private  
 to him Look you, he must seem thus to the world  
 Fear not your advancements, I will be the man yet  
 that shall make you great

SHALLOW I cannot perceive how, unless you should  
 give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw  
 I beseech you. good Sir John, let me have five hundred  
 of my thousand

FALSTAFF. Sir, I will be as good as my word this  
 that you heard was but a colour 88

SHALLOW. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir  
 John

FALSTAFF. Fear no colours go with me to dinner  
 Come, Lieutenant Pistol, come, Bardolph I shall  
 be sent for soon at night 93

Re-enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,  
 Officers with them

CHIEF JUSTICE. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the  
 Fleet,

Take all his company along with him

FALSTAFF My lord, my lord ' 96

CHIEF JUSTICE I cannot now speak I will hear  
 you soon

Take them away

PISTOL 'Si fortuna me tormenta, speio contenta

[Exit FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH,

Page, and Officers

LANCASTER I like this fair proceeding of the king's  
He hath intent his wonted followers 107

Shall all be very well provided for,  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world

CHIEF JUSTICE And so they are

LANCASTER The king hath call'd his parliament, my  
lord

CHIEF JUSTICE He hath

LANCASTER I will lay odds, that, ere this year  
expire, 108

We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king  
Come, will you hence ? [Exit.

## EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

First, my fear, then, my curtsy, last my speech  
My fear is, your displeasure, my curtsy, my duty, and  
my speech, to beg your pardon If you look for  
a good speech now, you undo me, for what I have to  
say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should  
say will, I doubt, prove mine own making But to  
the purpose, and so to the venture Be it known to  
you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end  
of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to  
promise you a better I did mean indeed to pay you  
with this, which, if like an ill venture it come un-  
luckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors,  
lose Here I promised you I would be, and here I  
commit my body to your mercies, bate me some and  
I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise  
you infinitely 16

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will

you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly 24

One word more, I beseech you If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man My tongue is weary, when my legs are too, I will bid you good night and so kneel down before you, but, indeed, to pray for the queen 34

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